Royal Gifts

FOR THE

Kindergarten, School and Home.

ROYAL GIFTS.

OUR youth should be educated in a stricter rule from the first, for if education becomes lawless, and the youths themselves become lawless, they can never grow up into well conducted and meritorious citizens, and the education must begin with their plays.—*Plato.*

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/royalgifts0000mrsa

SHE IS WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD. Page 219.

ROYAL GIFTS

—FOR THE—

KINDERGARTEN

A MANUAL FOR SELF INSTRUCTION

—IN—

FRIEDRICH FRŒBEL'S PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

TOGETHER WITH A

COLLECTION OF SONGS, GAMES, AND POEMS

—FOR—

The Home, The Kindergarten and The Primary School.

—BY—

FRANCES POST VAN NORSTRAND, B. A.
Author of "Blossoms by the Wayside," "Life's Ideal," "Sunshine," "Social Dynamite," Etc.

ASSISTED BY

MRS. ALICE H. PUTNAM,
SUPERINTENDENT CHICAGO FRŒBEL ASSOCIATION.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO:
STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY.
Harrisburg, Pa.: PENNSYLVANIA PUBLISHING CO. | Dayton, O.: HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.
Atchison, Kan.: L. A. DAVIS & CO. | Oakland, Cal.: A. E. WHITNEY & CO.
1889.

COPYRIGHTED BY
F. P. VAN NORSTRAND.
1888.

TO ALL

LOVERS OF CHILDREN,

THIS VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

THE right carrying out of this new idea of education will, more than anything else, help to conquer crude materialism, and to break the path for idealism to harmonize with the practical actuality, and bring the real and ideal life again into accord.—*Friedrich Frœbel.*

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE DEMAND for Kindergarten Education in our country has greatly increased during the past decade. One of the chief reasons for this is the fact that a correct knowledge of the system, has never, until recently, been generally promulgated. The remarkable enthusiasm created by the few lecturers upon the subject, and the great success of Kindergarten schools founded on this system, has called forth a more general inquiry concerning its merits. It is proposed in this volume to present an outline of the Kindergarten plan, as invented and developed by Friederich Frœbel, of Germany. It is conceded that no other system will so fully meet the requirements of the parent, teacher and child, when faithfully carried out in all of its important features. "Kindergarten culture," says the author of "Moral Culture of Infancy," is the adult mind entering into the child's world, and appreciating nature's intention, as displayed in every impulse of spontaneous life, so directing it that the joy of success may be ensured at every step, and artistic things be actually produced, which gives the self-reliance and conscious intelligence that ought to discriminate human power from blind force."

This work is specially designed for mothers, nurses and Kindergartners, precise and full descriptions being given. Its minuteness, thoroughness, and clearness of direction will, it is believed, make it the best manual for Kindergarten instruction published. It is just the work needed in the family, where the children are unable to attend a Kindergarten regularly. It teaches how to provide the children of three years and over with instructive, quiet amusement, how to quicken their intellect without wearying the brain; how to inculcate manual skill, artistic taste, a ready appreciation of results, and consequently a love of learning and application; the mind is trained through apparent play and recreation, and the children prepared for school, and home instruction is rendered easy and entertaining without requiring constant attention.

For greater convenience the work has been arranged under appropriate subject headings or departments—such as "The Kindergarten," "The Nursery," "School Days," "Babyland," "Baby-Days and Baby-Plays," "Lessons of Life," "Animals," "Birds," "Trees," "Flowers," Nature's Voice," "Religion," and "Anniversaries."

The "Kindergarten" Department contains explicit directions touching the introduction and full instruction as to the use, of the several Gifts and Occupations of this admirable system of education, presenting interesting explanatory exercises with each.

The Songs and Physical plays are an essential feature of the Kindergarten. The selections given in this volume, accompanied by Music, have been carefully made by Mrs. Alice H. Putnam, the Principal and Superintendent of the Chicago Frœbel Association. Her high social and intellectual position is a sufficient guarantee that her work has been well and conscientiously done, and that she has presented the latest and best songs in use. The language will be found childlike, as well as good, the rhyme perfect, and the accent in word and in music harmonious.

The "Nursery" department presents in rhyme, facts concerning real things and truth in melodies that will be readily fixed in the memory of the very youngest long before the school age. It will be found unique, full of pictorial illustrations, teaching in a simple way truths which every child should know, and will remember. Under "School Days" the various school studies are taught in pleasing rhyme, such as Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History, Astronomy, Geometry, Physiology and Hygiene.

"Baby Land" will be especially attractive to the mother and the delight of the "wee little ones," containing as it does a choice selection of the brightest and most charming baby and cradle songs and lullabys in the English language. "Baby-Days and Baby-Plays" most pleasingly and studiously considers child-life in its interesting and various moods and phases with its diverging tastes. The child's versatile nature is administered to in his pastimes and in his more thoughtful moments, that the cords of his tender and pure heart may find response, his little sorrows be soothed, his rejoicings entered into, his sympathies invited, and his willful outbreaks softened.

In "Lessons of Life" and the several divisions following it, may be found the happiest thoughts and sweetest songs for childhood in the poetical realm of child literature. The vast field of poesy and current literature has been thoroughly searched, and only that which is pure, bright and fresh, admitted to these pages. The collection has been brought together with a special view to its refining and educating influences upon the child.

Grateful thanks are due to the various publishers and owners of copyrights for their kind and generous courtesy in granting permission to use the same, and to the Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass., for the use of the illustrations found on the pages of this work describing the "Gifts and Occupations" of the Kindergarten system. This firm carry the largest stock of Kindergarten supplies in the United States, and to them we most cordially refer all in want of helps and material in their Kindergarten work.

THE MOTHER AND THE KINDERGARTEN.

"COMING events cast their shadows before," is an old saying, often proved true.

Whoever looks into the horizon of events to-day, cannot fail to see the Kindergarten foreshadowed, wherever the little child is found.

The world is not only growing more tender-hearted towards childhood, but wiser in methods of dealing with it. No royal road has led the world hither. It has been experience, dearly bought.

The spirit of the world has been much the spirit of those who said, "Take them away," when the mothers came with their children to the Master; and the rebuke given, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven," has been long years in being interpreted and acted upon. The little child has been misunderstood, condemned, wrongfully trained; the men and women over whom we sorrow are the results.

The census-taker finds thousands of them in the prisons, almshouses and reformatories. The State finds its shelter extended to the poor and unfortunate. State institutions mark so clearly and so strongly the extended work of the State. The auditor of accounts startles the taxpayer with the expenditure of money to these ends. Social Economics counts the horde of non-producers, and studies the causes. The Philanthropist studies the *human being* in the various institutions, also those in training for them. All unite in saying something is radically wrong.

The tendency of the age to club organizations, etc., not only threatens the influence of the home, but also proves that there is a social side to human nature, which must find expression somewhere. This social, co-operative spirit is felt to be the necessary basis upon which to secure the best results to society, and which ought to have been cultivated earlier in life, thus bringing about different results, and maintaining the family as the highest social club.

How to help the poor? How to care for the insane? How to punish and reform the criminal? How to save young women? How to rescue young men? What to do with the increasing numbers of worse than motherless children? How to prevent the 8,000,000 children, too young for the public school, from picking up in the street the education of the saloon? How to claim the new generation for purity and righteousness? These are questions set all along the line of duties; by far the best part of the strength of the world is occupied with questions like these; from the Statesman to the Re-

former they are tossed back and forth. The wise Creator, who has ever stored supplies for the recurring needs of man, and who never lacks a discoverer to bring the hidden treasures forth, has given to us a Friedrich Froebel, who brings the Kindergarten for every child, and the world, which has quite generally concluded "prevention is better than cure," turns to the child more reverently, and apologizing for the past, promises to do better in the future.

The teachings of Christ, the wisdom of Socrates, Plato, Rousseau, Pestalozzi and Froebel, concerning the value of the little child, and the importance of *beginning* the education, are being considered as worthy of acceptance. Shakespeare's homely words, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," holds a lesson on the nature of the child. We read, as the child is bent, the man's inclined, and we are forced to admit man has received the wrong bent too often in childhood.

But the mothers, as they gather the little ones in their arms to-day, can sing a lullaby of thanksgiving that *they* and all the world may know of this new gospel for the child. The Kindergarten is here,—it has come to stay; blessed are the little ones that have already entered into its Paradise! Women of great foresight, with warm and tender hearts, like Miss Peabody of Boston, the first apostle in America, and later Mrs. Horace Mann, her sister, together with Mrs. Shaw, daughter of Professor Agassiz, have tenderly and wisely watched over the Kindergarten, as it has multiplied and grown in the city of Boston. The genius and tact of these women, and the abundant means of Mrs. Shaw, have given to Boston one of the best examples of the Kindergarten.

So strongly does the work appeal to the School Board of Boston, that the Superintendent of the Board of Education has recommended the adoption of the Kindergartens. The sentiment is beginning to prevail that the education which deals with the *beginning* of life should not be a charity, any more than that which begins later on. Also it is seen that the child gains time in education, that its playtime can be utilized for healthful training, that the earliest years are the best for cultivating preception, and for leading out all the faculties and senses.

The Kindergarten is establishing its claim to develop the three-fold nature of the child harmoniously — to be a close student of the laws governing the growth and development of the child, ever endeavoring to meet its requirements. Through the childish plays, it teaches the child to take posession of *itself*, and of its *world*, and lays the foundation of *industrial training*, also prepares children better than they have ever been for the primary school. Answers to questions on this last point from the Boston teachers were given in the affirmative, 7 to 1. Miss Blow, in her Kindergarten work in St. Louis a few years ago, solved the same question, and St. Louis has sixty-five Kindergartens as sub-primary to the public school. In 1887, the free Kindergartens of Philadelphia were adopted by the Public Schools, and the course was

added to the Normal School course, to be optional with pupils. This is also done in Chicago, in Cook County Normal School, in New York City, and in several others throughout the country.

The University of the Pacific, at San Jose, California, has a chair of "Psychology of Childhood," and a practical Kindergarten training class, with a Kindergarten for practice and observation. San Francisco Free Kindergarten is the most popular educational enterprise on the coast; its numerous wealthy patrons, among whom are Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. Charles Lux, are devoted to the interest of the work. Under the able supervision of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, whose Bible Class supports eight Free Kindergartens, the work thrives marvelously, and has so recommended itself to the Board of Education, that the teachers in the public schools are required to take a certain number of weekly lessons at a Kindergarten training class, and to use the same in their primary work.

The Kindergartens are still a private charity, but their influence is a public benefit, felt and appreciated especially in the public schools. No city in the Union has made such rapid strides in this work among the little children, as San Francisco. Miss Peabody says, "I think the report of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association should be in the hands of every school committee man in the United States."

Mrs. Stanford has made a study of the Kindergarten in connection with the great plans contemplated by the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Of the Kindergarten, Governor Stanford said "he believed the surest foundation upon which any educational structure can rest, was the rock of thorough Kindergarten training, begun at the earliest possible age. At the age when moral and industrious habits are most easily formed, the taste improved, and the finer feelings, which give fiber to the will, are cultivated."

On the bed rock of such training the Stanford University is outlined to be "A university embracing the science of human life, in its varied industries, arts, sciences, literature, government, political economy, ethics, moral unfoldment, hygiene, and in fact all that goes to make up a perfected human life, a university where the school and the workshop clasp hands, where the body and mind are educated together, where the mechanic and the classical student will strike hands together, where the artist and the artisan wil eat at one common board." This is the influence of the Kindergarten expressing itself in California. New York City has also entered into the spirit of the age. Grace L. Dodge, daughter of William E. Dodge, the notable philanthropist, is a member of the New York City Board of Education.

She, with three others, set about organizing a plan for technical training. Mr. Joseph Seligman, a member of the committee, who not long ago gave $10,000 to the Kindergarten work of the city, has been watching its beneficial outcome with much interest. This fact, together with Miss Dodge's previous interest in the In-

dustrial Institution at G. University place, led the endeavor to establish the Kindergarten as an integral part of the public school work. The city has made an appropriation, and the work has already begun. It includes carpentry and joinery in the five higher grades of the Boys' Grammar School, cookery in the second and third grades of the Girls' Schools, and sewing from the eighth to the fourth grade. Also, modeling, drawing from models, paper cutting. A teachers' manual is put into the hands of the teacher from whom the training is required; with this and the teacher's class at the Industrial Association on Saturday mornings, the teachers do the best they can. Special teachers are allowed in cookery, sewing, and in the boy's workshop.

The Kindergarten as a sub-primary, is not yet undertaken. But this work in the public schools is on the Kindergarten plan and derived from it. A pleasant conversation with Miss Dodge, and a course of lessons and lectures at the Industrial Association, and a visit to several of the schools, convince us that the Kindergarten is abroad in New York, in the educational work outside of the Kindergarten. The excellent work done by the Free Kindergarten is solving the question of the Kindergarten as sub-primary *work everywhere.*

Prof. Hailman, in La Porte, Indiana, is doing most excellent work for the cause. His new book, entitled "Primary Methods," is the outgrowth of practical work done under his supervision, and will be very useful to primary teachers. Prof. Parker is also testing and trying the new education in the Normal School just out of Chicago. The Chicago Free Kindergartens are doing a great and influential work. The standard of the work is high, and the methods such as recommend themselves to those interested in the *best work.*

Already is public attention given to the Kindergarten in the public school. Chicago is not wont to follow far behind, and there is every reason to believe it will not in this work.

Thus in every section of the country the Kindergarten is establishing itself. One of the necessary points for Americans to guard, is *haste for results,* and *carelessness in beginning.* The chief obstacle which hinders the universal adoption of the Kindergarten is, that all the work has not been *the best,* hence the necessity for information among the people generally. Unless the very best Kindergarten work is done, the education of the children is hindered; a poor Kindergarten has often been a stumbling block. Great care is necessary in the selection of students for training as Kindergartners. Every day the standard is rising. Talent, tact, character, love for children, patience, sweetness, perseverance, a religious nature, and I would add temperance principles, must be found in the coming Kindergartner. Those specially interested in having temperance an organic part of every Kindergarten, would do well to interest young ladies possessing all the qualifications for success, including temperance, to study the

system. Every one who wishes to be intelligent on the work that is being done, the work which may be done for the little child, ought to read the Kindergarten literature; and every community which desires to do its best for the children, should become familiar with the methods of the Kindergarten.

State Legislation is the next step, and one possible to be taken as soon as the Kindergarten is well known, and its bearings on industrial life, on crime, pauperism, insanity, intemperance and upon all questions of social economics, is understood, this step will be taken.

But best of all, this work recognizes the genius of the woman in education. *It recognizes the work of the mother in the home.* For the Kindergarten is only a model home, transplanted and given in charge of a person who assumes a mother's relation as far as possible. Every intelligent mother is bound to have the best education the times afford her, in her duties toward the child, just as much as the State is bound to educate the child. The mothers who longer neglect to accept the knowledge which knocks at their very doors, are *inexcusable*; no other duties afford a valid excuse for this neglect. The question is, "Will women rise to the occasion?"

I have outlined the present condition of the Kindergarten in the country, have endeavored to show that it is coming rapidly into the public school work, that it is the best education for the little child; now, what ought the attitude of every intelligent woman to be? Shall the training of the babies also pass out of the mother's hands, and she be ignorant of what they are taught as she may be of Latin and Greek? or rather shall she come forward, and with ready tact inform herself upon this system, have a voice in its adoption, and take her child by the hand and stand side by side with the Kindergartners, who are ready to assist her. I think the mothers can and may claim the education of the babies, therefore study the Kindergarten, make public sentiment for it among the mothers and young women who will become the Kindergartners. Interest every mother to use its methods in her home, to talk it to her neighbor. It is time the mothers and all women were aroused to the necessity for action.

The Kindergarten will claim your child in time; would you not like to know what that is like which proposes to come into the mother's kingdom and demand her babies? Seek to know of its doctrines, and you will be convinced that it is none too soon to awaken. You will be rewarded in the delight you will experience, when you realize what the Kindergarten proposes to do for the child. Let us work to make a sentiment that shall hinder the children from becoming criminals, by turning their wills into new channels that shall take away abnormal tastes.

Work, work, work, until we have the Kindergarten for every child!

THE object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we certainly cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle, to see a happy fireside.

CONTENTS.

A BOY'S Birthdays 320
A. E. I. O. U 208
All Aboard for Shut-eye-town 251
All Alone 249
All Have Work to Do 381
All is Not Gold 211
All Things Beautiful 472
Alphabet, The 157, 159, 206
Alphabet, The Temperance 166
Alphabet of Maxims 167
America 200
Amusement 299
ANIMALS 441
Annie 271
Answer to a Child's Question 408
Another Little Wave 220
Another Year is Dawning 526
Apple Pie, Story of an 158
Apple Tree, The 383
Apple Tree, The Old 475
April Joke, An 334
Arab's Farewell to His Horse, The 449
Arithmetic 197
Arithmetic, Lessons in 195
Arithmetic, Sum in 197
Arthur's Talk 190
A Story 340
A Story for a Child 347
At School 172
At Set of Sun 372
At the Pump 336
Autumn 504
Axis, The 199

BABY Bell 238
Baby Boy's Toys 261
Baby Brother 225
Baby Clara 245
Baby's Complaint 235
Baby's Dancing 268
Baby's Day 255
BABY-DAYS AND BABY-PLAYS 253
Baby Fingers 242
Baby is Going to By-lo-town 234
BABY LAND 217-219
Baby Louise 248
Baby May 241
Baby Naughty 252
Baby Ned 262
Baby's Reverie 226
Baby's Shoes 306
Baby's Skies 249
Baby, The 226-250
Ballad of the Tempest 335
Band of Mercy 146
Barcarole 128
Be Active 284
Be a Hero 403
Bear, The Grizzly 444
Beautiful Things 336
Beckon to the Chickens 86
Beckon to the Pigeons 87
Be Careful What You Say 335
Bedlam Town 310
Bees, The 101
Beggar-Boy, The 318
Beggar-Girl, The 349
Beggar-Man, The 352
Beginning of Vice 338
Be Glad and Thankful 375
Be Kind 363
Benny 527
Be Polite 373
Be True Boys 338
Bird and Its Mother, The 270
Bird and the Maid 417
Birds Among the Greenwood 103
Bird Song 143-154
Bird's Eye View, A 423
Bird's Nests 137-427
Birds of Passage 92
Bit of Pottery 328
Blackbird, The 418
Blind Boy, The 357-358
Blind Man's Buff 284
Blocks, My 188
Blue Bell, The 486
Bones, Lesson on 208
Bonnie Milk Cow, The 452
Boston Tea Party 201
Boy's Song 518
Boy's Troubles, The 209
Boys Wanted 319
Boy Who Told a Lie, The 382
Brave Old Oak, The 474
Bright New Cent, The 354
Brook, Song of 513
Brook, The 514

Building Castles..... 189
Busy little Husbandman..... 393
Buttercups and Daisies..... 484
Butterflies, The..... 435

CAMEL, The..... 445
Cardinal Points, The..... 198
Charles and his Father..... 516
Chatterbox, The..... 380
Cherry Blossoms..... 476
Cherries are Ripe..... 476
Chickadees, The Little..... 173
Chickens, The..... 433
Child Judge, The..... 349
Children of the Week..... 181
Children's Bedtime, The..... 314
Children's Easter..... 533
Children's Hour, The..... 280
Child's Centennial..... 204
Child's Evening Prayer..... 523
Child's Morning Prayer..... 522
Child's Song in Spring..... 497
Child's Thought of God, A..... 525
Choice of Occupations..... 396
Choosing a Kitten..... 460
Choosing a Name..... 221
Christmas Eve..... 527
Christmas Song..... 122, 141
Circle, The..... 102
Clock, The..... 180
Clocking Hen, The..... 432
Cobweb Made to Order, The..... 438
Come Here Little Robin..... 414
Comfort..... 385
Complaints of the Poor, The..... 353
Couldn't You Mamma?..... 288
Counting..... 179
Counting Baby's Toes..... 250
Cowboy's Song, The..... 453
Cradle Song..... 104, 222, 232
Crow's Children, The..... 428
Cruel Fun..... 344

DAISIES, The Song of the..... 149
Daisy Fair..... 153
Dandelion, The Little..... 486
Dare..... 373
Dare to Say No..... 331
Darling Little Girl, The..... 348
Daybreak..... 492
Days of the Month..... 182
Days of the Week..... 181
Dead Doll, The..... 266
Decoration Day..... 532
Diary, A Mother's..... 244
Doctor's Visit, The..... 262
Dog of St. Bernards..... 460
Do It Now..... 329
Doll-Baby Show..... 265
Doll-House Troubles..... 264
Don't..... 390
Don't Be Content to Rust..... 393
Don't Wake the Baby..... 285
Doves, The..... 432
Dumpling and Speckle..... 418
Dunce's Bench, The..... 214
Dutton, Mollie..... 176
Dying Stag, The..... 447

EAGLE, The..... 412
Early at School..... 194
Easter Lilies, A Cluster of..... 530
Eighth Gift, The..... 50
Eighteenth Gift, The..... 70
Elephant and Child, The..... 446
Eleventh Gift, The..... 58
Empty Nest, The..... 420
Equal Measure..... 101
Equal Treading..... 115
Evening Prayer, The..... 118
Evening Star, The..... 133
Eyes of the Angels, The..... 521

FACTS for Little Folks..... 183
Fair, Snow White..... 126
Falling, Falling..... 90
Farewell, A..... 404
Farewell to Winter..... 104
Farm Yard Song..... 394
Father at Play..... 258
Fifth Gift, The..... 42
Fifteenth Gift, The..... 66
First Birthday, The..... 534
First Gift, The..... 28
First Lessons in Whistling..... 271
First of Its kind, The..... 308
First Pair of Breeches..... 304
First Pair of Rubber Boots..... 304
First Pocket, The..... 303
First Thanksgiving Day, The..... 529
Fishes in the Brook..... 86-95
Five Pigs, The..... 307
Flower, The..... 487
Flowers..... 112, 480
Fly, The..... 436
Fortune, The..... 279
Four Seasons, The..... 496
Fourth Gift, The..... 39
Fourteenth Gift, The..... 64
From a Man to a Jug..... 144
Frog, All About a..... 183
Frost, The..... 507
Funny Isn't It?..... 206
Funny Uncle Phil..... 332

GAMBOLS of Children 312
Game at Marbles 282
Gender 206
Geography 198
Get up Early 330
Gitt, the First 28
——The Second 31
——The Third 34
——The Fourth 39
——The Fifth 42
——The Sixth 44
——The Seventh 47
——The Eighth 50
——The Ninth 54
——The Tenth 56
——The Eleventh 58
——The Twelfth 60
——The Thirteenth 60
——The Fourteenth 64
——The Fifteenth 66
——The Sixteenth 66
——The Seventeenth 68
——The Eighteenth 70
——The Nineteenth 72
——The Twentieth 76
Gifts and Occupations, The 25
Gifts Designated by Frœbel, The 27
Going into Breeches 302
Golden Hair, Little 272
Good Company 214
Good for Evil 346
Good Name, A 320
Good Night 497-524
Good Night Prayer, A 524
Grandfather's Chair 344
Grandma's Umbrella 184
Gran'ma Al'us Does 291
Grandmothers 343
Grandmother's Farm 395
Grandpa's Pet 277
Grandpa's Spectacles 286-289
Grasshopper and the Ant, The 439
Grass Mowing 88
Great Brown Owl, The 429

HAIL? What Makes the 211
Half-past Eight 193
Hanging the Stockings 528
Hare, The Little 447
Harvest Hymn 502
Harvest Song 502
Here Sits the Lord Mayor 305
Hide and Seek 282
His Wish 324
Horse, The Blood 451
How Do They Grow? 390
How Narcissus' Neck Was Bent 148
How's My Boy? 403
How Spring Made Her Flowers 477
How we can Make Ourselves Fair 345
Hush-A-By-Baby 236

I CAN and I Can't 320
Idle Annie 375
Idle Joe 213
If I Could Keep Her So 246
If Wishes were Horses 121
I Had a Little Doggie 106
I Like Little Pussy 464
I Love Little Pussy 111
I Meant to 364
Indian Summer 503
In the Orchard 475
In the Swing 274
Is the Moon Made of Green Cheese? 511

JEANETTE and Jo 346
Jennie and Bennie 268
Jesus Sees You 521
Joys Shared 338
Just as Fat 249

KATIE'S Way of Working 373
Keys 351
Kindergarten Songs 81
Kindergarten, The 25
Kindergarten, The Mother and the IX
Kindergarten Girl, The Little 184
King of the Nursery, The 226
Knitting Socks 184
Knowledge 171

LAMB, The 456
Language of Birds, The 409
Lazy Boy, The 213
Learning the Letters 169
Learning to Sew 186
Learning to Write 190
Learn Your Lessons 377
Leedle Yacob Strauss 274
Lengthwise, Crosswise, etc 86
Lesson in Arithmetic 195
Lessons of Life 317
Let's Play 152
Let us have a Drill To-Day 110
Let us With Gladsome Mind 94
Letting the Old Cat Die 275
Lion, The 443
Little Acts of Kindness 338
Little Bird, The Little Maiden and the 416
Little Boy and the Sheep 455
Little Boy's Troubles, A 209
Little Builder, A 325
Little Chickadee's, The 173
Little Children Love One Another 294
Little Child's Fancies, A 479

Little Dandelion, The 486
Little Dora's Soliloquy 243
Little Drummer, The 401
Little Fingers 305
Little Games 283
Little Girl's Letter, A 266
Little Goo-Goo 237
Little Goose, A 279
Little Hop-O'-My-Thumb 440
Little Jim 313
Little Kindergarten Girl, The 184
Little Maiden and the Little Bird, The 416
Little Marian's Pilgrimage 365
Little Missionary 376
Little Moments 326
Little Raindrops 300
Little Robin Redbreasts 414
Little Rogue 288
Little Things 325, 364
Little White Lily 487
Looking Ahead 150
Love Your Enemies 391
Lullaby 131, 241
Lulu's Complaint 228

MAGPIE'S Lessons, The 407
Maidenhood 322
Make Your Mark 373
Making Mud Pies 292
Mamma Can't Find Me 309
Mamma's Kisses 259
Marching Song 147
Marching Song, Music 98
May Song, The Child's 501
Merry Band, The 285
Milk Maid, The 379
Mill by the Rivulet, The 120
Mill Race, The 105
Mollie Dutton 176
Moon, Oh! Look at the 513
Moon. Is the Moon Made of Green Cheese? 511
Motherless Turkeys, The 434
Months, The 181, 182
Morning 100, 493
Morning Bright, The 94
Morning Hymn 144
Morning Prayer 93
Morning Ride, The 287
Mother Knows 362
Mother's Eyes 249
Mother Singing, A 263
Mother's Kisses 251
Mountain and the Squirrel, The 448
Music 85, 140
Music Lesson, The 363
My Ball is Very Soft 120
My Blocks 188
My Good for Nothing 263
My Little Sister 256
My Pussy 466

NAMING The Baby 221
Nature's Diamonds 506
NATURE'S VOICE 489, 491
Naughty Cat, The 463
Naughty Little Girl, The 309
Never Out of Sight 324
Never Put Off 329
New Dresses 482
New Moon, The 298
New Years' Coming 526
Night 494
Nineteen Birds 136
Nineteenth Gift, The 72
Ninth Gift, The 54
No 504
No Baby in the House 225
Noontide 494
Nothing to Do 295
Now the Day is Over 110
Now the Light Has Gone Away 110
Now the Sun is Sinking 512
Now the Time Has Come for Play 114
Number 206
Nursery Song 108, 453
NURSERY, THE 155

OAK, The Brave Old 474
Ocean, The 509
O, Eyes That Open 102
Of What Are Your Clothes Made? 212
Oh, Birdie Dear 85
Oh, Look at the Moon 513
Old and New 216
Old Apple Tree, The 475
Old Gaelic Lullaby 222
Old Oak, The Brave 474
Old Watch to the Moon 458
Old Winter Come Again 505
Old Winter is Coming 504
One of His Names 260
One Little Chicken 207
One, Two, Three 171
Only a Baby Small 220
Opening Song for School 141
Orphan Boy, The 356
Orphan Girl, The 355
Our Darling 219
Our Real Ruler 238
Ours 243
Over the Hill 359

PANSY, Pretty Polly 481
Parts of Speech, The 205
Patient Joe 378

Patter of Little Feet, The 311
Peace of Night 132
Perseverance 326, 374
Pet of the Household, The 310
Philip my King 233
PHYSICAL PLAYS, The 82
Picture, A 297
Planets, The 199
Playing Bo-peep With the Star 301
Playing King 268
Playing Together 100
Play Time 257
Play With the Limbs 91
Plum Cake 387, 388
Poor Dolly 315
Poor Little Jim 354
Prayer, A Child's Evening 523
Prayer for a Young Child, Evening 523
Prayer of a Little Child 522
Prayer, The Unfinished 523
Pray, Never Forget to 522
Presidents of the United States 200
Pretty is That Pretty Does 360
Pretty Sheep 455
Pride of Battery "B," The 397
Proper Time, The 257
Proposal, The 290
Pussies 148
Puss in the Clock 290
Puss Punished 464
Pussy's Class 461

QUARRELSOME Kittens, The 467
Queer Little Stitches 185

RABBIT on the Wall 295
Railway Train, The 149
Rain-and Snow 143
Rainbow and its Emblems, The 145
Rainbow, The 506
Rain? What Makes the 211
Rain, Wind and Snow, The 505
Rataplan 124
Religion and Anniversaries 519
Remember 207
Reminding the Hen 435
Rest, My Baby, Rest 232
Rich Little Dolly, The 264
Rippling, Purling, Little River 116
River, The 517
Robert of Lincoln 430
Robin's Song, The 415
Rural Nature 492

SAILING To-night 392
Sailor Boy and His Mother, The 359
Sailor Boy's Dream, The 399

SCHOOL DAYS 191
School, The 215
School Time 169, 193
Sea, The 510
Season's Charms, The 496
Second Gift, The 31
See-Saw 287
See the Windmill 105
Seventh Gift, The 47
Seventeenth Gift, The 68
Seven Times One 297
Shadow, The 377
Shadows, The 299
Sing A, B. C, ... 168
Singing Lesson, The 411
Sisters at Work, The 331
Sixth Gift, The 44
Sixteenth Gift, The 66
Skipping 307
Sleep Baby Mine 230
Sleepy Little Sister, The 278
Slice of the New Moon, A 300
Snap the Whip 285
Snow Birds Song, The 431
Snowfall, The 507
Snow-white 126
Snow, What Makes the 211
Soldier's Dream, The 400
Solo for Little Girls 145
Some Bible B's 525
Song of the Bee. The 438
Song of the Daisies, The 149
Song for Merry Harvest 502
Song for School 142
Songs and Physical Plays 79
Sorrows Shared 339
Sow, Sew and So 187
Sparrows Nest, The 426
Speak the Truth 392
Spelling Lesson., The 170
Spring 499
Spring and the Flowers 498
Spring Voices 499
Squirrel, The 448, 451
Step by Step 189
Stop, Stop, Pretty Water 511
Styrian Song 138
Summer 498
Summer Call, A 500
Summer Moods 500
Summer's Nigh 498
Sunset 494
Sunshine and Showers 326
Suppose 371
Sweet and Low 231
Swing, Swing, Swing 151

TEDDY'S Choice 339
Temperance Alphabet 166
Ten Commandments, The 525
Ten True Friends 305
Ten Little Toes 307
Tenth Gift, The 56
Thanksgiving Day 529
Thank You Pretty Cow 452
The Dear Old Days 361
The Language of Birds 409
The Miller of Dee 378
The Richest Prince 387
The Seasons 142
The Stolen Top 383
The Trades-Birds 408
They Say! 389
Third Gift, The 34
Thirteenth Gift, The 60
This Dog of Mine 458
This is the Way the Snow Comes Down 108
Three Little Kittens 466
Thrush, The 413
Tiger, The 444
Time 179
Time Table, A New 179
Tired Mothers 337
'Tis Night on the Mountain 236
'Tis The Last Rose of Summer 488
To the Lady Bird 422
Trees and Flowers 469
Tree, The 472
Tripple Pledge, The 389
True Love 287
Trust Your Mother 342
Truth 370
Twelfth Gift, The 58
Twelve Little Schoolmates 211
Twentieth Gift, The 76
Twenty Frogs at School 467
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star 134, 303
Two 308
Two Friends, The 456
Two Little Girls 329
Two Pictures 392

UNDER the leaves 492
Unfinished Prayer, The 523
Up Yonder Mountain 130
Up and Down 283
Use of Flowers, The 480

VERY good girl, A 310
Violet, The 128, 486
Voyage in the Arm Chair 260

WASP and the Bee, The 439
Waves of the Sea Shore, The 511
We Birds are Happy 115
Weighing the Baby 224
We've Got a Baby 229
What! 293
What are They Doing? 421
What God Sees 521
What is That Mother? 413
What Makes Me Happiest 362
What so Sweet? 501
What the Choir Sang 386
What the Sparrow Chirps 425
What Willie Said 216
When School is out 141
When the Morning Sun is Bright 114
Where Do All the Daisies Go? 108
Where Do the Wrinkles Come From? 391
Which is Your Lot? 352
Which Loved Best? 330
Who Has the Whitest Lambkins? 97
Who Stole the Bird's Nest? 423
Why Birdie Builds High 419
Why Men Were Born 212
Willie and the Apple 385
Wind, The 210
Wind-mill, The 105
Winter Song 504
Winnie 220
Wishing 313
Woodman Spare that Tree 472
Work While You Work 326
World, The 471

THE KINDERGARTEN.

IT is a tender thing to be a sculptor and to chisel marble into beautiful shapes and forms, but it is sweeter to mold in the clay of a child's character.—*Frances E. Willard.*

THE KINDERGARTEN.

GIFTS AND OCCUPATIONS.

THE fundamental idea of Frœbel was to render the first schooling of the child attractive, to connect learning with pleasure, and to make mental food as much conducive to mental growth as bodily food is to bodily growth. The first condition thereto was, of course, association of children with children. The second condition was that the place of assembly should be attractive, inspiring and congenial to child-like instincts, "a little garden, and adjoining a large room, lofty, airy, adorned with greens, flowers, and, if possible, a fountain, nice pictures, etc." The third and most indispensable condition is an effective lady Kindergartener who has studied the science and art formulated by Frœbel. She should possess a habit of reflection, some energy, a cheerful, conscientious character, a true love for children, and a good common school education with some practical experience and theoretical knowledge in this branch of education; a tolerable voice, pure and strong, and some musical training. The fourth and last condition to successful Kindergartens are good toys, playthings and games, presented in a serial order.

The child feels true attachment to the being by whom he is nursed, whether she be distinguished by the name of mother or nurse. These feelings can not be transferred to another who occupies a secondary relationship, and no amount of worldly adornment or gifts can have the power to establish that union which must spring from within; so, also, a child will always remember with deep interest those who have joined in his childish games, told him simple

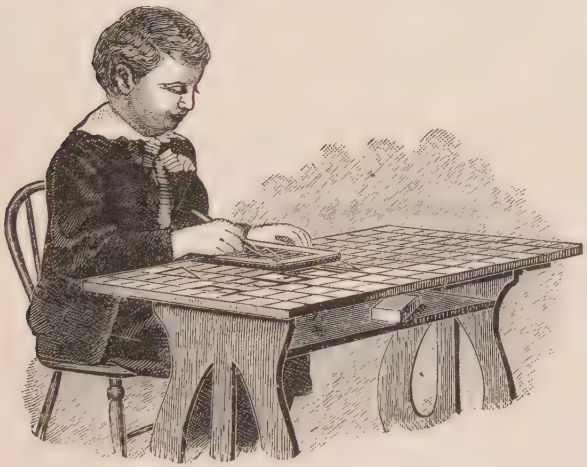
stories, held communion with his soul; while he will forget, or treat with indifference, those who have expended their last cent to supply him with the means of external gratification. To establish this close attachment we must commence early, while he feels himself in union with external objects, before he comprehends the idea of separation and distance. To accomplish this work successfully, an appropriate place is needed, where, free from the excitement of artificial life, secure from danger and surrounded by beings for whom the child has an affinity, he can exercise his bodily and mental faculties without undue restraint.

A lesson worthy of imitation may be learned in our dealings with children by observing with what care a well kept garden is tended, how every plant is supplied with the proper amount of temperature, air, light, soil and moisture, and every effort is made to call forth the native beauty of the plants. If we think of how much greater worth is a human being than a plant, we will be inclined to ask — what can be done to provide a garden in which humanity may bloom and put forth all the excellence of which it is capable? The object of the Kindergarten is to accomplish this and is designed to aid in securing the desirable union between the mother and the child — between God and the world.

Frœbel, in his admirable system of education, has designated all occupations in the Kindergarten as *plays*, and the materials used in such occupations as *gifts*. He starts from the idea that all education should begin with the development of the "desire for activity in the child." Beginning with the simplest features, each step forward is but a logical sequence of the one preceding — concluding with the most difficult in all the varieties of occupation — as a whole satisfying all the natural demands of a child, both in mental and physical culture, and laying the surest foundation for all subsequent education in school or in life. The peculiarity of the Kindergarten is that the gifts, occupations and plays are always to be turned to a useful account, slumbering faculties are to be awakened, drowsy inclinations to be enlivened, attention and reflection to be cultivated, and good habits to

be fostered in the pupil. In this there is no end of learning, no acme of perfection. The best of talent can not accomplish too much, while a conscientious and hearty energy will go a great way toward the aim. The means furnished to this end consist in object lessons, mental and physical gymnastics, the charms of poetry and music, and interesting and entertaining conversation.

The great varieties of plays invented by Frœbel, with building blocks, colored papers, sticks, wires, soaked peas, worsted stitching, weaving of strips, etc., tend to develop the sense of form and proportion to such a degree that the inventive faculty is imperceptibly developed so that the children may soon draw on slates or model in some pliable substance a great variety of objects.



There are twenty *Gifts* according to Frœbel's general definition of the term, although the first six only, are usually designated by this name. These Gifts are:—

1. Six Rubber Balls, covered with a network of Twine or Worsted of various colors.
2. Sphere, Cube and Cylinder, made of Wood.
3. Large Cube, consisting of eight Small Cubes.
4. Large Cube, consisting of eight Oblong Parts.
5. Large Cube, consisting of Whole, Half, and Quarter Cubes.
6. Large Cube, consisting of Doubly Divided Oblongs.

(The last four Gifts serve for building purposes.)

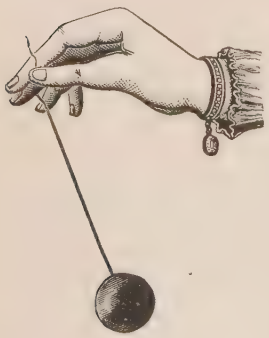
7. Square and Triangular Tablets for Laying of Figures.
8. Staffs for Laying of Figures.
9. Whole and Half Rings for Laying of Figures.
10. Material for Drawing.
11. Material for Perforating.

12. Material for Embroidering.
13. Material for Cutting of Paper and Combining Pieces.
14. Material for Braiding.
15. Slats for Interlacing.
16. The Slat with Many Links.
17. Material for Intertwining.
18. Material for Paper Folding.
19. Material for Peas Work.
20. Material for Modeling.

Parents and teachers should endeavor to take a comprehensive view of the whole being of the child, and adopt such means as will develop all his faculties harmoniously. To do this it is necessary to employ occupations and amusements capable of being used as means of education. Two points should be especially considered; the nature of the child, the state of development, and the relation in which the plaything stands to the child as regards both quality and quantity.

He quickly observes surrounding objects and retains the impression of them. He soon learns to distinguish the eye of his mother, and the cap and cloak in which he is clothed when taken into the open air, from others, though similar in appearance. So in regard to playthings, he will like such as are best calculated to call forth his slumbering faculties and enlarge the limits of his mind. For this purpose, the soft ball is the most convenient and best adapted for the FIRST GIFT.

THE FIRST GIFT.



THE FIRST GIFT consists of a set of six worsted balls, of the rainbow or standard Kindergarten colors, with strings. These represent the three fundamental and three mixed colors. The aim by them is: 1. To teach color—primary red, blue, yellow; and secondary, or mixed—purple, green, and orange. 2. To teach direction; forward and backward, right and left, up and down. 3. To train the eye. 4. To exercise the hands, arms and feet in various plays. The first and second Gifts are adapted to children on the mother's lap, and small classes of very small children only. This Gift is chosen: 1. Because it is the simplest

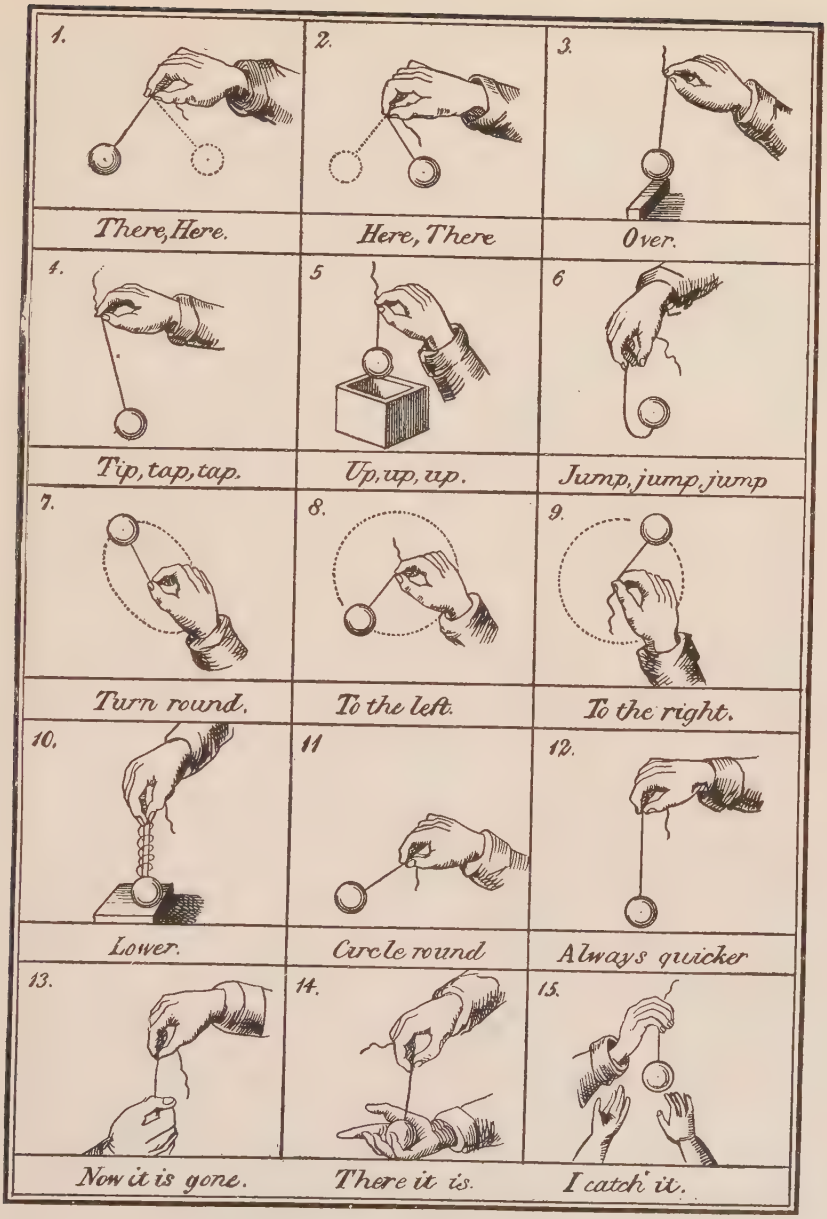
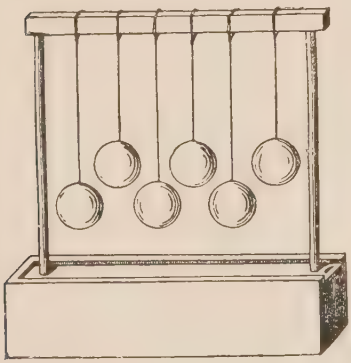


PLATE I.—THE FIRST GIFT.

shape and the one from which all others may subsequently be derived.



2. Because it is the most mobile of inanimate shapes; its elasticity too, brings it nearer to life, and hence to the child's sympathy. Its softness renders it less liable to hurt the child, thus avoiding dislike or fear. The little hands are able to grasp it more readily and more lovingly, and lessen the possibility of startling noises, which would interfere with concentration by engaging the ear too intensely when the eye is busy. 3. The various colors serve to distinguish the several playmates of the child. The balls are furnished with strings so as to be always under the control of the mother or nurse who manages the little playmates of the child.

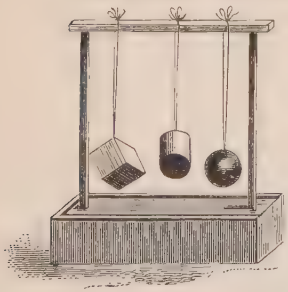
By using the ball the child exercises every muscle of his body as well as his intellectual faculties. All the energy of the child is required to follow and catch its bounding playfellow. All his manual strength is requisite to retain it when caught, and to send it forth again. Every play, if well directed, may be made to promote the child's future good. In play, the first feelings of friendship are awakened, the first attachment formed, and the tenderest sympathies fostered. By the aid of the ball a vast number of games are played accompanied by little songs adapted to the infant mind. It may be used in a variety of ways which cannot be described in a book, but can be easily managed. A few figures are given on Plate 1. In Fig. 1-2, the ball suspended by a string is swung to and fro, and the child is taught to understand the difference between "here and there." As it moves, the child repeats: Here, There.

Fig. 3. It is held over a Cube or some other object. The child is asked, Where is it now? *Answer*—Over. 4. It is swung to one side, then back again to the other. *Question*—Where now? On this side—or on that side. 5. The string is shortened and the ball is drawn nearer to the hand. *Q.* What do

I do? *A.* Wind up. 6. The string is lengthened, and the ball lowered. *Q.* What now? *A.* Wind down. 7. The ball is allowed to tap on the table. *Q.* What does it say? *A.* Tip, tap, tap. 8. The ball is drawn up on the top of the Cube. As it rises, the child says, Up, up, up. When it reaches the top, Up on top.

Fig. 9. The ball is made to bound on the table. *Question*—What does it do now? *Answer*—Jump, jump, jump. 10. The ball is caused to spring from one side of the Cube to the other. *Q.* What does it do now? *A.* Jump over. 11. It is drawn along the table. *Q.* What does it do now? *A.* Roll, roll, roll. 12. The ball is sent against the Cube, and as it rebounds the child is asked, What does it do now? *A.* Roll back. 13. The ball is swung round. *Q.* What does it do now? *A.* Turn round. 14 and 15. It is swung to the left, then to the right, and the child is taught to observe the difference, and, during the movements, to say, To the left, to the right. Other movements such as swinging the ball round forming a large curve, gradually causing the circles to become smaller, or a small curve—thence to a larger. The attention of the child may be directed to this and he says, Smaller, Smaller, or Larger, Larger. Higher and Lower, Quicker, Slower, Deeper, etc., may also be illustrated.

The Second Gift.



The Second Gift is a progressive advance upon the First in substance and form, although closely linked to it, and it requires a higher development of the child's mind. The objects which it contains are the Ball, the Cylinder, and Cube, these being the primary forms of all objects. It offers a number of valuable contrasts to the preceding Gift as well as among its own members. The aim of this Gift is to teach and to direct the attention of the child to the similarity and dissimilarity existing between different objects. This is done by pointing out, explaining and counting the sides, corners and edges of the cube; by showing that the sphere, the cylinder and the cube differ from

one another in their several properties on account of their difference of shape; by pointing out that the apparent form of the sphere is unchanged, however looked at, but that the apparent forms of both the cube and the cylinder vary according to the point from which they are viewed. The ball and sphere represent *motion*, the cube *rest*; the former yielding readily to even the slightest impulse, the latter resisting quite stubbornly. The value of the cylinder lies in the fact that it is the connecting link between the sphere and cube. It presents more faces than the first and less than the last named. One of these faces is curved in one of its dimensions and the others are plain. It has two curved edges, but no corners. This Gift may be placed in the hands of the child during its first year, and should be used in connection with the First Gift.

The amusements with this Gift are so simple that the weakest child can find delight in them; so instructive that the most scientific mind can derive information from them, and so capable of a surprising variety, that they afford inexhaustible pleasures. They teach a child a dumb language which he can understand before he can express his thoughts and impressions in words. To the child the simple and rough figure is the most intelligible. A child will arrange stones, cubes, etc., and call them sheep, chickens, or whatever else may be, at the time, his mental idea. The illustrations on Plate II., may aid the parent or teacher in the use of the Second Gift. During the different motions, the following words for each figure may be sung:

Fig. 1. Round, round, round, 'tis my delight,
From right to left, from left to right,
To the child I am a pleasing sight.

2. A Ball I am wherever I go,
Whenever I turn myself, I show.

3. The Cube is at rest; It is my will
That it should lie still, quite still.

4. It tumbles here, it tumbles there,
It cannot be still on its edge, 'tis clear.

5. It stands on one edge and does not fall;
Why does it so?—Tell me all.

6. How easily on one point I stand,
When steadied by one little hand.
Look here! and you will quickly learn,
How easily on one point I turn.

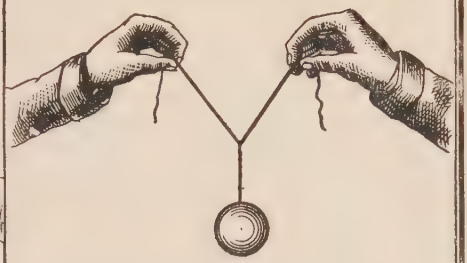
7. You see but one corner—where are all the others?
Ask your little sisters, ask your little brothers.

8. Two corners now, you only can see,
What are the rest doing? Where can they be?

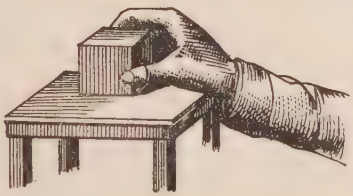
Round round round 'tis my delight,
From right to left, from left to right.
To the child I am a pleasing sight

1.

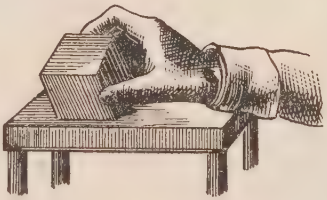
2.



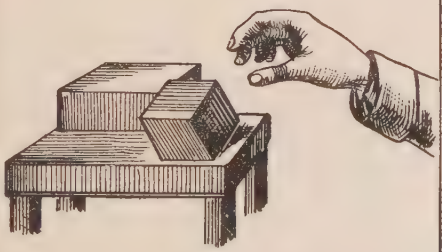
3.



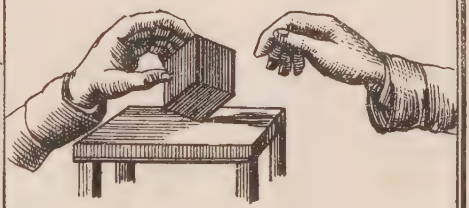
4.



5.



6.



7.

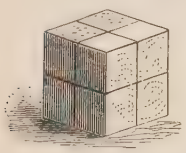
8.

PLATE II.—THE SECOND GIFT.

These forms and motions can be multiplied according to the taste and tact of the mother or nurse. The solids can be made to jump like a cat, creep like a mouse, pass to and fro like a pendulum, go round like a wind-mill, form circles, ellipses, etc. All these motions will help to cultivate the powers of observation and reflection, and prepare the way for the study of Mechanical Science later.

The Third Gift.

The Third Gift consists of a two-inch cube divided into eight smaller one-inch cubes, by being cut once in each of its three dimensions. This division will give the child, for the first time, the impression of measure. Out of the one is produced a number, like in form and equal among themselves. Thus, he receives the idea of whole, and part; of form, and of comparative size. A child, when first left with a fresh object of any kind, will first examine it, then take it to pieces and see what there is inside, and, lastly, try to unite its parts or repair the injury done.



This Gift, designated as Frœbel's First Building Box, will gratify this desire in a child. He is first taught to invert the box, after drawing out the lid a little way; secondly, to draw out the lid entirely and lift up the box. He then finds the cube complete, and is allowed to pursue the dictates of his mind. He may divide it into two, four, or eight equal parts, place them upon each other, lay them side by side, count them, or arrange them in different ways to suit his inclination. After a time, his attention should be called to their form, number of faces, edges, corners, as the whole, and taught to distinguish their number, size, form, position and order, and the true meaning of up, down, here, there, this, that, these, those, above, below, under, over, upon, underneath, within, without, large, small, etc. Every day he will find something new for himself. According to his development, he will vary his forms. These forms he will find infinite in variety; his powers of representation will be exercised, and his faculties of perception, reflection, and imagination will

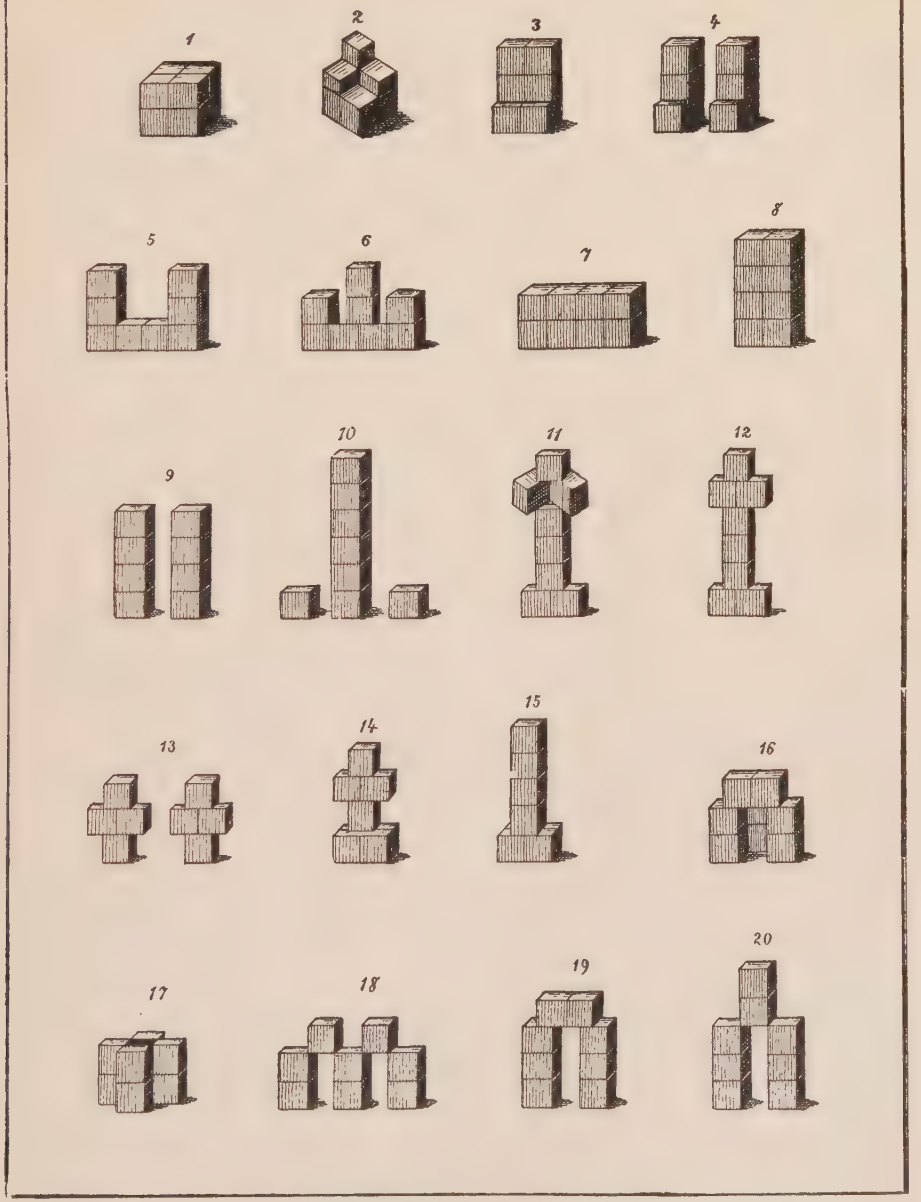


PLATE III.—THE THIRD GIFT.

be cultivated. So long as the child is happy it is not well to interfere; should additional aid be required, then let the teacher take her own box, and show one or more examples for the purpose of educing new ideas. The office of the mother or teacher in this, as in all other Gifts, is to aid the child in the expression of his own ideas, in an indirect manner, by little stories and something about the objects which will interest him, thereby associating the story with the form.

This Gift will gratify the child's desire for activity in constructing forms of life or utility, forms of beauty or symmetry, and forms of perception or knowledge. One or more of each of these three classes of exercises may be given during a lesson.

The forms given on Plate III., and observations are intended to assist the parent or teacher by suggesting a course of exercises, which will be varied according to fancy. Let each form be accompanied by some pleasing tale.

Fig. 1. Frœbel designates this as the Cube or Kitchen Table. The teacher may say: Look, my dear children; what have I here? Give me its name, tell me how many parts it has. How many faces, edges and corners. What can it be used for? Follow with other questions.

Fig. 2. The Fire-Place. The names given for the several forms on this Plate are those designated by Frœbel. *Question*—Who can tell me what this is like? What is it used for? Did any of you ever see a large, old-fashioned fire-place, with its great back log and huge brass andirons? Who of you ever saw meals cooked over the fire in the fire-place? Tell the children of how the fire-places were built in olden times. Fig. 3 and 4. Grandpa's and Grandma's Chair. What are these? Chairs. Oh, what a comfortable chair! Grandpa or Grandmamma must sit here when they come to see the little children, and tell them stories about little boys and kind little girls. Fig. 5. A Castle with two Towers. 6. A Strong Hold. 7. A Wall. 8. A High Wall. 11. A Sign Post. 12. A Cross. 13. Two Crosses. 14. Cross with a Pedestal. 15. Monument. *Exercise.* Did you ever see one? Where? What was the name of the Cemetery? What was the writing on it? It gave

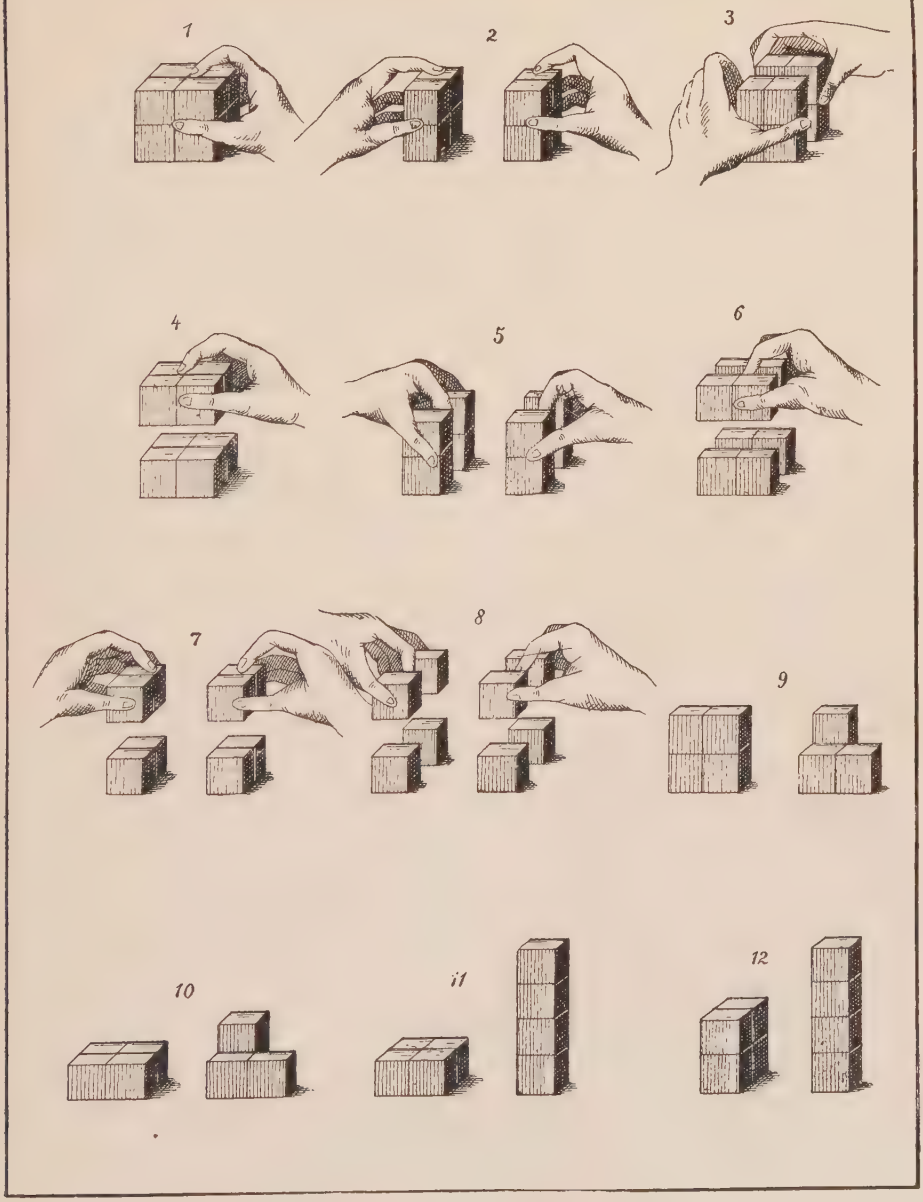


PLATE IV.—THE THIRD GIFT.

the name of a good man who lived a long time ago, and tried to make everybody happy. Can you build a monument? For whom?

Fig. 16. A Sentry-box. 17. A Well. *Exercise.* What is a Well? What is there in it? Where does the water come from? What is the use of it? Do you like to bathe in the water? Little children love to bathe, they always look so rosy, so nice and so cheerful after their bath. Little birds, too, like to bathe, it makes them so happy, so merry, and so healthful. The little flowers cannot bathe, so the dew bathes them, and they are lovely, and smell sweet after their bath. Oh, how useful is water! It refreshes the plants, quenches our thirst, etc. 18. City Gate. In old times, cities had walls built around them, and had large gates which were guarded for the purpose of keeping people out who might do harm. Only a few of the older cities of the world now have walls and gates. Sometimes the Church adjoined the city gate as in Fig. 20. 19. Triumphal Arch. This is built to record some great victory of one nation over another, etc.

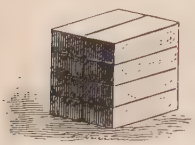
It is essential that all of the blocks should be used in the building of each figure. Plate IV. shows the proper method of handling the several cubes in constructing the figures given on Plate III. and in the use of the right and left hand. This Gift may be given to the child at or about the age of two years, and forms, for a long period, an unfailing source for intellectual and emotional nature. The term *forms of life*, often used in the description of the various Gifts, are more or less suggestive representations of surrounding objects, and lead to a close observance of objects and to a knowledge of their practical uses in human society. The *forms of beauty* have special reference to symmetrical arrangement and cultivate sentiment and feeling, but do not refer to any special object. The *mathematical forms* address themselves to the mind and understanding, giving the ideas of number, size, shape, relation, etc. When children can build, it is well to give them each time, practice in each form; and in order to make them truly happy, to encourage them to sing songs appropriate to their employment.

While it is the duty of parents and educators to develop freely the

individuality of their children, they must not lose sight of the fact that man is a social being and cannot be properly educated without the assistance and co-operation of his fellow beings. This mutual influence is exercised by communion far more than by mere words, and kindly feelings are cultivated in children far more successfully in common play and properly directed action, than by moral precepts alone. To promote this in the Kindergarten, the children are allowed to build in union; this is generally done at the end of the lesson, and to render it still more interesting, let all Gifts be accompanied by song.

The Fourth Gift.

The Fourth Gift consists of a large cube, divided by one horizontal and three vertical cuts, into eight square oblong blocks, often called bricks. In aim, it is similar to that of the Third Gift, but it gives rise to the observation of similarity and dissimilarity in regard to length, breadth and height, bringing clearly to the mind of the child the dimensions of bodies. It contains the same number of parts as the previous Gift, but they admit of a greater variety of formations, not only filling but enclosing space. Having studied the Third Gift with interest, the child will find increased delight in using the Fourth. The great object of these occupations is to lead to further development, and it must always be borne in mind that this can only be accomplished by leading the child step by step—not allowing him to take one step before he is fully acquainted with the first.



It will be perceived that, as the parts in this Gift contain a greater amount of surface than the cubes, and are capable of enclosing a still greater amount of space, a far greater variety of objects may be represented, illustrations of which are given on Plate V. The general remarks on the Third Gift apply equally to this. The twenty-five Forms of Life given on Plate V., are:

1. The Cube.
2. Part of a Floor, or Top of a Table.
3. Two Large Boards.
4. Four Small Boards.
5. Eight Building Blocks.
6. A Long Garden Wall.
7. A City Gate.
8. Another City Gate.
9. A Bee Stand.
10. A Colonnade.
11. A Passage.
12. A Bell Tower.
13. Open Garden House.
14. Garden House with Doors.
15. Shaft.
16. Shaft.
17. A Well with Cover.
18. Fountain.
19. Closed Garden Wall.
20. An Open Garden.
21. An Open Garden.
22. Watering Trough.
23. Shooting Stand.
24. Village.
25. Triumphal Arch.

Lessons in number and form should be given.

I. Addition and Subtraction. Place the Cubes of a whole class round the table. Let the class march round the table point at each cube, and, if practicable, touch each, and sing in the ascending and descending scales, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

II. Arrange them in twos. March round and sing 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., then arrange in threes, fours, etc.

III. Pursue the same course as before, with this addition: When they have arrived at the end of each journey, let them turn round and count backwards. Suppose 48 to be the highest number, 47, 46, 45, 44, 43, 42, etc.

IV. Arrange as before, but change the terms used: Say 1 and 1 are 2; 2 and 1 are 3, up to the highest number; and, on returning, 100 less 1 leaves 99, 99 less 1 leaves 98, 98 less 1 leaves 97, etc. Pursue this course through all the divisions into twos, threes, fours, and so on up to tens.

V. Multiplication and Division. Arrange as before, and march, and point, and sing, twice one are 2; the ones in 2 are 2; 3 times 1 are 3; the ones in 3 are 3, and so on up to 10. Twice 2 are 4; the twos in 4 are 2; 3 times 2 are 6; the twos in 6 are 3, and so on up to 10, taking in succession all numbers up to 10. In this manner, multiplication and division will be so connected in the mind that the one will always assist the other. Of course, a few exercises will be sufficient at one time. Let one number be well mastered

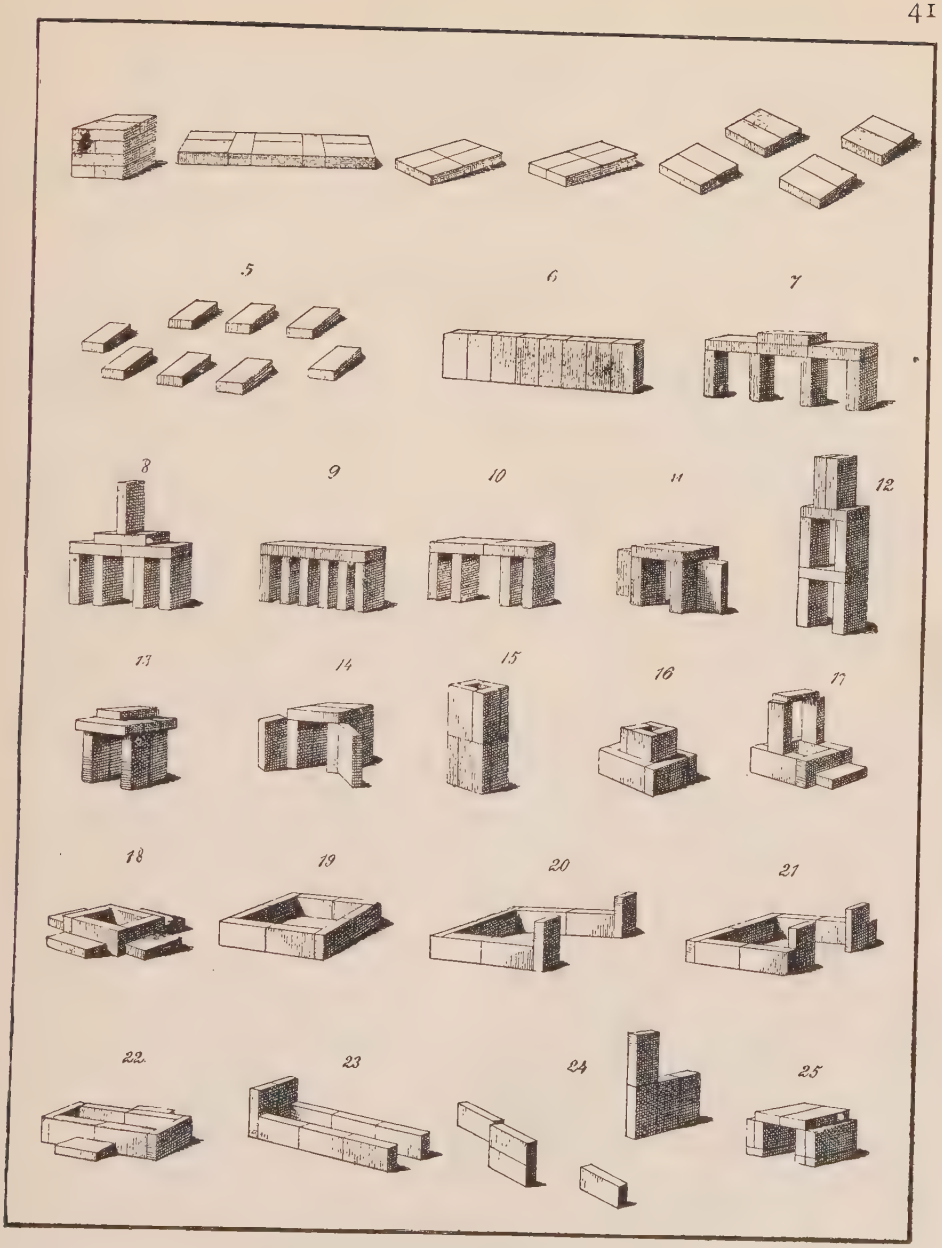
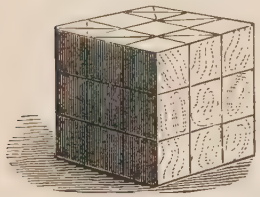


PLATE V.—THE FOURTH GIFT.

before proceeding with another. In this way, the fundamental principles of mathematics may be taught before the mind is prepared to understand abstract rules.

The Fifth Gift.

The Fifth Gift, like those of the preceding Gifts, consists of a Cube, divided twice in all directions forming a whole, a half, and quarter cubes; thus the whole Gift consists of twenty-seven pieces. It is an extension of the Third Gift. Its peculiarity consists in the increased number of parts by which more extended operations can be carried on, and the introduction of a new element by the subdivision of the cubes in a slanting direction, presenting oblique lines and faces, thus forming triangular shapes. A greater variety of forms of life and beauty can be constructed, and more advanced exercises in number and form given. It is especially adapted for older children, who have mastered the previous Gifts, though cannot be used with profit before the fifth year.



By the use of the triangle, the child can produce new results; he can dispense with sharp corners, give roofs to his houses, construct ground forms for his buildings, and perform many wonderful feats. It is natural for the child to construct objects with which he is most familiar, thus tables, chairs, etc., are the first objects he builds. From these simple forms, his ideas develop, and he constructs a house, with its several rooms, thence follow the church, school, or factory, and other buildings. All the lessons given under the Third Gift may be repeated with this, leaving the children to discover the increased power which the additional playthings give.

After the children have exhausted all their own resources, the teacher may take her own box, commencing with Fig. 8, Plate VI., construct the ground form or lay the foundation of her building in accordance with the plan given; the children follow her example; this done, she examines every ground form to see that all are correct. The foundations being properly laid, she proceeds

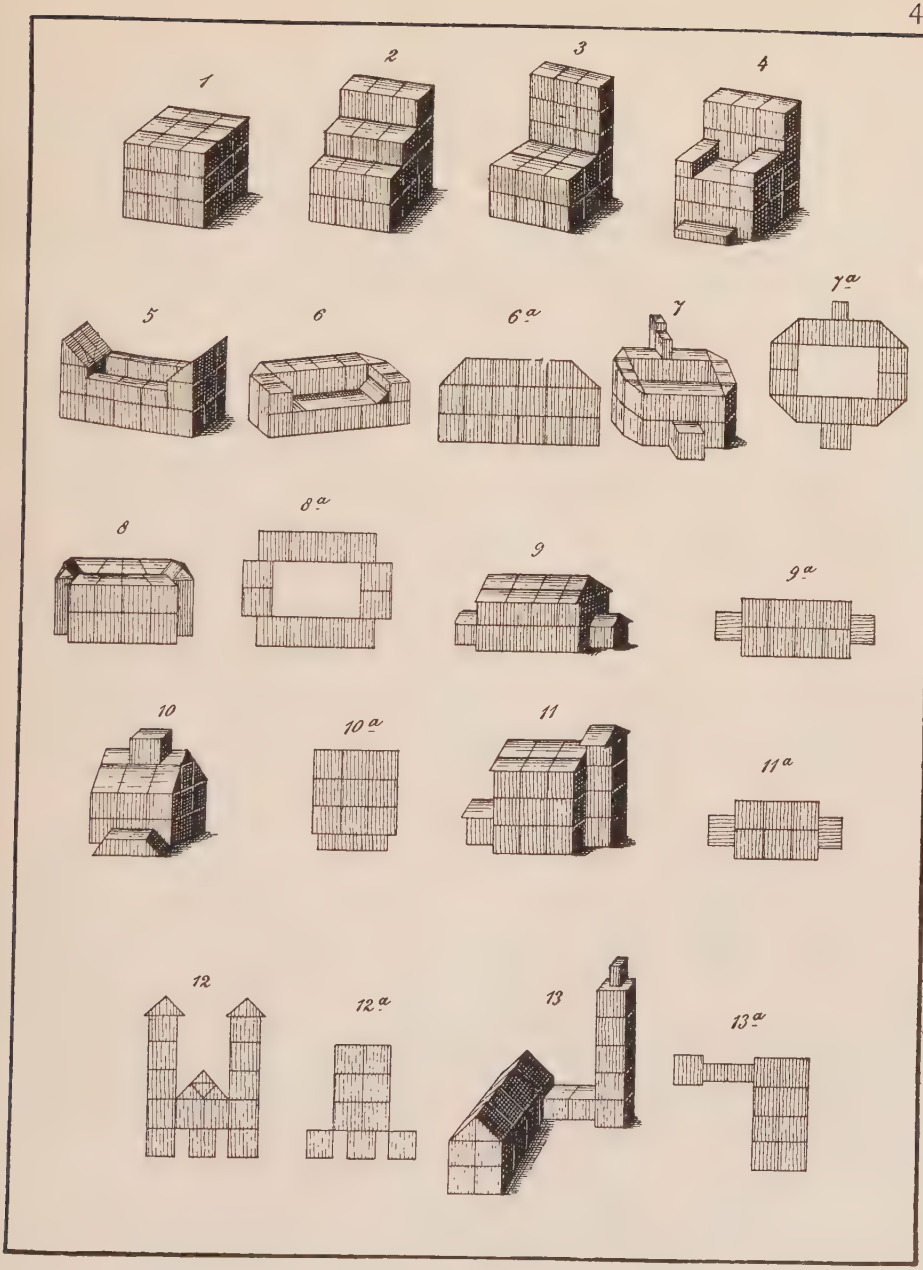


PLATE VI.—THE FIFTH GIFT.

to raise her structure, during which time she makes such observations, relative to the form, size, number of cubes required, etc., as she may deem advisable. Any pleasing tale having a connection with the building may be profitably told, or the children may be induced to make their own observations.

One new building is sufficient for one lesson, when it is deemed desirable to adapt the Gift to the still further development of the children the teacher may converse with the pupils, using every means in her power by pointing at parts referred to, or changing the form of her questions to enable the child to understand what she desires. An endless variety of pleasing instructive exercises, calculated to develop form, number, and order, may thus be produced whenever required, and, by a glance given at any of the combinations shown on the Plates, an ingenious teacher will never be in want of a different starting point. The Forms of life given on Plate VI., are:

1. Cube.
2. Flower Stand.
3. Large Chair.
4. Easy Chair with Foot Bench.
5. Bed.
6. Sofa. 6*a*. Sofa, ground plan.
7. A Well. 7*a*. ground plan.
8. Home with Yard. 8*a*. ground plan.
9. Peasant's Home. 9*a*. ground plan.
10. School House. 10*a*. ground plan.
11. Church. 11*a*. ground plan.
12. Church with Two Steeples. 12*a*. ground plan.
13. Factory with Chimney and Boiler House. 13*a*. ground plan.

In giving lessons on Numbers, arrange the parts, and cause the child to count halves, quarters, three-quarters, one and a half, and two and three-quarters, etc., ascending and descending. Let each child demonstrate as he repeats $\frac{1}{4}$ x 2–$\frac{1}{2}$; $\frac{1}{2}$ of 2–1, etc. After the lessons of the Gift, the above will be found easy, and great variety of similar lessons may be given, and each affirmation demonstrated by the child. It must also be borne in mind, that all the occupations of the Third Gift can be extended with this, and hence that any directions given must refer to those who have mastered the instructions given under that Gift.

THE SIXTH GIFT.

THE SIXTH GIFT is an extension of, and a completement to the Fourth Gift, and, by its aid, all the exercises given under the Fourth may be carried out

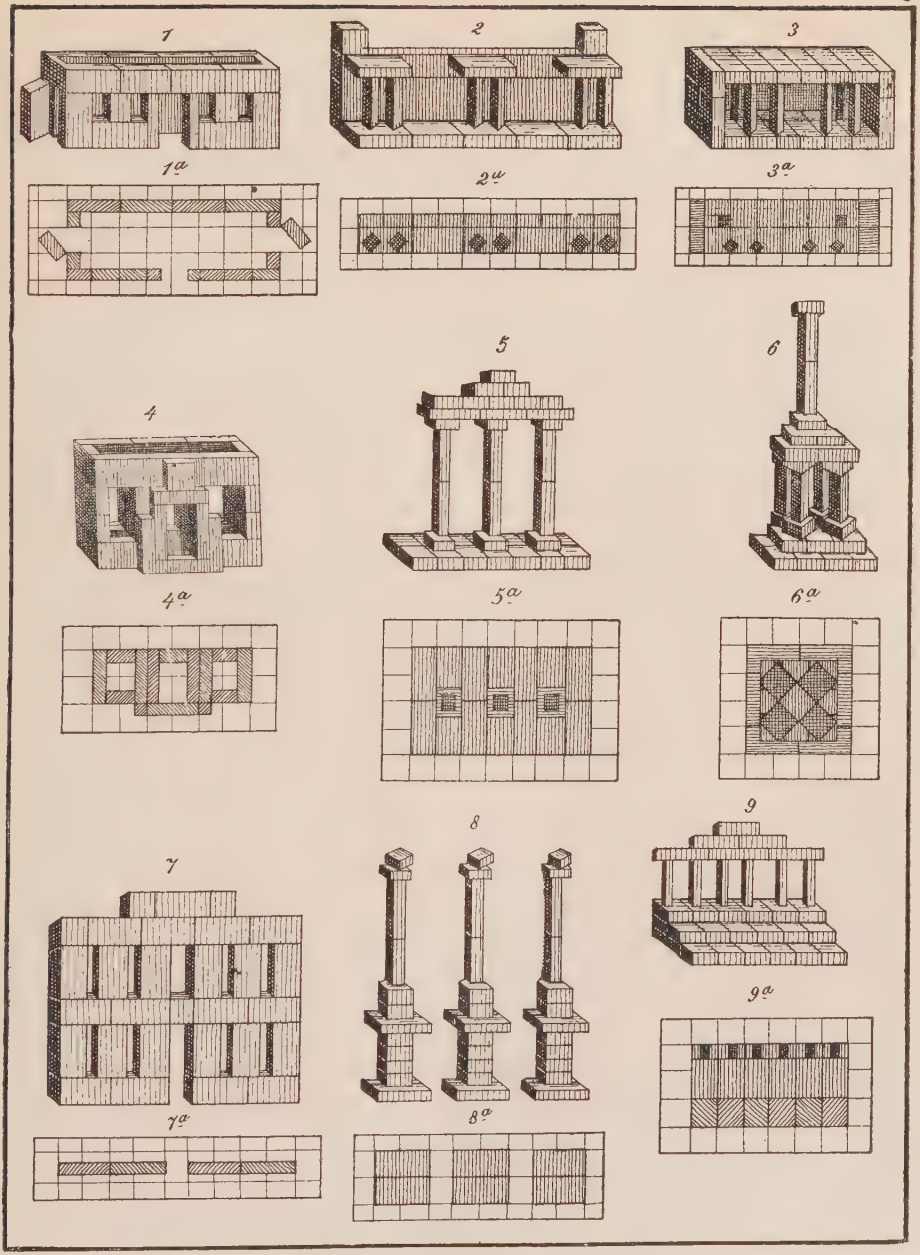
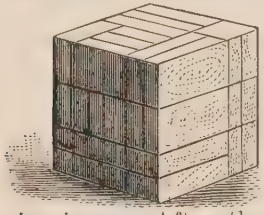


PLATE VII.—THE SIXTH GIFT.

to a far greater extent, teaching particularly the proportions, size of oblongs, squares, columns, and the number of each kind. It is inexhaustible in opportunities for inventing new forms. With the Sixth Gift, the two series of development given by Frœbel in the building blocks has been reached. In the Four Gifts described, the child has had to do with solids, with forms that extend prominently in the three dimensions. It consists of a large Cube with doubly divided oblongs, twenty-seven in number; six of these are bisected in the direction of their breadth and three in the direction of their length, into square prisms—making in all thirty-six pieces. After the children have exhausted their own resources, and, by the aid of the teacher, mastered the various artistic and mathematical forms, as well as those of utility given on Plate VII., questions may be asked of the pupils such as, Wherein does this Gift differ from the Fifth? Wherein does it resemble that Gift? *Answer*—It has the same length, breadth, depth, the same number of faces, edges, and corners; the faces are all plain faces, and are bounded by straight lines, which all meet in points forming angles. It has six faces, twelve edges, eight corners, twenty-four right angles. *Question*—What are the contents of your box? *Q.* Describe the blocks of the Fourth Gift. Now, describe the playthings which you have met for the first time. *A.* The long ones are square prisms, each having four rectangular faces, and two square faces; each of the rectangular faces is equal to four of the square faces. Each of the short ones have also two square faces and four rectangular faces; but each square face is equal to two of the rectangular faces. The long ones and the short ones are equal to each other, and one long one and one short one, though different in form, are together equal to one of the eighteen oblongs.

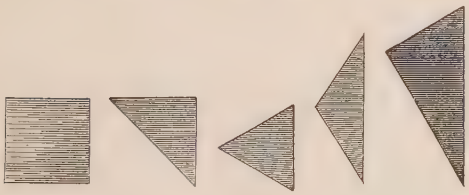


The children may now be required to build by dictation. Hitherto they have either followed the dictates of their own mind, or imitated the designs of others. An endless variety of dictation lessons may be given, according to the peculiar genius of the teacher and the capacities of the children. The selections of forms of life given on Plate VII., are designated by Frœbel as:

1. House without roof. 1*a*. Ground plan.
2. Colonnade. 2*a*. Ground plan.
3. Hall with columns.
4. Summer House. 4*a*. Ground plan.
5. Memorial Column of the Three Friends. 5*a*. Ground plans.
6. Monument in honor of some Fallen Hero. 6*a*. Ground plan.
7. Façade of a Large House. 7*a*. Ground plan.
8. The Columns of the Three Heroes. 8*a*. Ground plan.
9. Entrance to Hall of Fame. 9*a*. Ground plan.

The Seventh Gift.

The Seventh Gift consists of finely polished quadrangular and triangular Tablets, of light and dark hard woods in their natural colors, and are used for the laying of figures. These tablets, as also the preceding Gifts, are designed for the instruction in shifting or reversing the composition of forms and combining them. The plane surfaces, for the first time, are now introduced in this Gift. The child cannot now produce the object itself, but may produce a form similar to it, by arranging the squares and triangles in a certain order. He should be taught the connection existing between this and the previous Gifts. The tablets are but the separated sides of the Cube or solid, and are for the production of images of objects, while the Cube produced or united the objects themselves.



It would be impossible to explain in detail within the space allowed, the application of this invaluable Gift, as it would require a small volume to even hint at the various methods of its use; but the object is to call attention to its directly practical nature, and how to use it in the Kindergarten. On Plate VIII., are given many forms produced by the use of the tablets. The most popular sets now manufactured contain tablets composed of light and dark wood equal in number, leaving the natural colors of the wood with a finely polished surface. This

furnishes material for designs in light and shade, without the introduction of the element of color, as the natural woods do not convey the idea of color of any kind, they are as thin as is consistent with strength and durability that they may represent surfaces only. The tablets for the Seventh Gift are also made of very heavy and solid paper board. They may also be obtained made of wood, in six assorted colors; red, yellow, blue, for the primary colors, and green, purple, or violet, and orange, for the secondary colors.

The square tablet is the type of four-sided figures. It is the simplest form and is first presented. The square being divided from corner to corner, a new figure is presented which is found to have three sides, but which is not the type of three-sided figures; and the equilateral triangle is next presented which is the typical and simplest triangle. If the equilateral triangle were divided through a line bisecting one angle as was the square, the result is two triangles of still different shape, the scalene. If these two are placed base to base, the result is still another, the obtuse-angled triangle, and we thus have all of the five forms of the Seventh Gift. The square educates the eye to judge correctly of a right angle, one of the first essentials of a skilled artisan. The division of the square gives the 45° triangle, thus educating the eye to measure that universal angle the miter, (45°), one-half the right angle. The equilateral triangle has three 60° angles, six of which form a complete circle; the divided equilateral or right-angled scalane has one angle of 90°, one of 60°, and one of 30°. These represent all the angles which may be termed standards and a child in the Kindergarten should become as familiar with them as with the size of the squares on his table.

In presenting this Gift, a piece of apple or bread may be cut just the size and shape of a cube of the Third Gift, and then a slice cut from it to show how the square tablet, which should be first given, is a representative of the cube. The child will immediately want tablets enough to build up a cube, and when he is satisfied himself how many it takes for this purpose he will be interested to learn what can be done with the cube cut in so many slices. The right-angled isosceles follows the square and two may be given

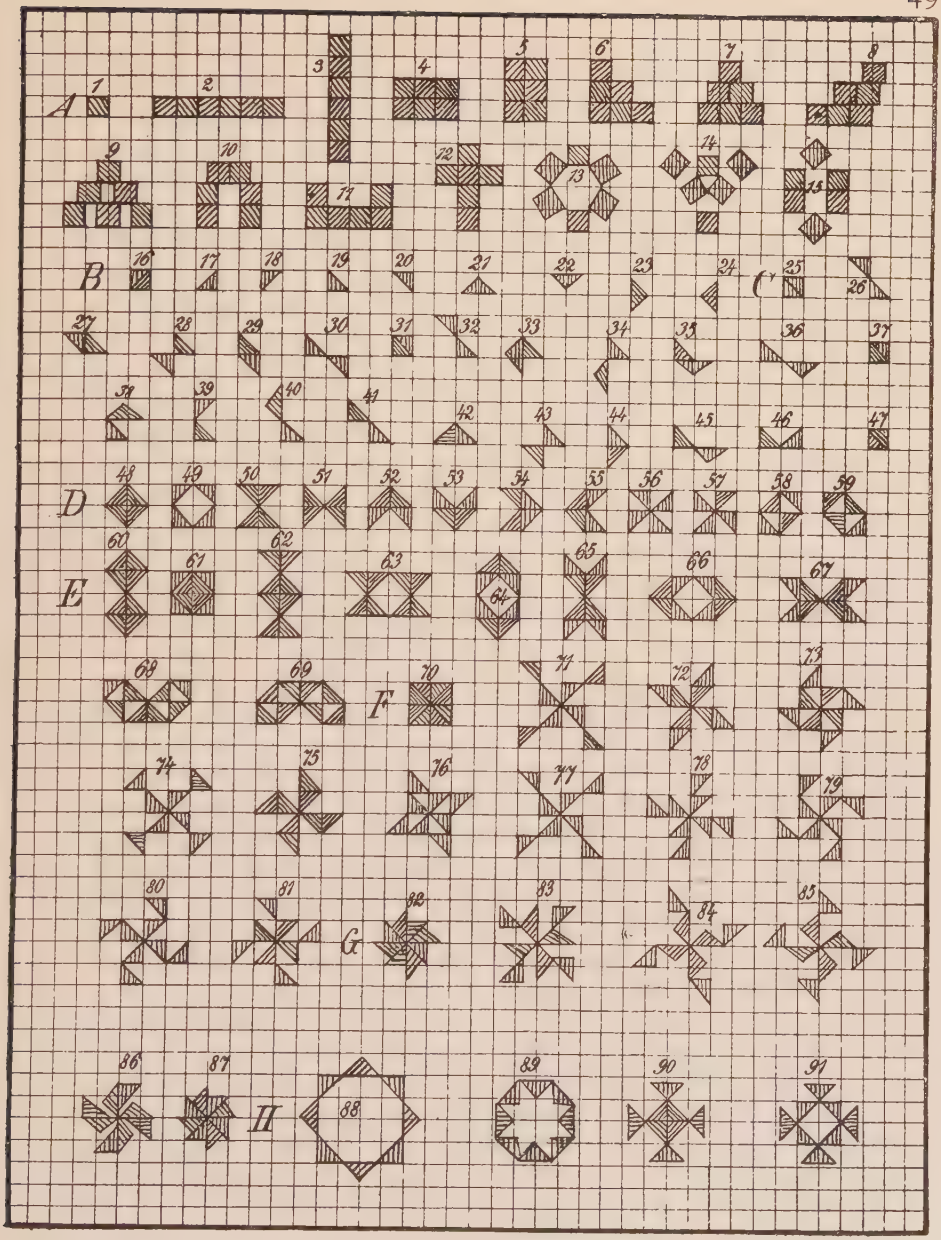


PLATE VIII.—THE SEVENTH GIFT.

which will at once be seen to be the square tablet in halves. The equilateral is related to the isosceles triangle by its material and the number of its angles, and may be carefully observed. Give two of the forms and let one be placed on the top of the other, with the angles midway between the angles of the lower one and the indication of the circle is quite marked. Then follows the scalene, which is shown to be an equal division of the equilateral as the right-angled isosceles is half of the square and, united by its short sides, forms the obtuse-angled-triangle. These triangles may be two or more kinds together but it should not be forgotten that similarity with the previous step should be explained and felt, before opposite qualities are enlarged upon. As a Kindergarten Gift this material should not be used without a knowledge of its relation to the whole system, but it may be used as busy work to advantage independently of other Gifts, although such use should not be called Kindergarten.

THE EIGHTH GIFT.

THE EIGHTH GIFT consists of sticks or staffs of varying length, about one-twelfth of an inch thick; they are used for the laying of figures, and are intended to teach numerical proportion and variety of form. They represent

the embodied straight line, and are an excellent preparation for Drawing and other occupations; by its use, the pupil is advanced another step forward and secures material to draw the outline of objects by bodily lines. This occupation is in close connection with the others already described. It is not an accidental one, but a necessary result of the Kindergarten principle. Although connected with the others, it is distinct from them, and requires a higher degree of mental power than the others. The senses must be already much cultivated, especially the eyes and hands. In order to find the proportion of the distances, the child must have an idea of square, round, straight, right, left, horizontal, perpendicular,

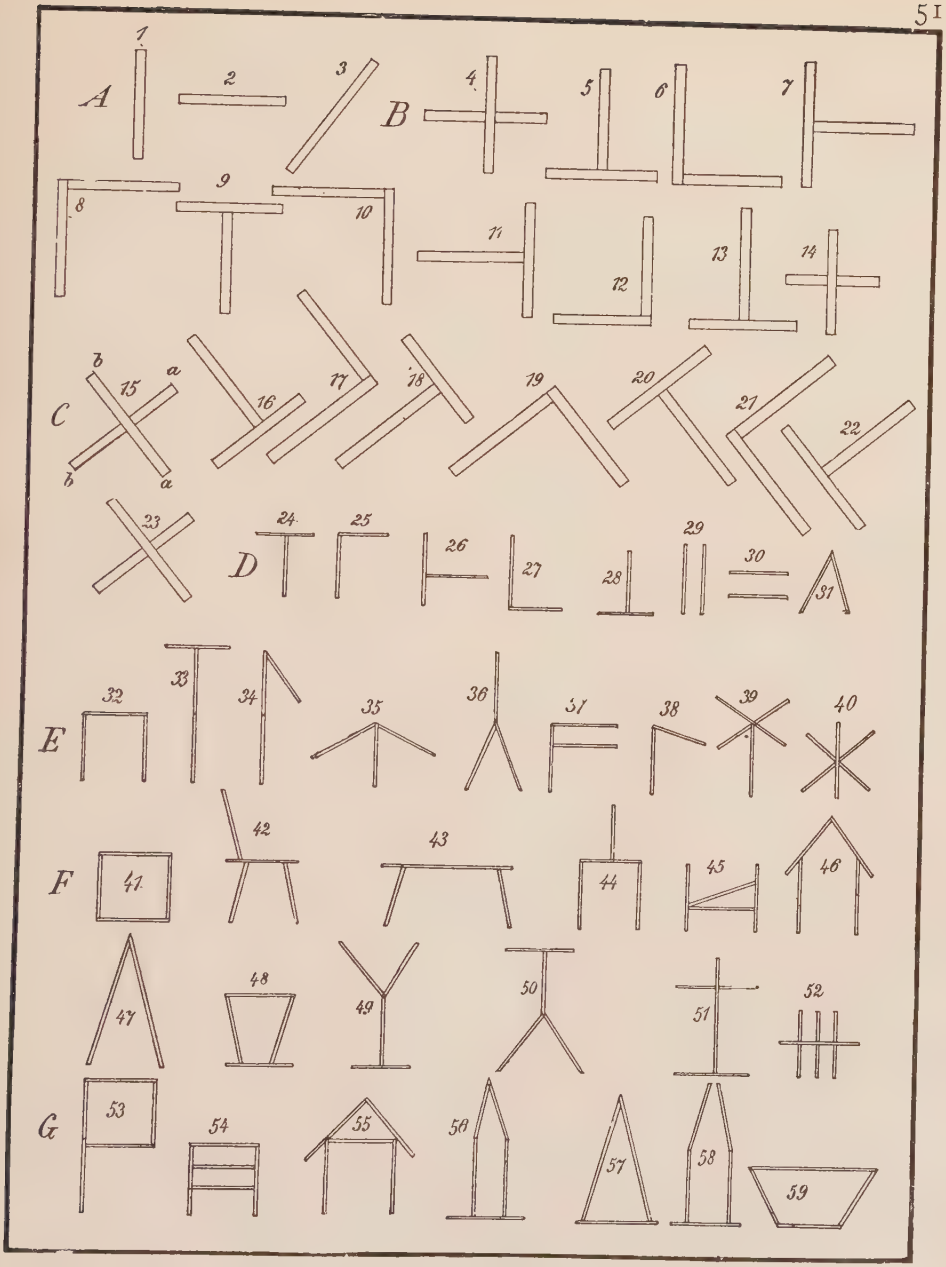


PLATE IX.—THE EIGHTH GIFT.

oblique, parallel, though he may not be able to define them. By the use of the sticks, the child is introduced into the different employments and departments of life. They increase the knowledge of variety, lead from the visible to the invisible, develop steadiness, are a means of uniting, and exercise the faculties generally. They teach that out of the simplest materials can be produced that which is useful, beautiful and instructive.

Whenever a new Gift is introduced for the first time, the Kindergartener must gather the children around a table, and devote some time to the explanation of the Gift or occupation by questions and answers, encouraging imagination and invention, by calling on the pupils to construct with the given forms, all other forms possible, and to tell what they look like in the outer world. It is presumed that the teacher, whose employment is to cultivate the young mind, has embraced the whole subject, and realized the good and the beautiful in her whole life.

In introducing this Gift, the teacher gives out one stick to each; requires each to take it in the right hand, pass it to the left, hold it up, lay it down, let it rest on one end, lift it up, and let it fall on the table, so as to produce sound. After a few preparatory movements, according to the fancy of the teacher, she asks: What does this stick represent? Each child will look at it and give the name of some familiar object, as a ruler, pencil, column. She requires them all to lay down their sticks, so as to form a line around the table, to give the idea of association.

Two sticks may now be given with which a new series of questions may be proposed. Take one in each hand, both in one hand, lay them down, separate them, place them in different positions, illustrating the various lines and angles, and any object with which they are familiar. Make the letters I, L, T, V, X, etc., and arrange them in different ways. Exercise them with three, four, five, and any other number forming different figures—counting angles, etc. At the end of each exercise, cause them to form something in common, in order to cultivate the social feeling. Our Plate IX, gives representations of a large number of forms—Fig. 1-3, those formed with one

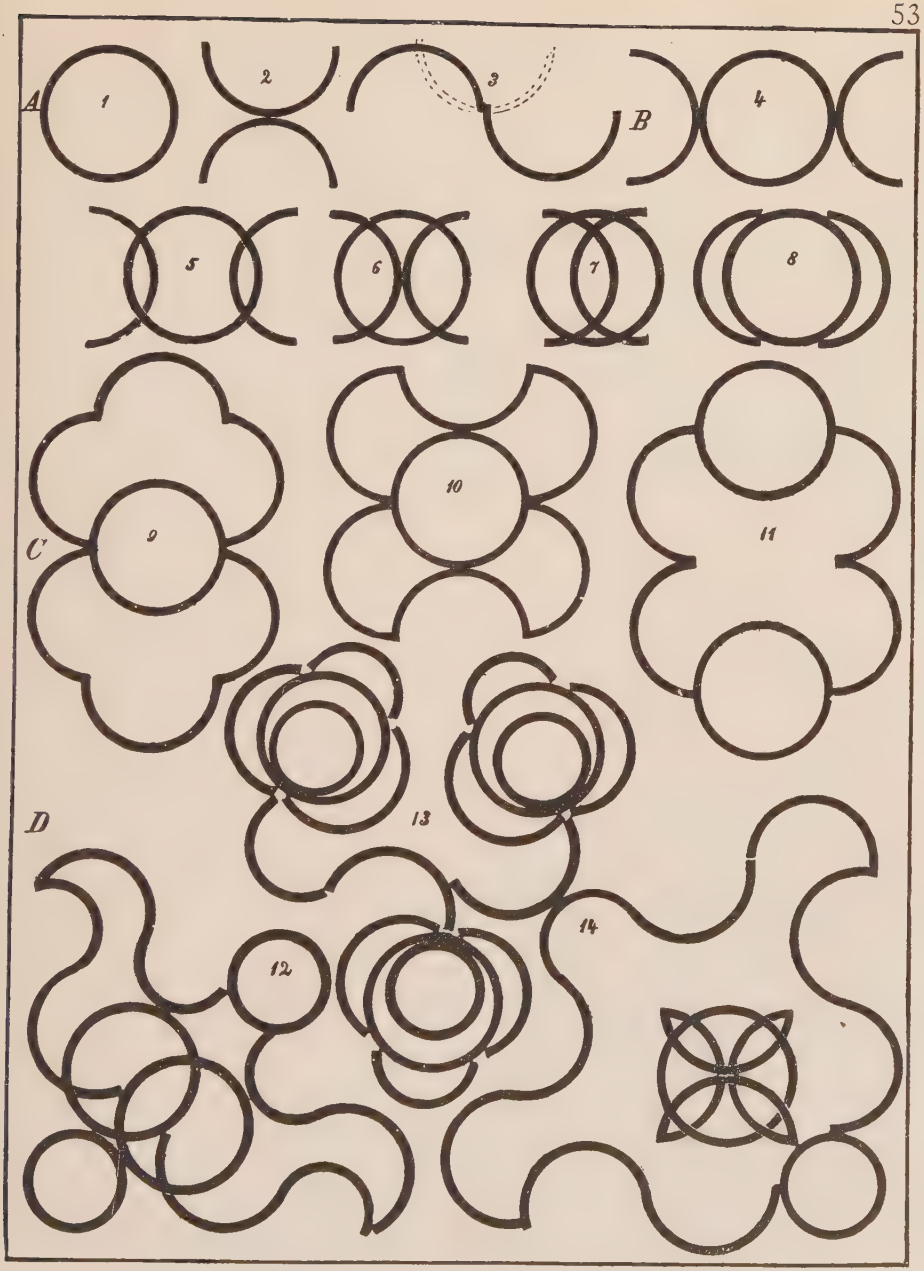
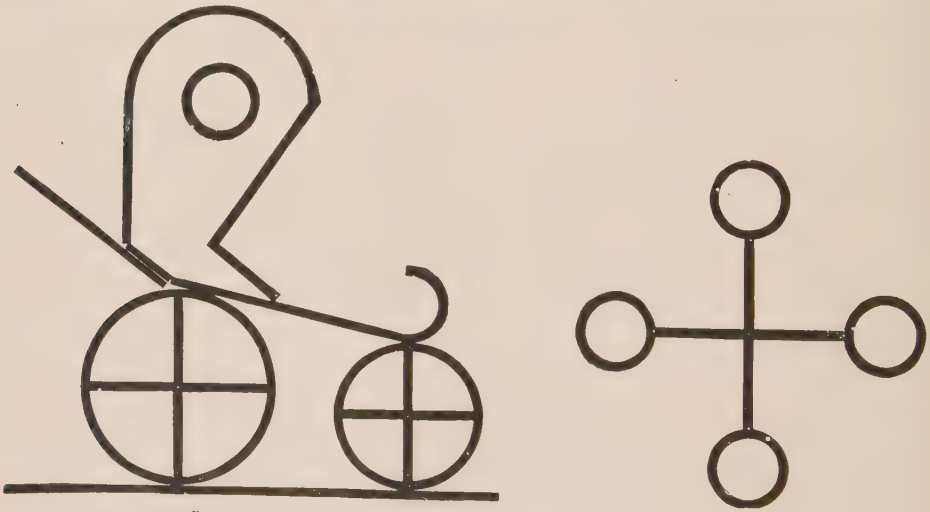


PLATE X.—THE NINTH GIFT.

staff—the perpendicular, horizontal, and slanting or oblique lines, are shown. Fig. 4-31, various forms produced with two staffs. Fig. 32-40, forms with three staffs. Fig. 41-52, combinations formed with four staffs. Fig. 53-59, the figures with five staffs. By the use of other staffs, these figures may be extended to produce an innumerable number of interesting and beautiful forms.

The Ninth Gift.

The Ninth Gift consists of whole and half rings used for the laying of figures embodying circles. It is a continuation of the previous Gift and preparatory to drawing and designing. These rings are of two different sizes, made of wire and embrace twelve whole and twenty-four half



Combination formed with the Eighth and Ninth Gifts.

circles. They are intended, like the Eighth Gift, to teach form and proportion and represent rounded curve lines. All figures produced are, owing to the nature of the circular line, forms of beauty; hence the occupation with these rings is of great importance. The sticks of the Eighth Gift and the rings of this may be used together with very pleasing and profitable results as shown by our illustration. The teacher should not fail to call the attention of the

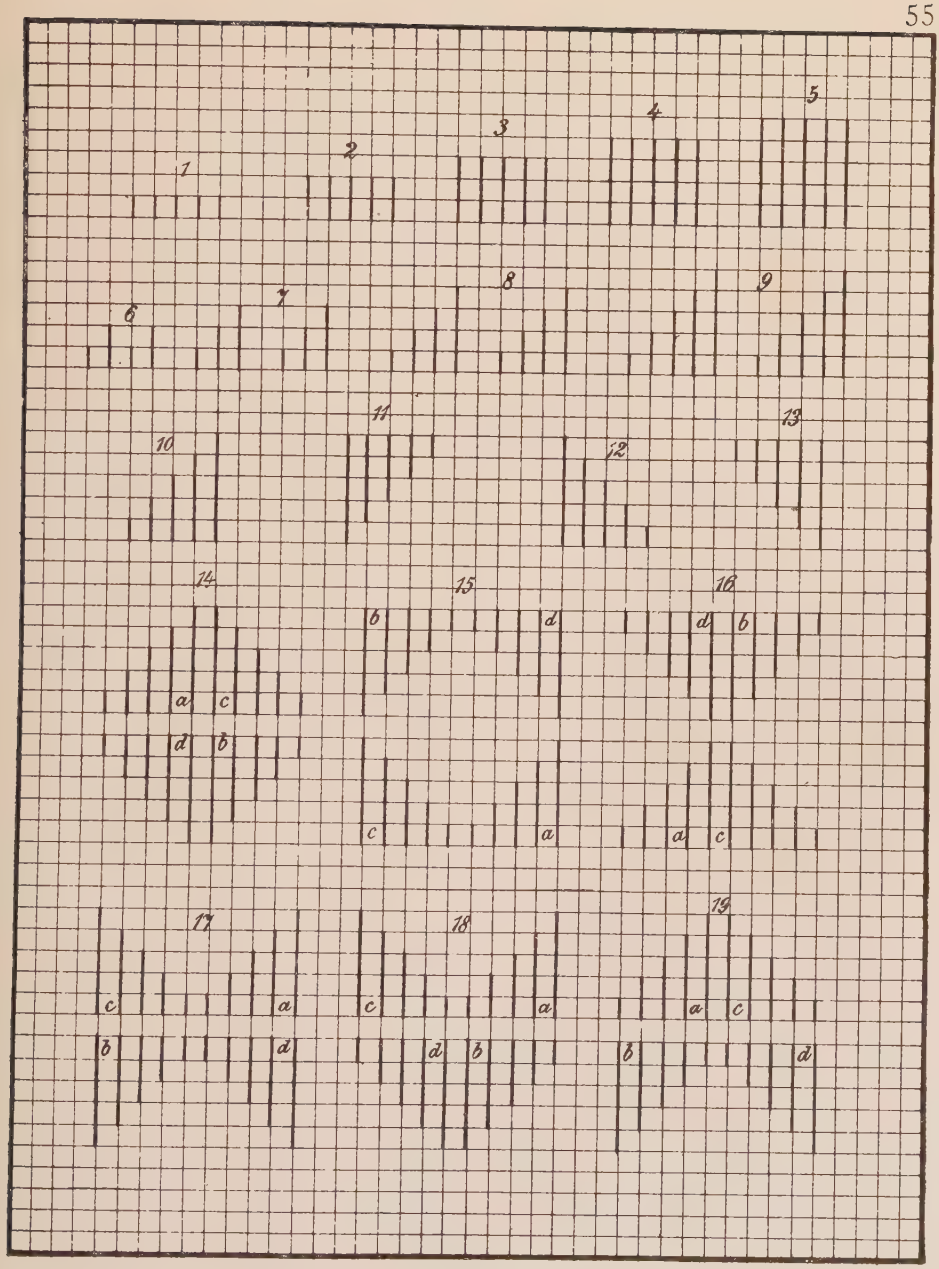
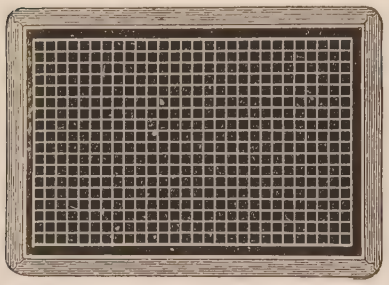


PLATE XI.—THE TENTH GIFT.

children to the difference between this and the previous gifts. In the ring, there are no angles, as in all previous ones. Plate X., Fig. 1 represents the full circle in which there is neither a beginning nor end, and an absence of any angle. Fig. 2 shows the two-half rings or half-circles, each having two ends, the two forming one whole ring or a complete circle. In Fig. 4–14, are shown various forms of beauty produced by the use of a number of the rings and half rings.

The Tenth Gift.

The Tenth Gift is devoted to drawing. In all the Gifts previously introduced, the pupil has studied and represented forms and figures. The natural sequence has been the development of a desire to draw lines and plans that formed the objects of study. Frœbel has most ingeniously satisfied this desire in the child. He gives the pupil a slate, one side of which is covered by a net-work of engraved lines one-fourth of an inch apart, in two sets at right angles to each other and just deep enough to guide the child in moving the pencil and greatly to assist in measuring and comparing situation and position. The slates manufactured by Milton, Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass., are superior to the ordinary Kindergarten slate, in that their slates are perfectly ruled by machinery and have a plain margin all around next to the frame so that each corner is a perfect square entirely separated from the frame. Children have always found a great inconvenience in drawing from dictation as they had no definite corner or margin from which to count; also, many times, the ruling has been imperfect, the squares being very unequal in size.



Marginal Ruled Slate.

The slate and pencil may be placed in the child's hands as early as the third year of his life. The slate is first used, in that mistakes may be the more easily corrected and imperfect figures erased; drawing on the slate is

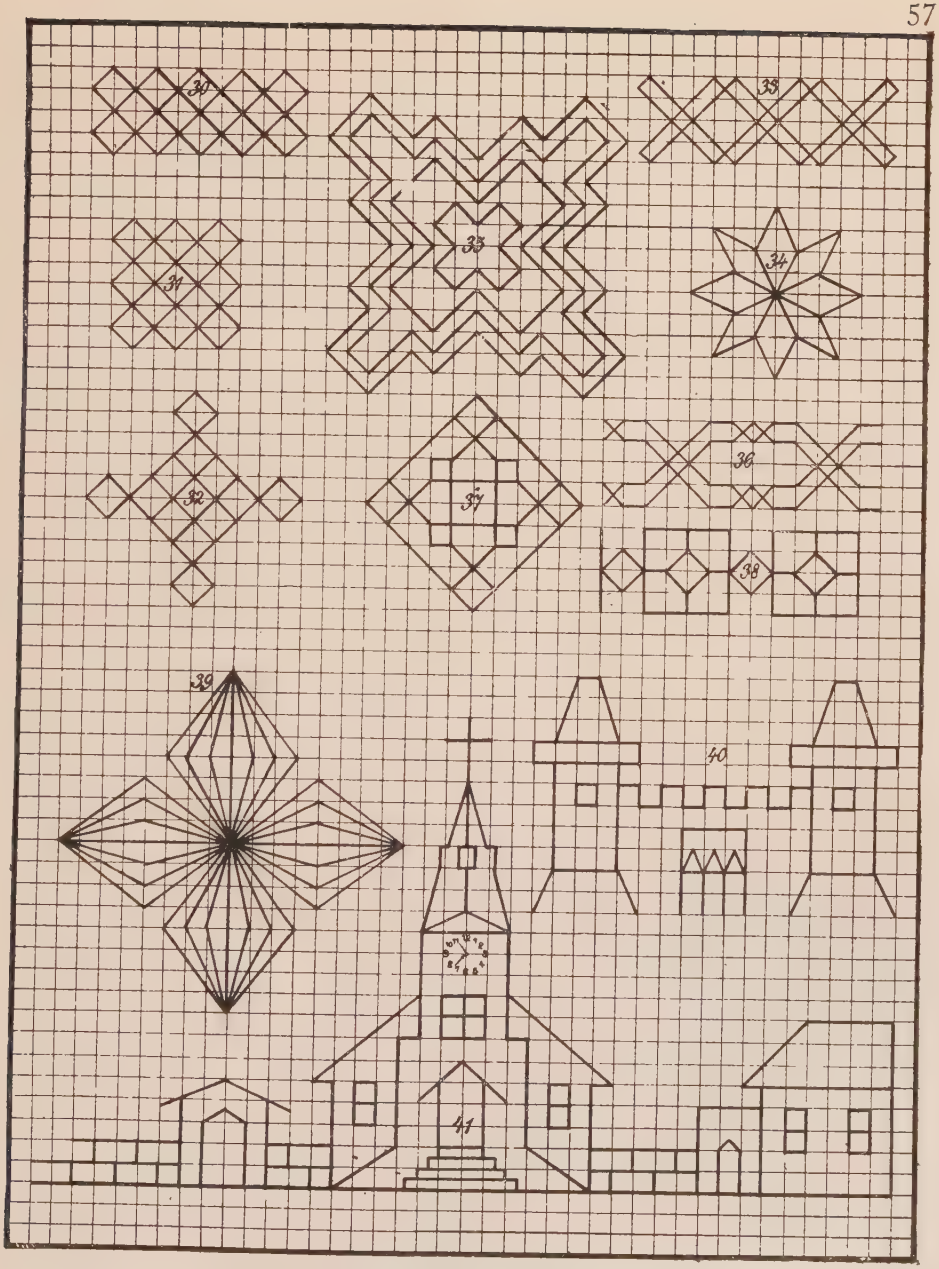
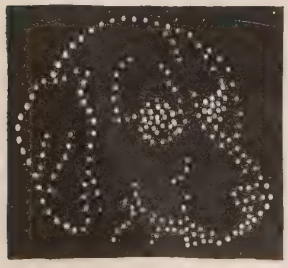


PLATE XII.—THE TENTH GIFT.

followed by drawing on paper, the latter being ruled like the slates. The child is first exercised in drawing perpendicular lines of equal length, and of unequal length as illustrated on Plate XI. This may be followed by the horizontal and oblique lines, by the angles, right, acute, obtuse, equilateral, isosceles, scalene, right-angled scalene, obtuse-angled scalene, right-angled isosceles, acute-angled isosceles, obtuse-angled isosceles, followed by squares, pentagons, rhombs, trapezoids and other figures. As soon as the child has acquired some skill in making the straight lines, he will take delight in drawing upon the slate the various figures he has constructed with the sticks and tablets, and to invent forms of beauty with the pencil, and to verify them afterward with the tablets and sticks. The Tenth and Eleventh, and so on to the Nineteenth Gift inclusively, are appropriate to sub-classes from six to seven years, while the Twentieth and the drawing of things from memory in a recognizable style, require a sub-class of seven years on an average.

The Eleventh and Twelfth Gifts.

The Eleventh and Twelfth Gifts consist of material for perforating or pricking and embroidering or sewing. The material for these two occupations consists of a piece of net paper placed upon layers of soft blotting paper, which should be of all the various shades and hues. Prepared lithographed paper is also used. A strong sewing needle, fastened in a holder so as to project about one-fourth of an inch, is used as the perforating tool, and, with which, the pupil pierces the representation on the paper, to which they subsequently give the natural colors of the objects by employing worsted or silk. The aim of these occupations are the production of the beautiful by the child's own activity and its own invention. Embroidering should not begin until the pupil has acquired considerable skill in perforating. A careful and conscientious teacher will readily



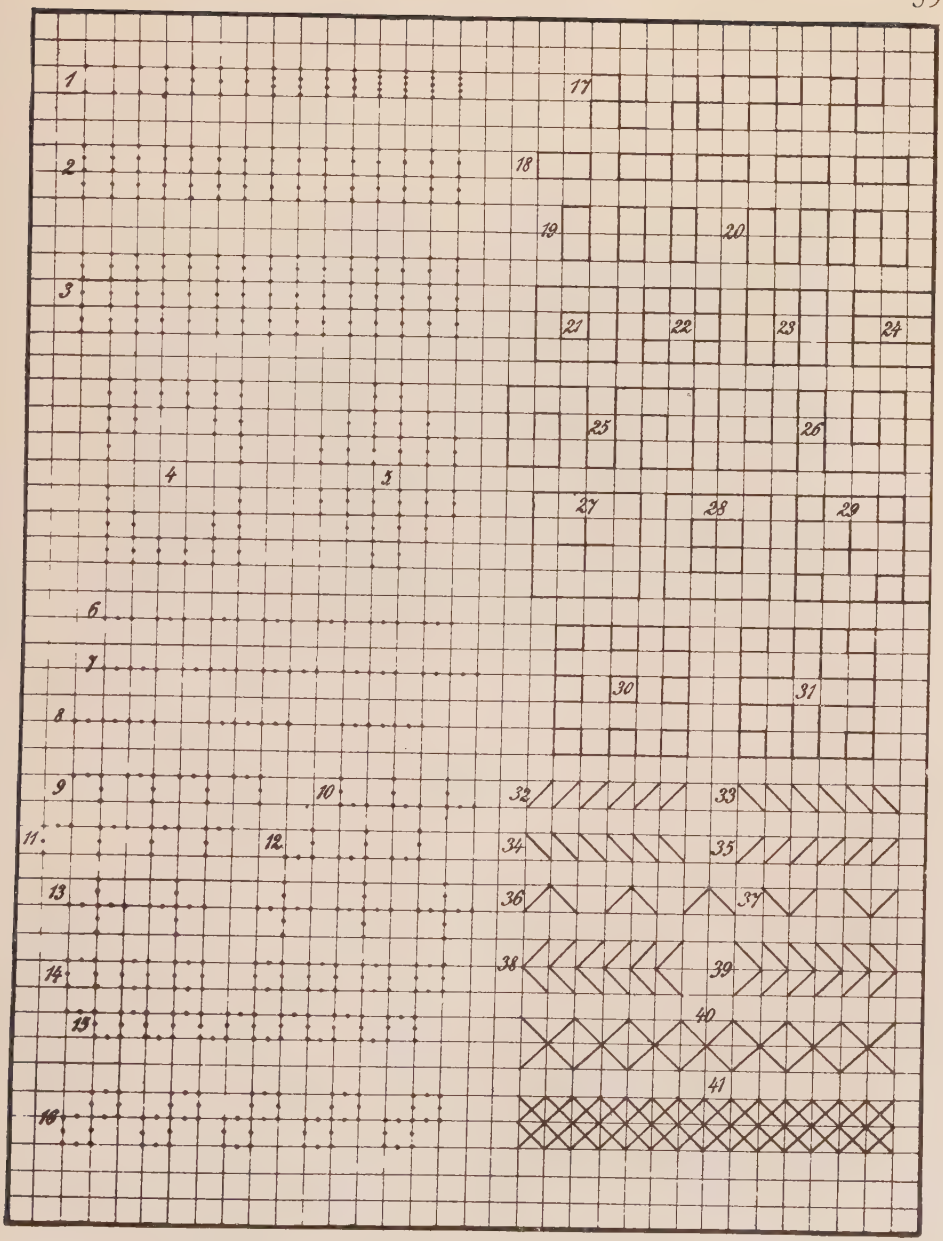
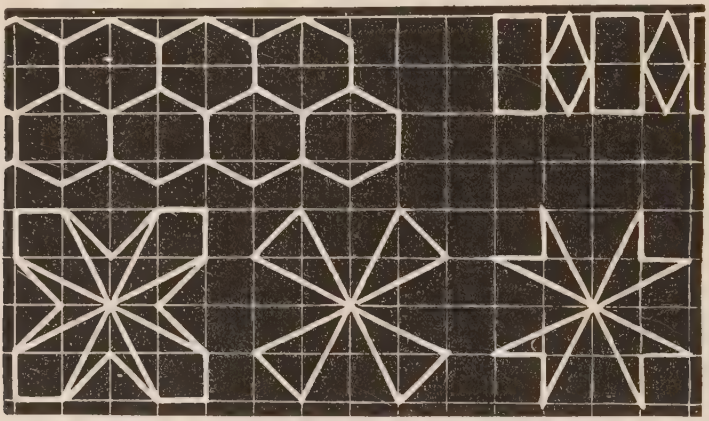


PLATE XIII.—ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH GIFT.

note the direction in which the faculty of the pupil may be developed. Starting from the single point Fig. I., Plate XIII., the child gradually advances through the several grades as in drawing, forming the various lines, angles, and circles. The figures on Plate XIV., may be used for perforating and embroider-



ing in course of time. The most beautiful representations of natural and artificial objects may be produced, giving mute but eloquent proof of an early acquired taste in regard to form and color, and of manual dexterity and skill rarely witnessed in children of such tender age.

THE THIRTEENTH GIFT.

THE THIRTEENTH GIFT consists of Material for cutting paper and mounting pieces to produce figures and forms. The materials for this occupation are a square piece of paper of the size of one-sixteenth sheet, and suitable paper or card-board for mounting; for the latter purpose, stout manilla wrapping paper cut in pieces, seven to nine inches square, will be found quite serviceable, a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, a small dish or bottle of mucilage, a small, clean piece of cotton cloth and a camel-hair brush complete the outfit.

Paper-cutting is an exercise by which an endless variety of forms are produced by cutting away a portion of the ground form, whereas, by paper-

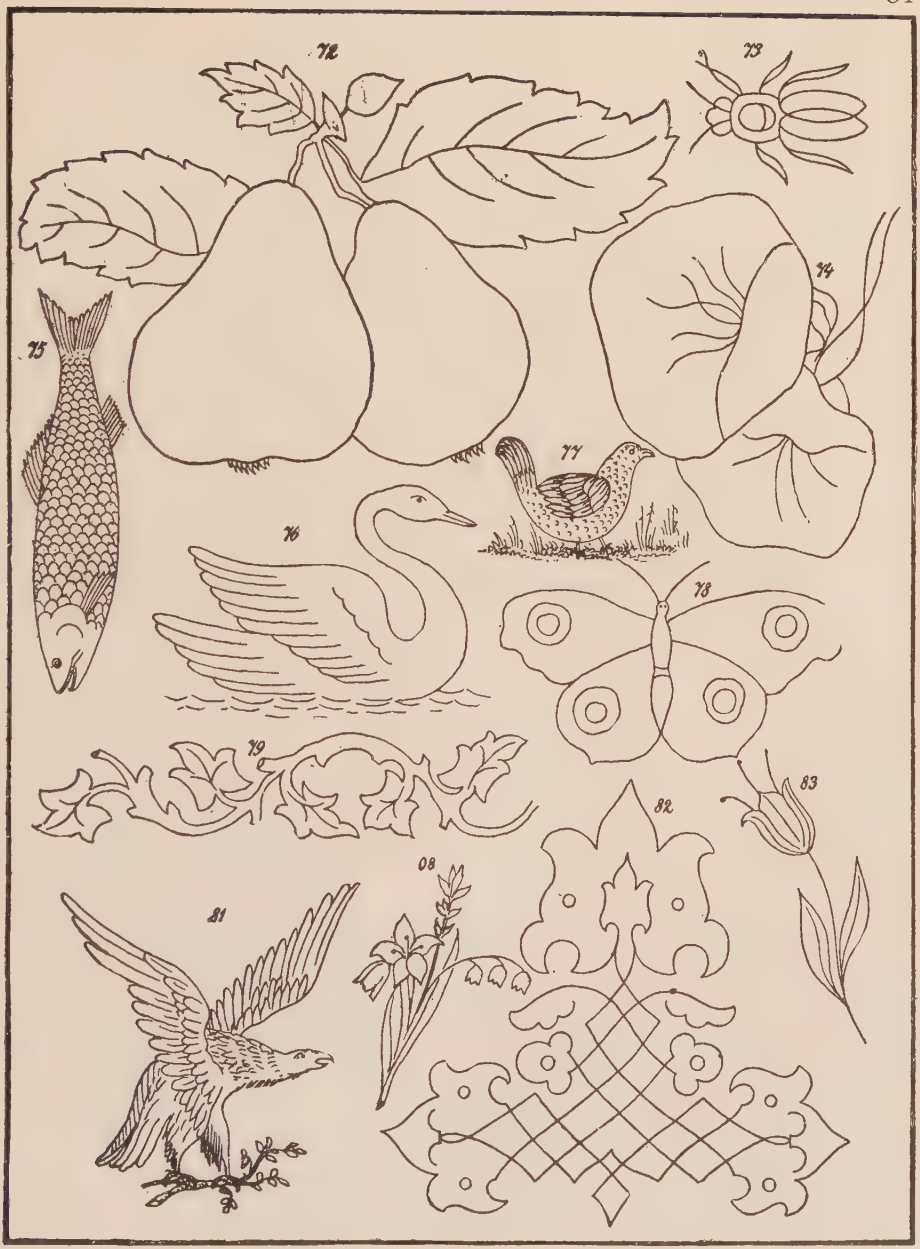
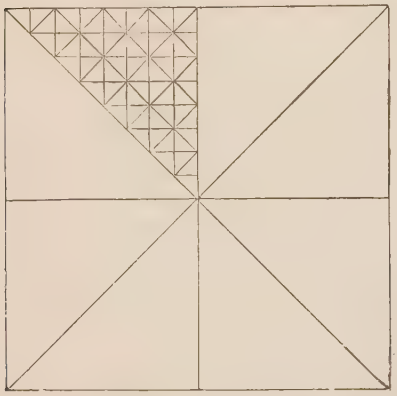
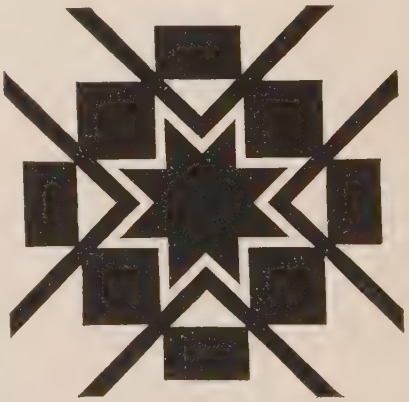


PLATE XIV.—ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH GIFT.

folding the figures are produced upon the ground form. By paper cutting, a greater variety of forms can be produced, especially forms of symmetry, the child's inclination to use the scissors is here so ingeniously turned to account as to produce most gratifying results. There is no occupation in the Kindergarten which affords so wide a field for the gratification of the imagination, and the exercise of the artistic faculties. It may be commenced by very young children, and young ladies of any age may find in this employment an opportunity of exercising their taste for the beautiful. The ground form is made with a square piece of thin paper according to the following directions: 1. Lay all the papers straight on the table. 2. Unite two opposite corners so as to form two triangles. 3. Hold the double corners in the fingers and unite the other two corners. By this means, a triangle is produced with one side closed and the other open 4. Turn one of the folds to the right, the other to the left, keeping the corners where they are all united between the fore-finger and the thumb.





It is most important that the pupils should be allowed to indulge their fancies at first in cutting. After they have attained some dexterity, they should be induced to cut *out* portions of the ground form without cutting *through* it. As in the other Gifts preceding, the teacher should not lose sight of the various lines, angles, and circles. The various forms given on Plate XV., will enable the teacher to accomplish an exactness in cutting if the dotted lines there shown are followed. The children may be trained to imitate leaves,

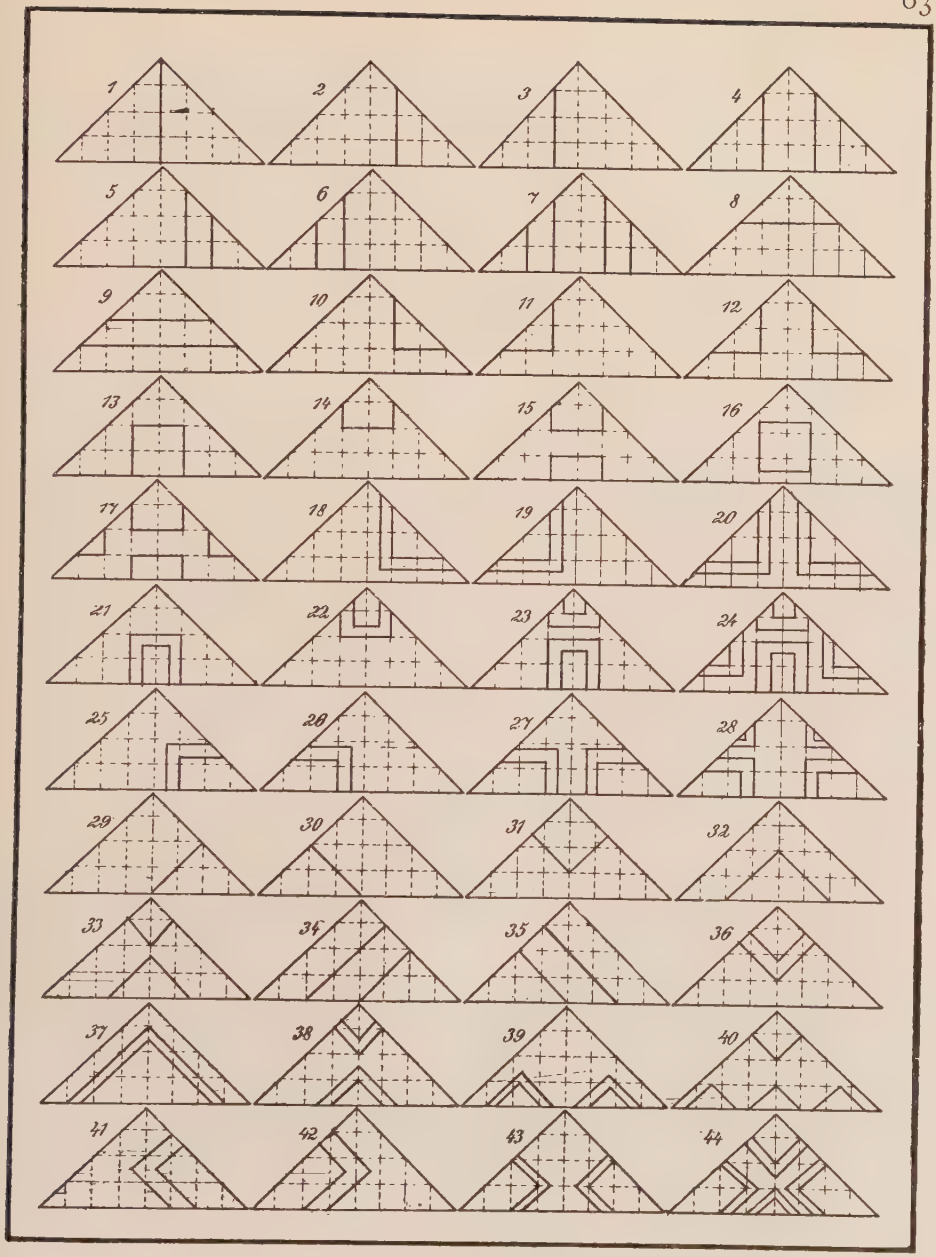
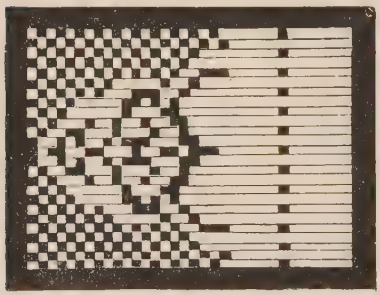


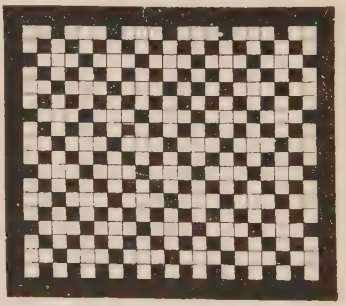
PLATE XV.—THE THIRTEENTH GIFT.

flowers, combination of leaves and flowers, with an immense variety of beautiful forms which cannot be described. The results of this occupation can be used as patterns for embroidery, lace work, carpeting, calico, printing, etc. Common paper can be used for the first exercises, but, for the more delicate forms, the finest satin paper is required.

The Fourteenth Gift.

The Fourteenth Gift consists of Material for braiding and weaving. The materials used are strips of colored paper and a steel or wooden needle of peculiar construction, as represented on Plate XVI. Braiding is produced by drawing with the needle a loose strip differently colored through the strips of the braiding sheet, the latter will appear alternately over and under, as shown by the illustration. The braiding sheet must be of some plain color, cut into strips throughout its entire surface, except a margin at the end. The greatest variety of designs are produced, and the inventive powers of teacher and pupils constantly increase the numbers. Glazed muslin, leather, silk or woolen ribbon, straw or any like material may be used instead of paper. Children of five years of age are much delighted with this work and anxious to manifest their skill in its use.





As the imaginations of children are generally very powerful, they invent patterns by allowing the slips to cover one, two, or more in succession, as fancy dictates; by this means, they produce patterns so beautiful that persons who have not seen the operation can form no conception of them.

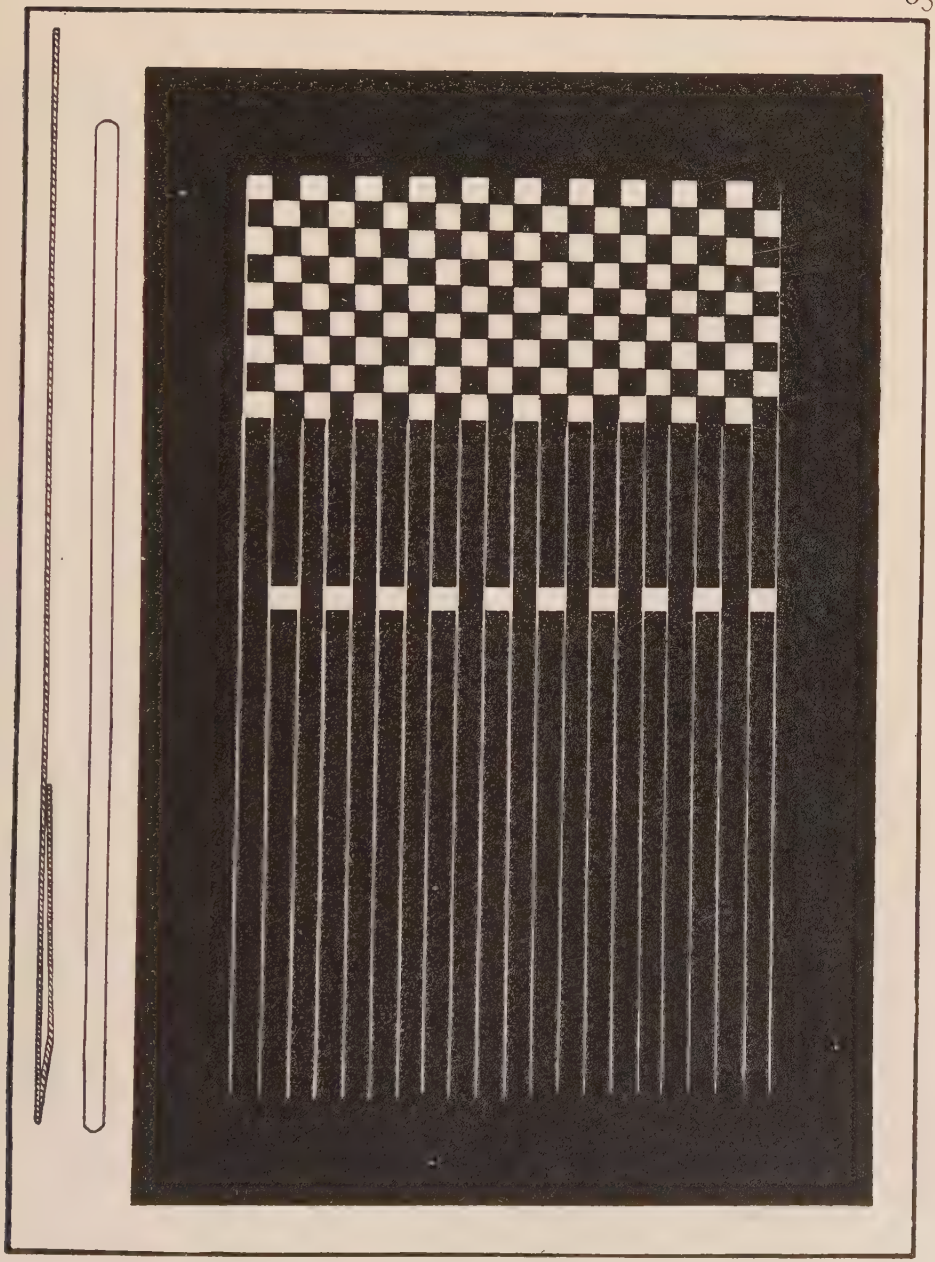
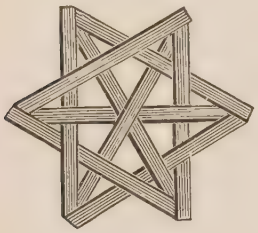


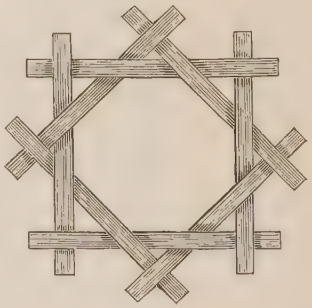
PLATE XVI. —THE FOURTEENTH GIFT.

In this occupation, not only the eyes and hands of the children are educated, but the taste for beauty is developed—order, neatness and industrial habits are promoted; they exercise their inventive powers and prepare themselves for useful occupations.

The Fifteenth Gift.

The Fifteenth Gift consists of disconnected Slats, made of birch, or any tough wood, ten inches long, three-eighths of an inch broad and one-sixteenth of an inch thick; they are used to construct objects by interlacing them. This is a relief from those occupations that require mental action and a greater amount of patience and perseverance. Children exercised in laying sticks and uniting sticks, will easily succeed in plaiting sticks. This occupation also presents the various lines and angles which should never be lost sight of by the teacher, and impressed on the mind of the child; the constituent parts of each figure and their qualities, and the service each individual slat performs in it, should receive attention. To form a figure, four or more sticks are needful; as in other Gifts, the child is supplied with the material, and free exercise encouraged. When necessary, the teacher assists by forming first, simple, and afterward, complex combinations. Plate XVIII., illustrates forms produced with four, five and six slats respectively.





The Sixteenth Gift.

The Sixteenth Gift consists of the Jointed or Connected Slats, with several links. This Gift represents the embodied edge of the figure, it is the outline

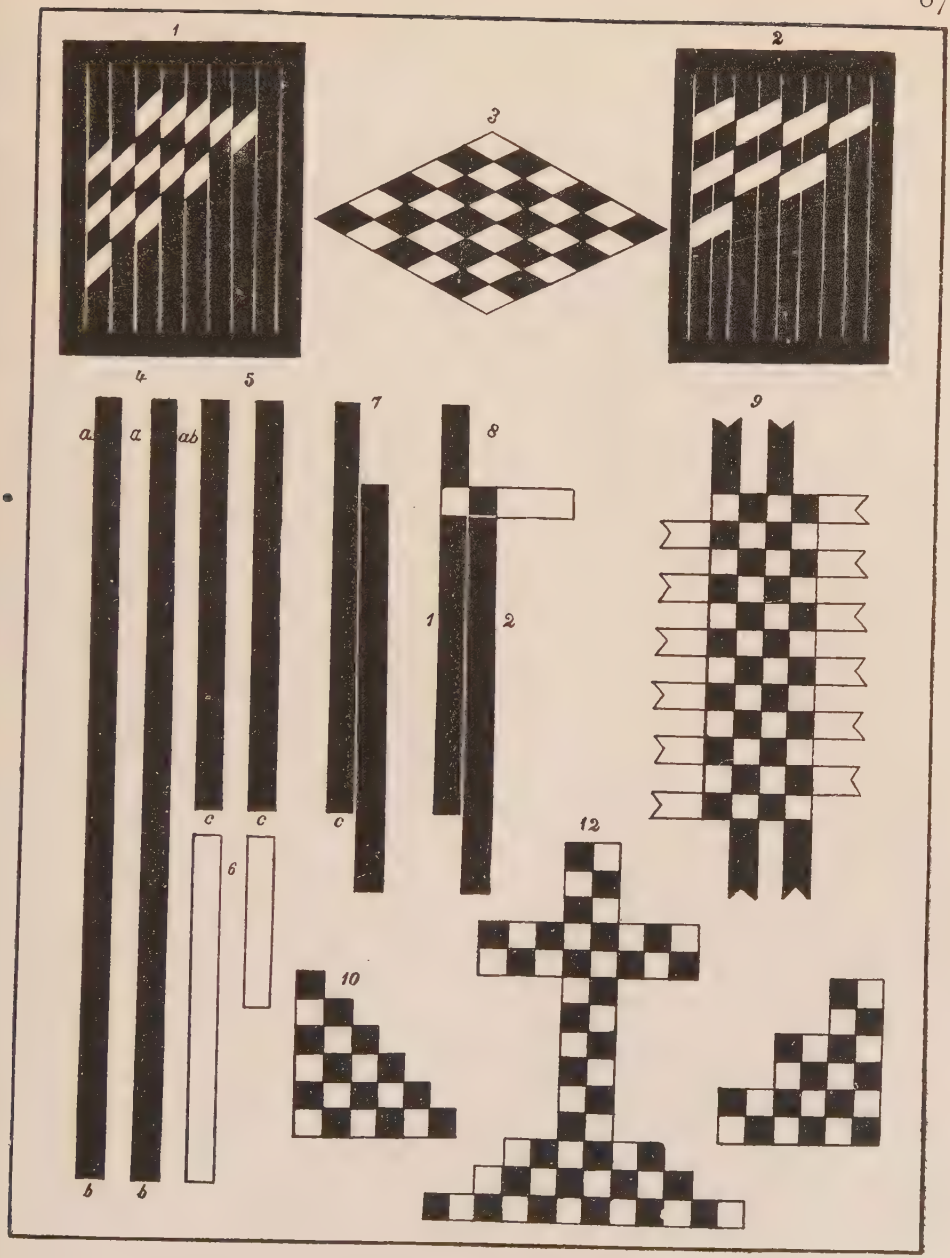
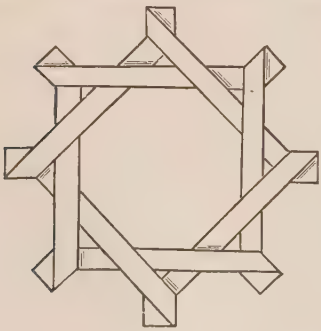


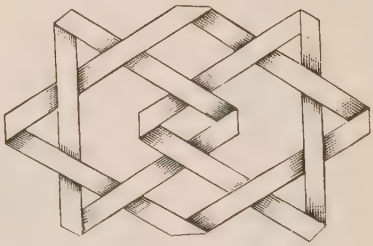
PLATE XVII.—THE FOURTEENTH GIFT.

form of the plane of which, owing to the breadth of the single slats, it is still a considerable part. It is used to represent different forms, geometrical or symmetrical, or into representations of objects, by changing the directions of the links. The Slat embraces four, six, eight, and sixteen links, which are introduced one after the other, when opportunity offers. The child, upon receiving the slat, should be asked to unfold all of the links of the slat, and to place it upon the table so as to represent the various lines; this may be followed by the square, and the different triangles. Exercises in the use of this occupation can be rendered exceedingly interesting and instructive to the children. The richness of the material afforded by this Gift cannot be overestimated, on account of the simplicity of its application for educational purposes.

THE SEVENTEENTH GIFT.

THE SEVENTEENTH GIFT consists of material for intertwining. This occupation is similar to that of the Fifteenth Gift, and, like the two last described





Gifts, is used to represent a variety of geometrical as well as fancy forms, by bending, twisting, and interlacing them according to certain rules. The materials used are strips of Paper of various colors, lengths, and widths, folded

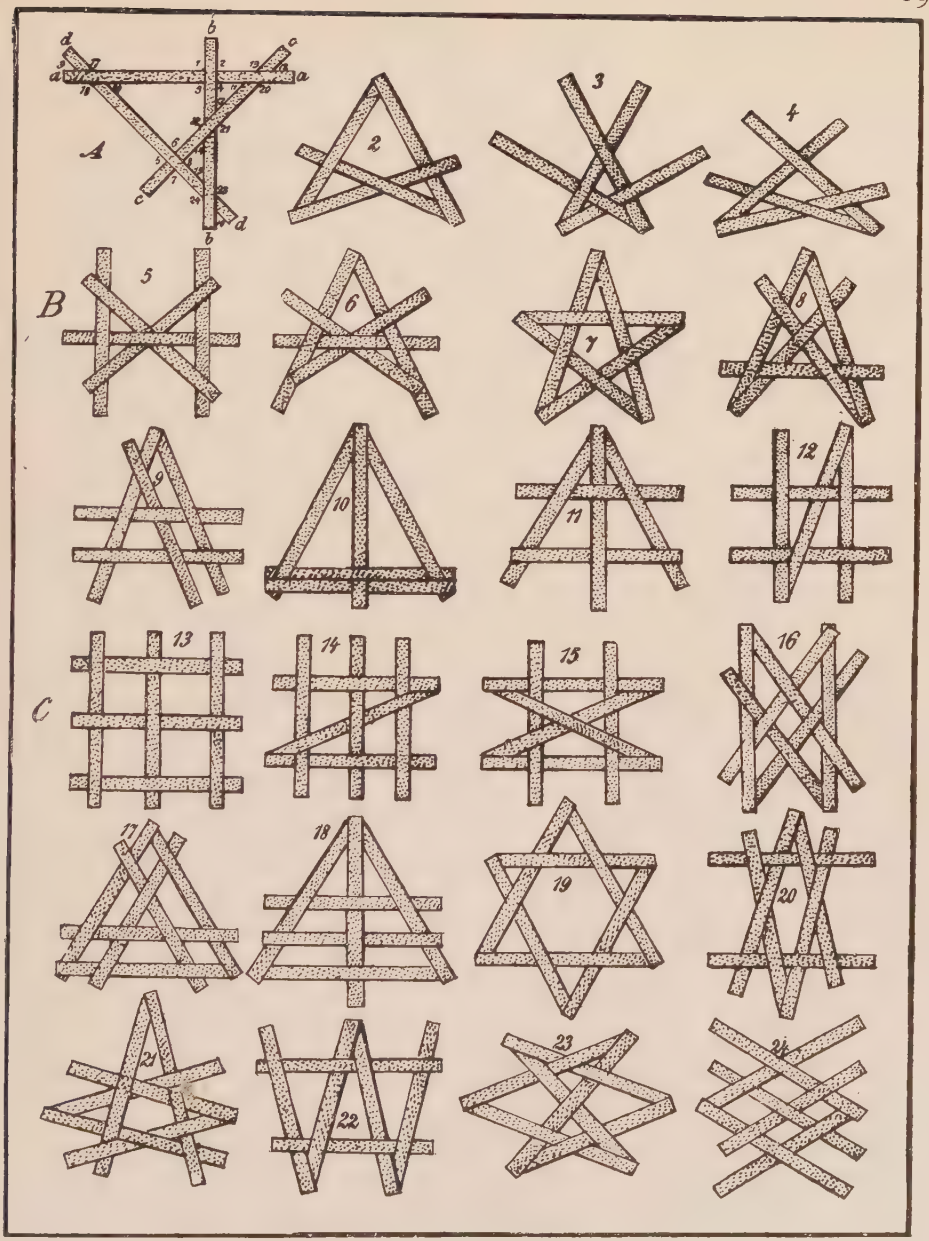


PLATE XVIII.—THE FIFTEENTH GIFT.

lengthwise. Each strip is subdivided into smaller strips of three-quarters of an inch wide, which, by folding their long sides, are transformed to threefold strips, one-quarter of an inch wide. The main object of this occupation is to teach the pupil to be clean, neat and correct in the performance of every task. This is one of the most difficult of the several Gifts, and occupations, requiring a somewhat skilled hand. It should only be introduced to the more advanced pupils. On Plate XIX., are given a number of forms. It will not be very difficult to produce a great variety of similar figures, if one will act according to the motives obtained and derived from the occupation with the interlacing slats.

The Eighteenth Gift.

The Eighteenth Gift teaches Paper-Folding. The material used in this occupation consists of square, rectangular and triangular pieces, with which variously shaped objects are formed, and the elements of Geometry are taught

in a practical manner. The variety is endless, and prepares the child for many similar and useful manual performances in practical life. This occupation has a close connection with the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Gifts. When children have formed parts into a combined whole, they proceed to manufacture upon a ground form, new and different objects of various shapes. For this occupation, the children must have a previous conception of the different objects which they have to form.

The material used is a square piece of paper. Each child, having received this paper, is allowed, at first, to form any object at pleasure, as in the other occupations. This being done the teacher commences her development by giving illustrations of different forms, such as a box, basket, ship, stars, etc. The mathematical forms which can be made, are especially important and practical as a means of conveying an idea of many important truths in geometry. The following are a few examples with the triangular form:

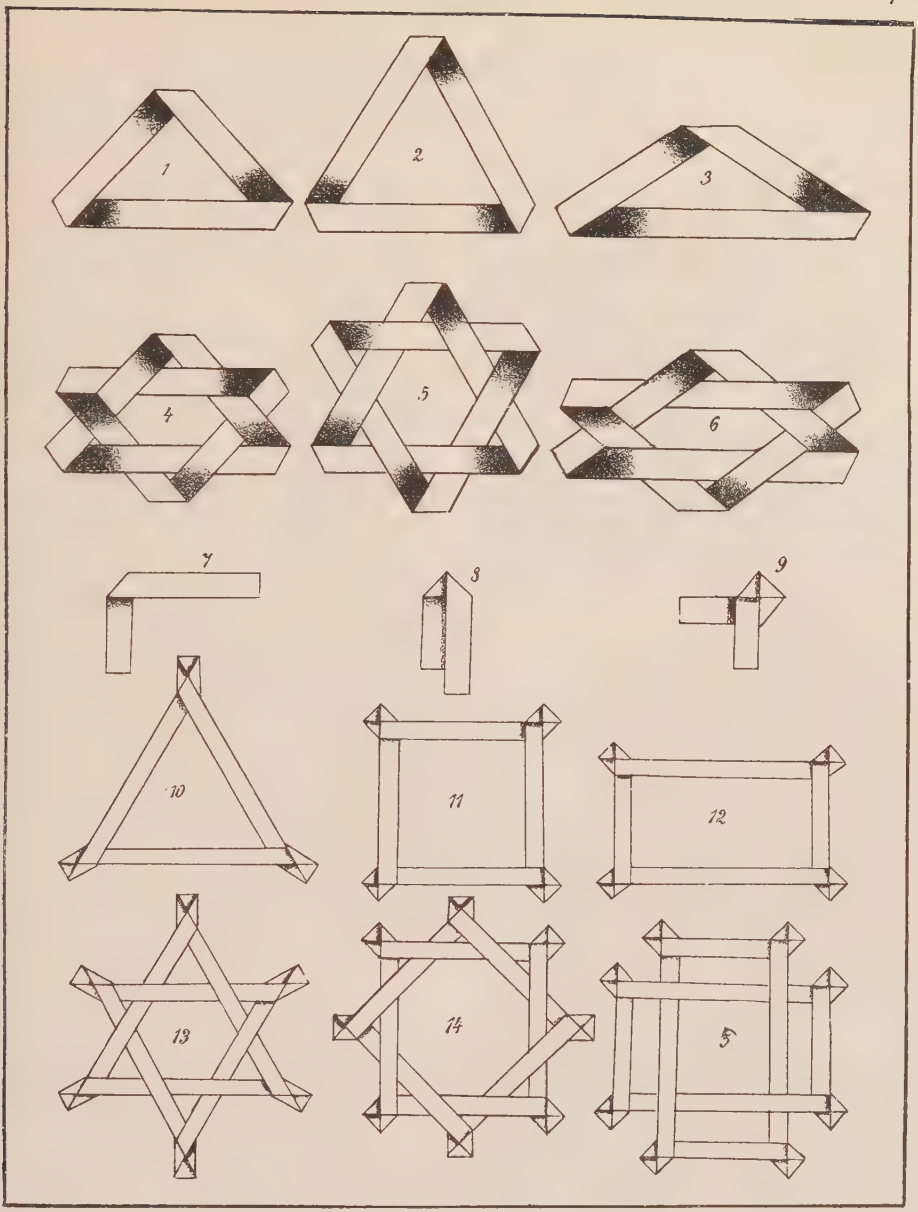


PLATE XIX.—THE SEVENTEENTH GIFT.

1. Fold the paper so that the two opposite corners unite, forming two right-angled isosceles triangles. By this means, it is clearly seen that such a triangle is exactly one-half of a square, having the same base and perpendicular.

2. Fold the square in the middle, and two equal parallelograms are formed; and, on opening the paper, we find two equal right-angled triangles joining each other at the vertices, and two trapezoids equal to each other.

3. Fold the square in the middle the other way, so as to form two equal parallelograms as before, and, on opening it, we find two equal squares, and four equal isosceles triangles, which are equal to two other squares, or one of the parallelograms.

4. Fold the paper as at first; but unite the two contrary corners, and, when opened, we find the whole square divided into eight equal right-angled isosceles triangles, having all their vertices meeting in the center.

5. Fold the same paper into four equal squares, then unite the two corners which have not been before united, and eight equal triangles will be produced. On opening the paper, we find a square in the center, divided into eight equal triangles, and, on each side of the square, one right-angled triangle divided into two equal triangles; the whole square contains sixteen equal, right-angled isosceles triangles. By further foldings, a greater variety may be produced.

By these foldings, it will be clearly seen that the base of each of these triangles is longer than either of its sides, and that the two acute angles of each triangle are tog her equal to one right angle. Fig. 1, Plate XX. represents a half sheet of paper placed upon the table, the several folds are clearly shown in the figures that follow, showing lines, angles, squares, mathematical, and symmetrical forms.

The Nineteenth Gift.

The Nineteenth Gift embraces Peas and Cork work. When a child has acquired dexterity in laying sticks, for the purpose of representing different

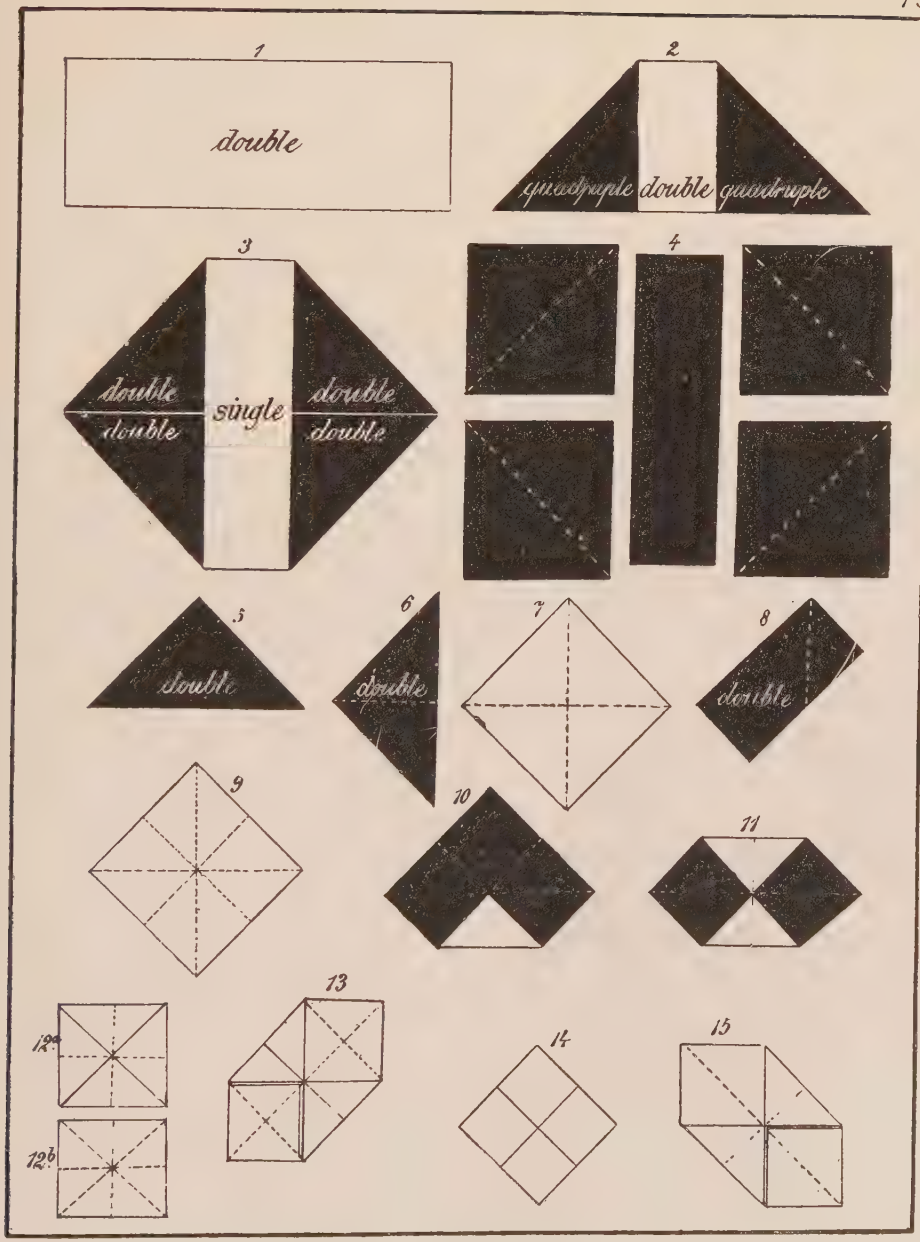
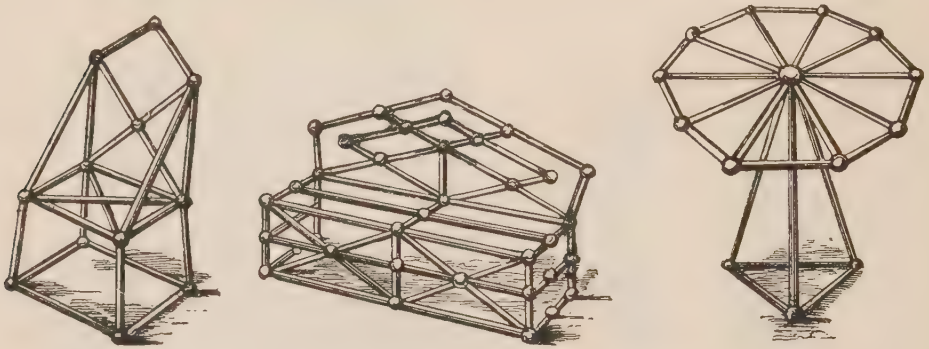


PLATE XX.—THE EIGHTEENTH GIFT.

objects, a desire naturally arises to unite them in some way or other, so that they may have a distinct independent existence; thus stick laying leads to stick combining. This practice requires greater skill, care, and delicacy, and



can be usefully employed as a means of development after the child is too old for the Kindergarten. The material used consists of peas, soaked in water for 8 or 12 hours, and pieces of wire of the thickness of a hair pin, of various lengths, and pointed at the ends. The ends of the wire are stuck into the peas for the purpose of imitating real objects and the various geometrical figures; skeletons which can be moved about in a satisfactory manner are thus produced, which train the eye most successfully for perspective drawing. Wooden sticks, similar to those used in stick laying, but thinner, may be used in place of wire, and small cubes of cork in place of peas. The first step in this work is, as usual, the most simple. A certain number of sticks and peas are given each child, and the question is asked: What can you form? In order to ascertain the children's ideas, they are allowed freely to express their thoughts, attention being always given to such regulations as are needful to preserve order. Having ascertained the peculiar individuality of the child, she gives such examples as she may deem necessary, always commencing with the most simple forms. Plate XXI., shows a number of skeleton forms that can be produced from these simple materials. Care must be taken to point out, kindly, all defects in form, size, position, proportion, or arrangement, and every

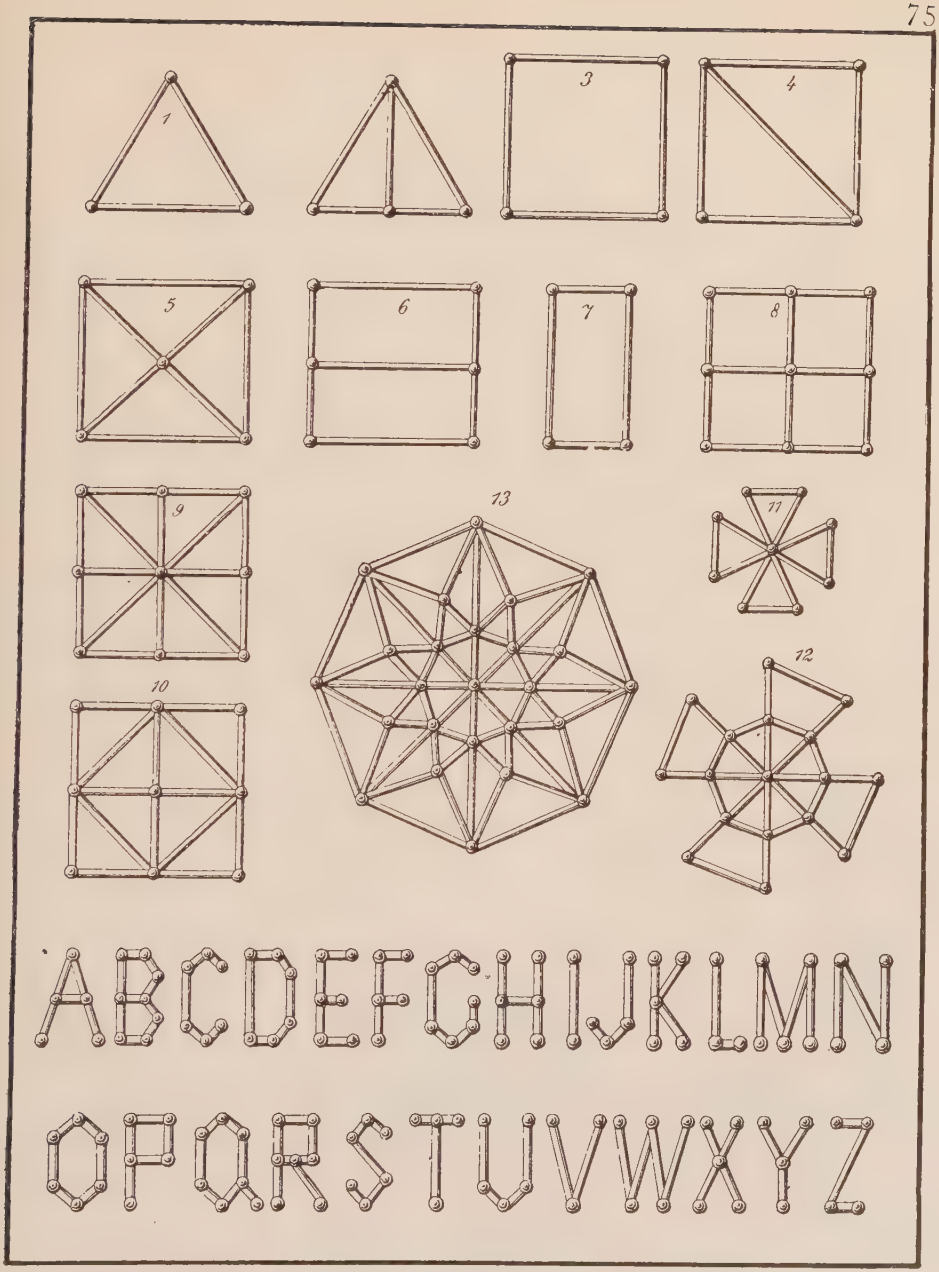


PLATE XXI.—THE NINETEENTH GIFT.

encouragement should be given to those who are unable to produce harmonious forms.

The Twentieth Gift.

The Twentieth Gift teaches the art of modeling, or working in clay. This Gift was held by Frœbel as an essential part of his means of education; he claimed that the first exercises in modeling should represent the fourteenth stereometric fundamental forms of crystallization which he presents in a box by themselves. Starting from the cube, the cylinder, sphere, pyramid, and others follow. This work follows drawing. It is different, but it is developed from drawing. Modeling is a wider field for the exercise of the child's executive and observing faculties. Children take to it with avidity, and the results of their labors are by no means common-place.

For the occupation of modeling, the child is provided with a piece of plastic clay or wax, a wooden modeling knife, a small board, and a piece of oiled paper or cloth, on which to perform the work. A simple, round ball is the first thing that should be attempted, because this form must be first made,

whether a flower, or a pyramid, or other elementary object is to be modeled. When the simple ball can be made with perfection (Fig. 1. Plate XXII.), other forms may be imitated. The ball can easily be changed by attaching a stem

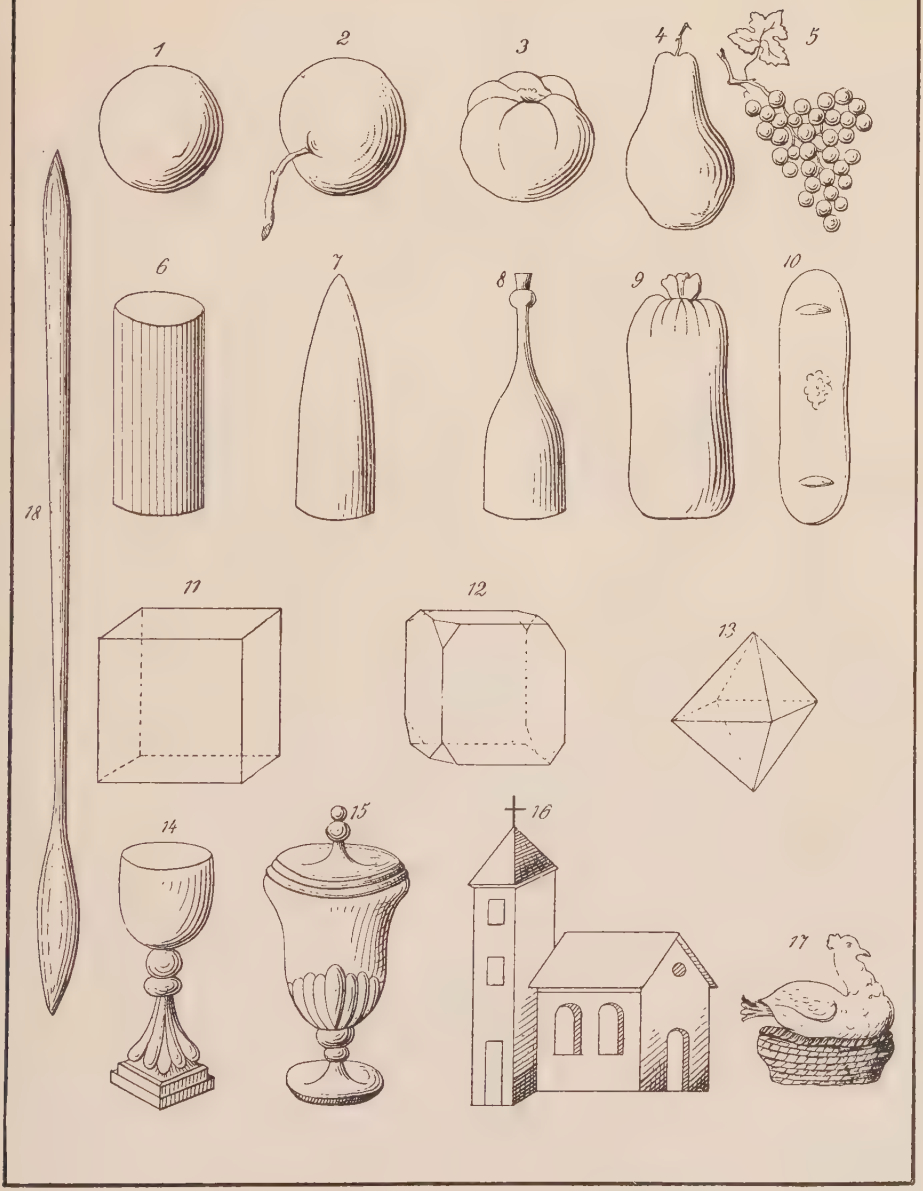


PLATE XXII.—THE TWENTIETH GIFT.

to it and producing the cherry as shown in Fig. 2. Depressing and elevating it the young artist has an apple. See Fig. 3. A nut, potato, pear, egg, etc., may also be readily produced. From the ball is derived the cylinder (Fig. 6) and the cube (Fig. 11), which furnish central points for a variety of forms of life and beauty. When any object is well formed, it should be preserved as a model. A child will persevere in trying to accomplish what another child has done, with far better determination than if the same object had been produced by an adult, in this, more than in any other employment. In this occupation, as in others, the chief object is to develop creative powers, imitation being a secondary consideration.

Kindergarten Materials.—All the appliances referred to in the foregoing pages of this book for instructing and interesting children in the Kindergarten and in the home are furnished by Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass. Thomas Charles, Western Agent, 75 and 77 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Songs and Physical Plays.

TO teach by play is not to spare the child exertion or relieve him from it, but to awaken in him a passion which forces on him, and renders easy, the strongest effort.***In childish play deep meaning lies.***Play is the child's first poetry.—*Jean Paul.*

KINDERGARTEN SONGS.

IN selecting the following songs for school, home, and Kindergarten, care has been taken to choose those, which, in music, and rhythm of words are in child-like, yet correct idiom, and seem best adapted for the expression of feeling and thoughts common to childhood.

Much beauty is necessarily lost in the translation of the poetic German verse and spirit in our own language. This poetry and rhythm in all of its forms our American children greatly need, and perhaps no phase of Frœbel's work appeals more directly to the hearts of mothers and teachers than do his songs and games. Yet, of all the work of the Kindergarten, this is most left to chance, or is unscientifically taught. Frœbel has taken such high ground in the presentation of the aim, toward which all development should tend, that we have no right to be satisfied with any but the best and truest ideal. I believe we are only on the threshold of the knowledge necessary to guide children in music. In form, and in color, far more progress has been made; surely music and movement are not of less importance, especially when one realizes that it is pre-eminently the means by which the very center of the being, the affections, may find an avenue of expression. This matter cannot be too carefully studied, and all that is done should be on the side of science and art, although the child may and should be wholly unconscious of it.

There is not the slightest doubt that so soon as we *demand* good music and good verse for our children, it will be forthcoming. Let us, therefore, lay aside, as soon as possible, all that is a hindrance—all that is not *the best*, and study those principles by means of which a true judgment may be formed.

ALICE H. PUTNAM.

Englewood, Ill.

THE PHYSICAL PLAYS.

THE active instincts of childhood, which, rightly directed, develop into the determined energy of manhood, show themselves mostly in play, which also brings to light indications of character, tenderness and capacities of various kinds. Play takes every form, from mere boisterous exercise of limbs and voice, to trials of skill and mimic representation of whatever belongs to the older life, in the midst of which the children live. In every form, it is full of instruction and interest to educators, and, to Frœbel, it was the book in which he studied child nature, while, through play, he brought his educational principles powerfully into action. In the Kindergarten, the motion plays are conceded to be the most valuable, as well as the most delightful. The songs introduced in this volume possess educational value of a high order. In them, the pupil reveals himself; a sympathizing and watchful teacher or parent will be able to discover his weak points and to check the growth of faulty traits, and encourage the development of the good traits of character. When the play of children is rightly directed and understood, a sweet, unselfish spirit, habits of order, system, energy and grace of motion can be cultivated. In the exercise of their muscles, strength and health is increased, nervousness disappears, cheerfulness and a desire for social intercourse is advanced. Children, in the Kindergarten, should be taught to sing by ear, and not by note; the pupil should stand erect, the mouth opened, carefully avoiding the straining of the voice, as stated in the explanation of the Eighth Gift. The teacher, when introducing a new Gift for the first time, must gather the little ones round a table, and devote some time to the explanation of the object by questions and

answers. Before one of the pieces of Music is taken up she should recite the little poem entire, explaining all expressions that may be new to the pupils, carefully avoiding the fault of having the children commit to memory that which is beyond their conception, or which is not sufficiently brought home to their reflection and understanding. After having recited the piece several consecutive times, until the class can correctly repeat the piece from memory, she should sing for them three or four times with the words, till a number of her pupils can correctly imitate it. The singing is always a great feast to the children, if the tune is not stale. Singing exercises should open and conclude each session of the school, as also other exercises, when they threaten to be wearisome, may be interrupted by singing.

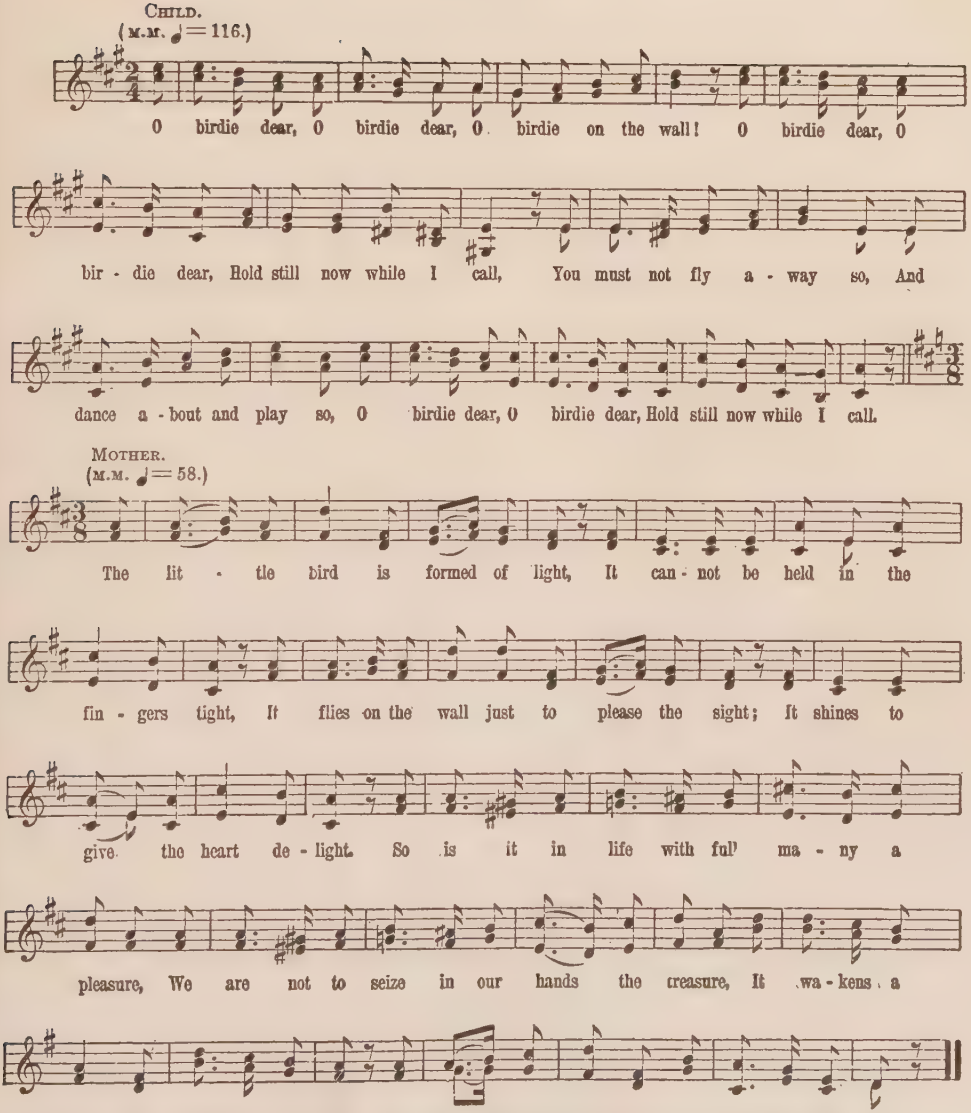
The Kindergarten is not unreasonable in its claim that all instruction, and even all play whatsoever, shall be made an Object Lesson. The five senses are first cultivated, thereby furnishing the mind with correct and complete impressions of the outer world. The attention of the child must first be called to these senses by questions and answers before he will see, hear, feel, smell and taste all the features of the object. Once having learned to examine all objects for new impressions on its senses, it will perceive and observe a hundred features about even familiar objects, which other children and even adults do not find out.

Kindergarten plays are divided into five classes, namely: 1. Is representative of symbols, some of the ball games, the windmill, etc. 2. Representatives of nature; as, the fishes, the bees, etc. 3. Representatives of industries; such as the farmer, miller, etc. 4. Gymnastic exercises and marches; such as the marching and finger plays. 5. Conversational and moral songs; the latter may be used daily, as it includes opening and closing songs. Perfect time and precision in the movement games are necessary, or the chief charm is lost on the child.

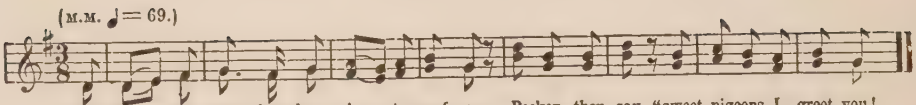
Miss E. P. Peabody, of Boston, who, years ago, became interested in the subject, and has, in lectures, conversations, and writings given glimpses of Frœbel's ideas, says of his physical plays:

"In this study into the divine meaning of the instinctive, spontaneous plays of childhood, it was Frœbel's purpose to elevate the mother's instinct into *insight*, and thereby purify it from idiosyncratic infirmities, so that she might see, in the unconscious play of the child, the same laws working that make the archangel in his heavenly sphere; even as the same laws that whirl the planets in their vast orbits guide the stone flung from a child's hand. Thus she would see that, to make the child's play hearty and enjoyable, it must be kept so by her companionship and sympathy; and compass the childish aim successfully by her suggesting the laws of order which are not yet evolved in the child's own mind; but which orderly playing will develop, to guide the life forever after, into communion with the wisdom, love, and power of God. When this lesson is fully learned, and faithfully applied in education by mothers and their assistant Kindergarteners, who build the bridge between the mother's nursery and the schools of instruction, the demoralizing chaos, in which we seem to have been living for ages, will give way to a paradise more than regained, because glorified by that union of Love and Thought, as companions using the highway of human life."

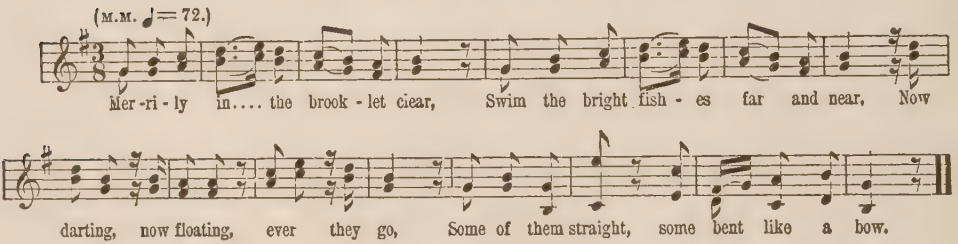
THE LIGHT BIRD.


CHILD.
(M.M. ♩ = 116.)
O birdie dear, O birdie dear, O birdie on the wall! O birdie dear, O
bir - die dear, Hold still now while I call, You must not fly a - way so, And
dance a - bout and play so, O birdie dear, O birdie dear, Hold still now while I call.
MOTHER.
(M.M. ♩ = 58.)
The lit - tle bird is formed of light, It can - not be held in the
fin - gers tight, It flies on the wall just to please the sight; It shines to
give the heart de - light. So is it in life with ful' ma - ny a
pleasure, We are not to seize in our hands the treasure, It wa - kens a
no - bler feel - ing of joy. And both shall be - come then, the gainers there - by.

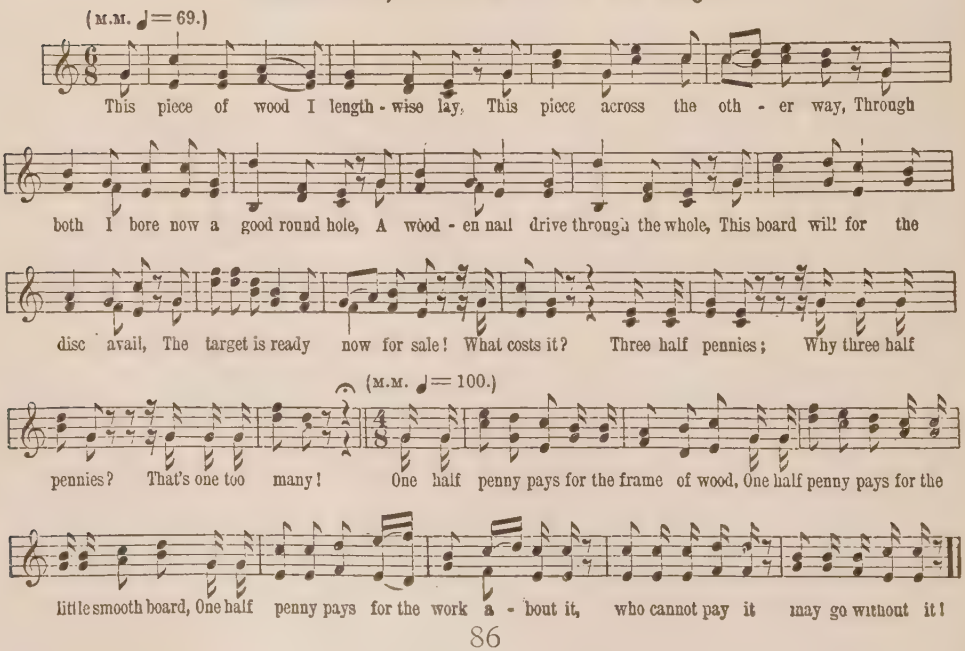
BECKON TO THE PIGEONS.

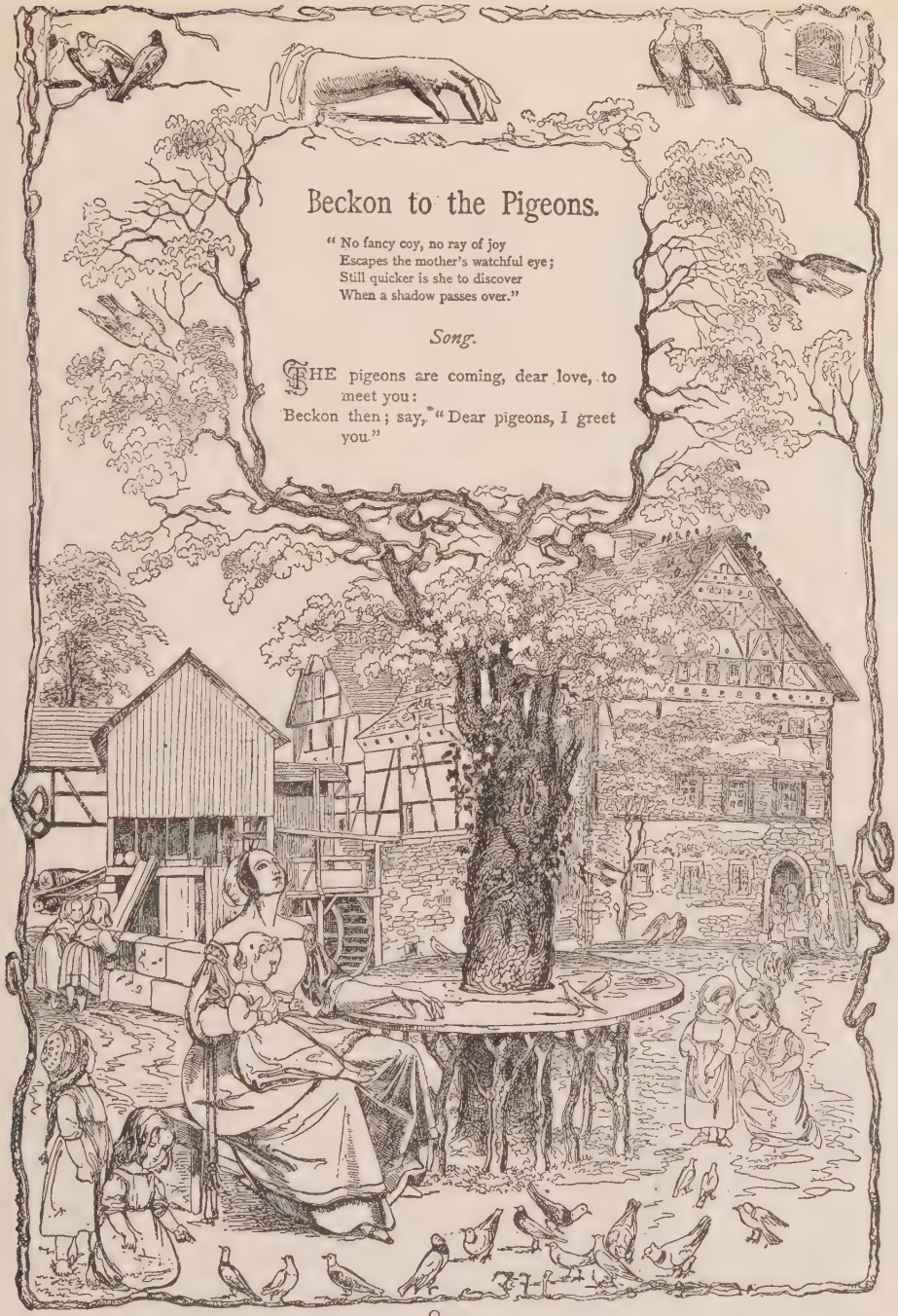


FISHES IN THE BROOK.


(M.M. ♩= 72.)
Mer - ri - ly in.... the brook - let clear, Swim the bright fish - es far and near, Now
darting, now floating, ever they go, Some of them straight, some bent like a bow.

LENGTHWISE, CROSSWISE. or the Target.


(M.M. ♩= 69.)
This piece of wood I length - wise lay, This piece across the oth - er way, Through
both I bore now a good round hole, A wood - en nail drive through the whole, This board will for the
disc avail, The target is ready now for sale! What costs it? Three half pennies; Why three half
(M.M. ♩= 100.)
pennies? That's one too many! One half penny pays for the frame of wood, One half penny pays for the
little smooth board, One half penny pays for the work a - bout it, who cannot pay it may go without it!



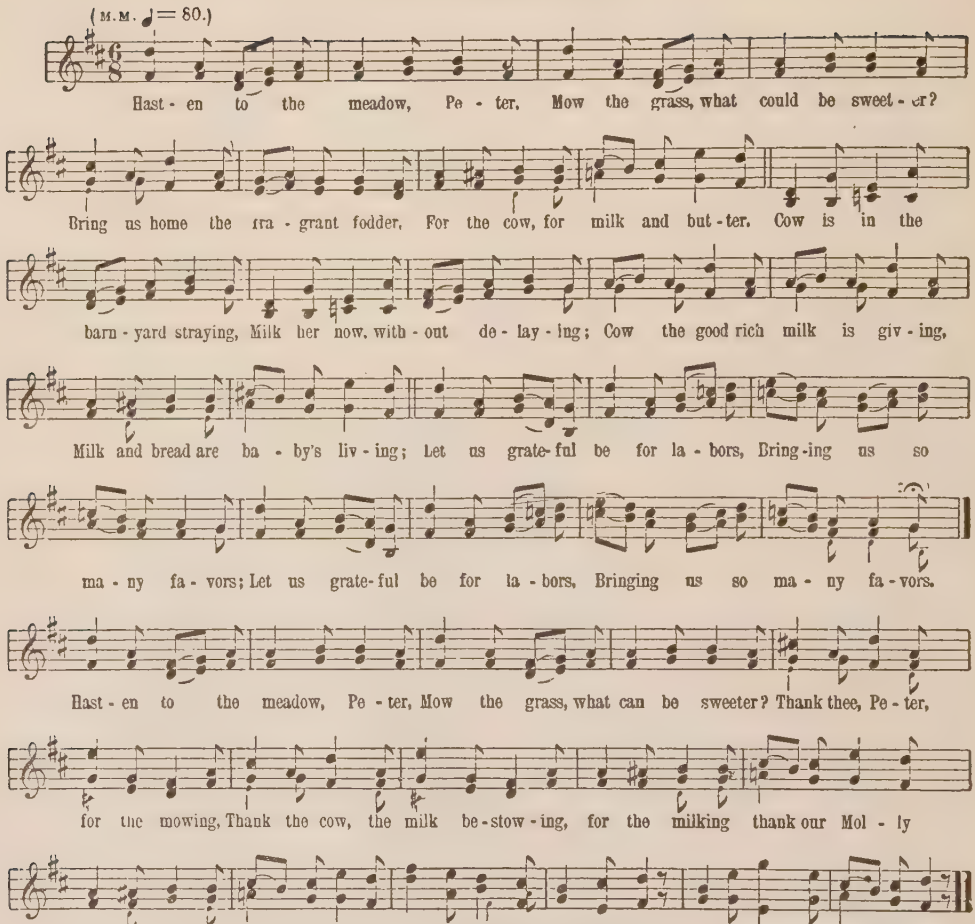
Beckon to the Pigeons.

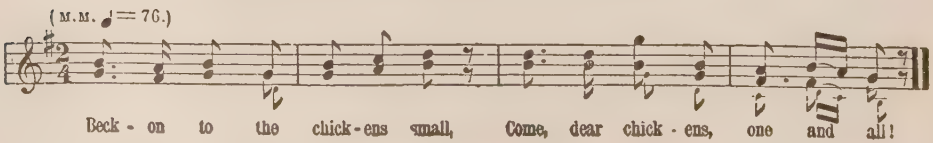
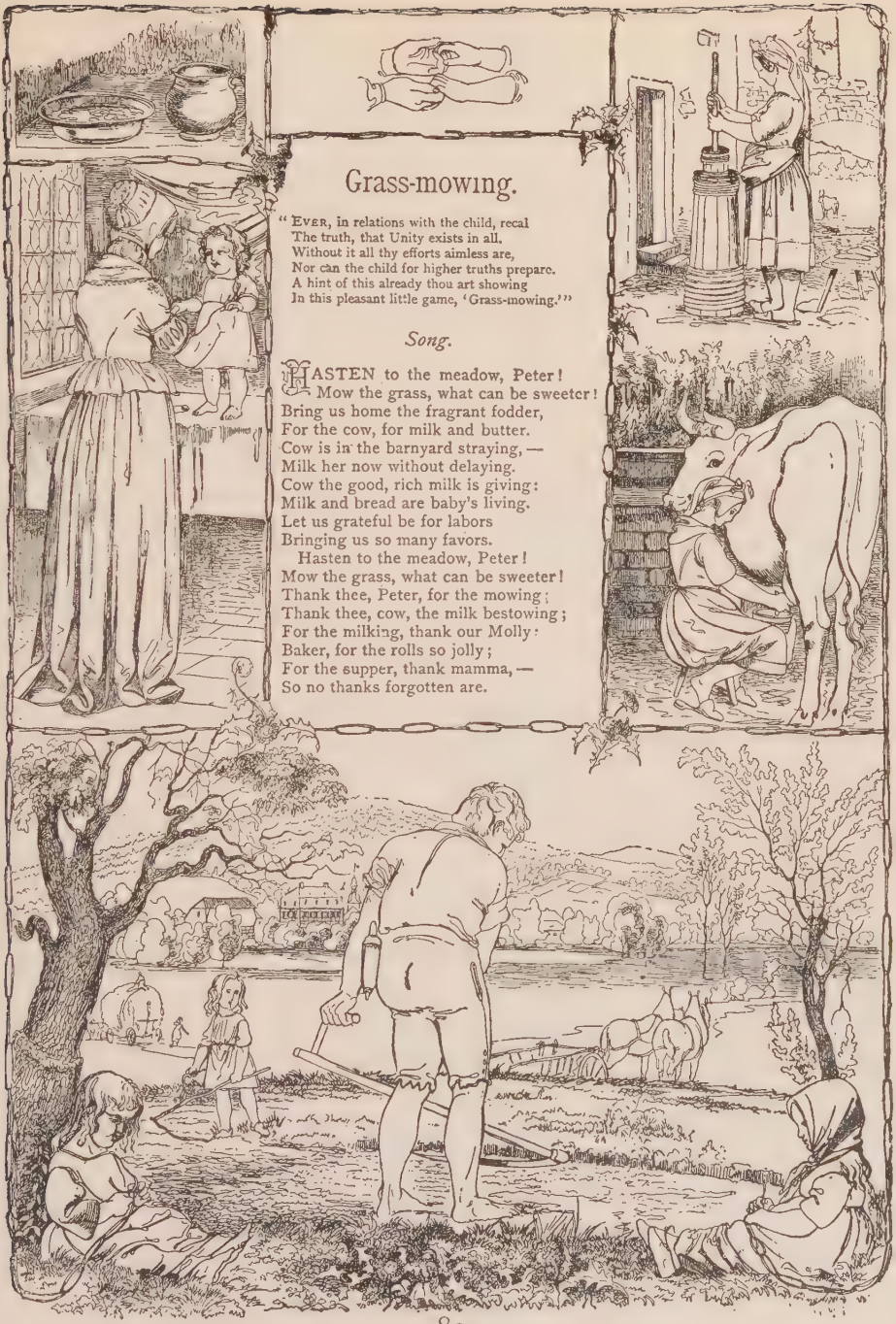
"No fancy coy, no ray of joy
Escapes the mother's watchful eye;
Still quicker is she to discover
When a shadow passes over."

Song.

THE pigeons are coming, dear love, to meet you:
Beckon then; say, "Dear pigeons, I greet you."

GRASS MOWING.


(M.M. ♩= 80.)
Hast - en to the meadow, Pe - ter, Mow the grass, what could be sweet - er?
Bring us home the fra - grant fodder, For the cow, for milk and but - ter. Cow is in the
barn - yard straying, Milk her now, with - out de - lay - ing; Cow the good rich milk is giv - ing,
Milk and bread are ba - by's liv - ing; Let us grate - ful be for la - bors, Bring - ing us so
ma - ny fa - vors; Let us grate - ful be for la - bors, Bringing us so ma - ny fa - vors.
Hast - en to the meadow, Pe - ter, Mow the grass, what can be sweeter? Thank thee, Pe - ter,
for the mowing, Thank the cow, the milk be - stow - ing, for the milking thank our Mol - ly
Ba - ker for the rolls so jol - ly, For the supper thank mamma, So no thanks for - got - ten are.

BECKON TO THE CHICKENS!



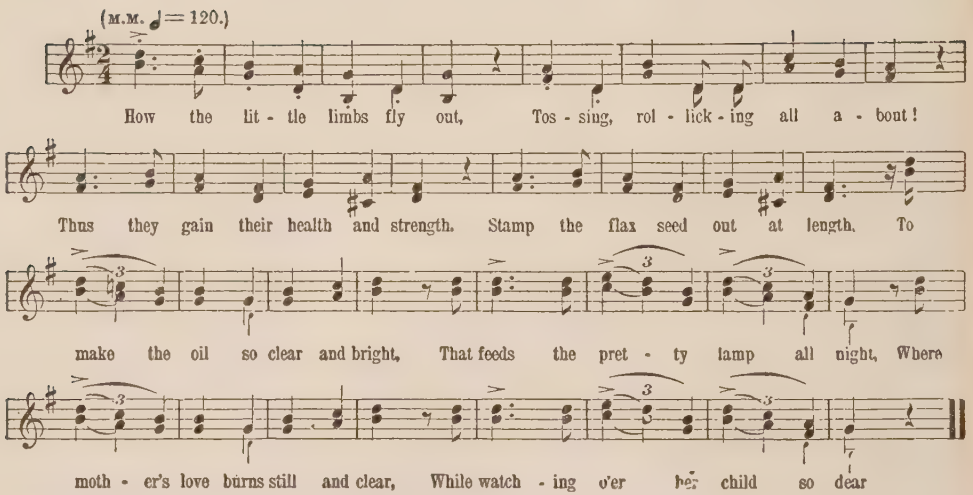
Grass-mowing.

"Ever, in relations with the child, recal
The truth, that Unity exists in all.
Without it all thy efforts aimless are,
Nor can the child for higher truths prepare.
A hint of this already thou art showing
In this pleasant little game, 'Grass-mowing.'"

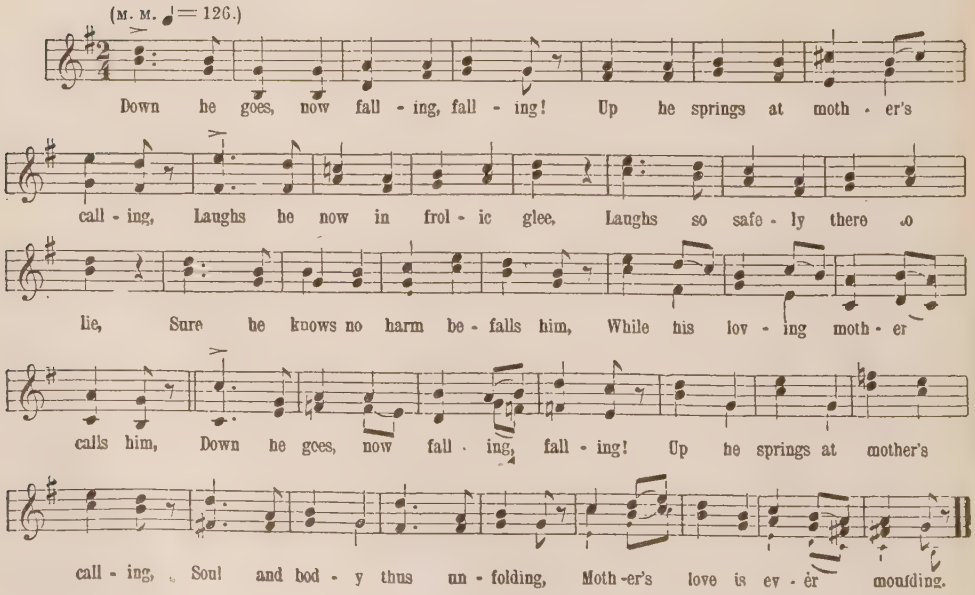
Song.

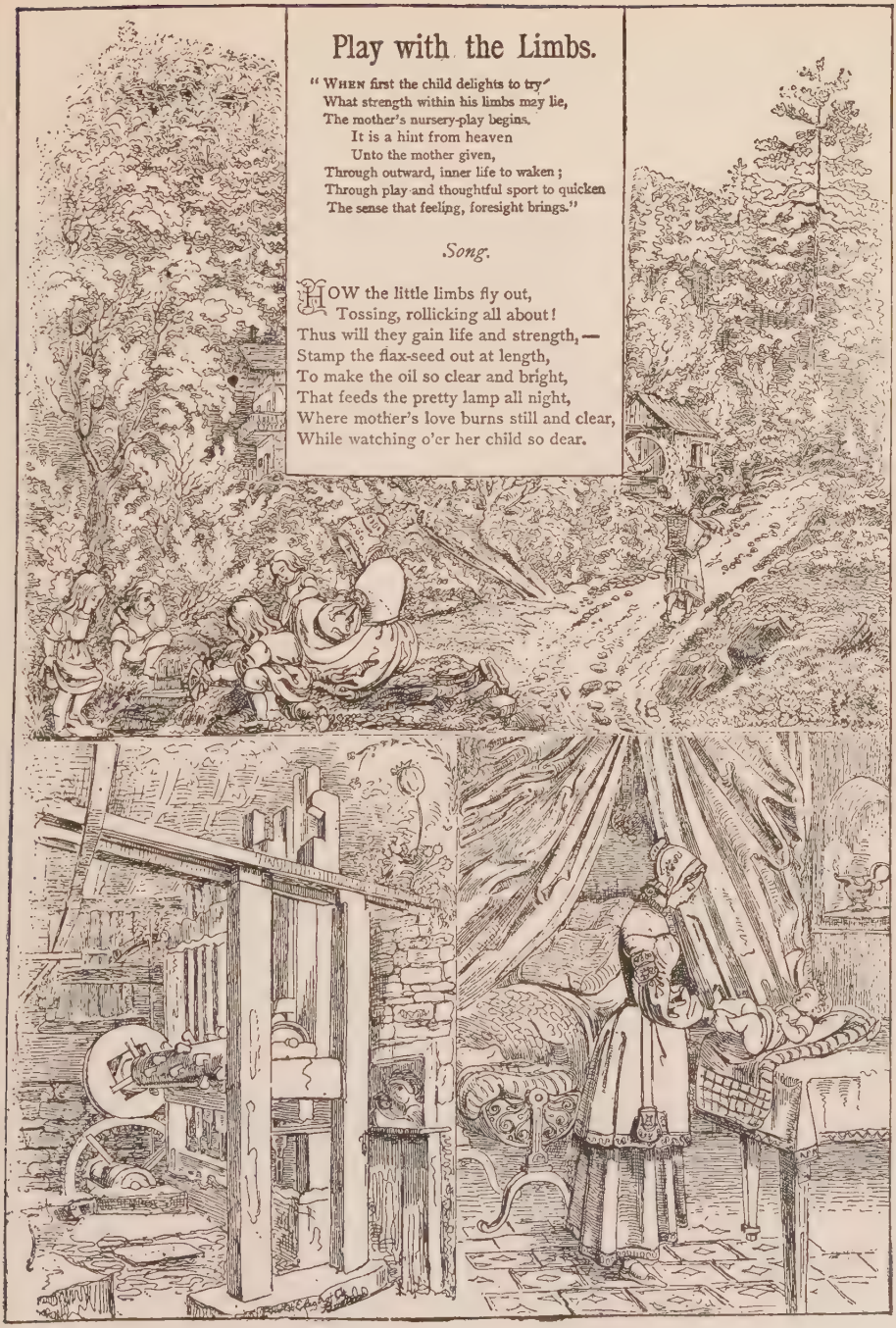
HASTEN to the meadow, Peter!
Mow the grass, what can be sweeter!
Bring us home the fragrant fodder,
For the cow, for milk and butter.
Cow is in the barnyard straying, —
Milk her now without delaying.
Cow the good, rich milk is giving:
Milk and bread are baby's living.
Let us grateful be for labors
Bringing us so many favors.
Hasten to the meadow, Peter!
Mow the grass, what can be sweeter!
Thank thee, Peter, for the mowing;
Thank thee, cow, the milk bestowing;
For the milking, thank our Molly:
Baker, for the rolls so jolly;
For the supper, thank mamma, —
So no thanks forgotten are.

PLAY WITH THE LIMBS.


(M.M. ♩ = 120.)
How the lit - tle limbs fly out, Tos - sing, rol - lick - ing all a - bout!
Thus they gain their health and strength. Stamp the flax seed out at length, To
make the oil so clear and bright, That feeds the pret - ty lamp all night, Where
moth - er's love burns still and clear, While watch - ing o'er her child so dear

FALLING, FALLING!


(M. M. ♩ = 126.)
Down he goes, now fall - ing, fall - ing! Up he springs at moth - er's
call - ing, Laughs he now in frol - ic glee, Laughs so safe - ly there a
lie, Sure he knows no harm be - falls him, While his lov - ing moth - er
calls him, Down he goes, now fall - ing, fall - ing! Up he springs at mother's
call - ing, Soul and bod - y thus un - folding, Moth-er's love is ev - er moulding.



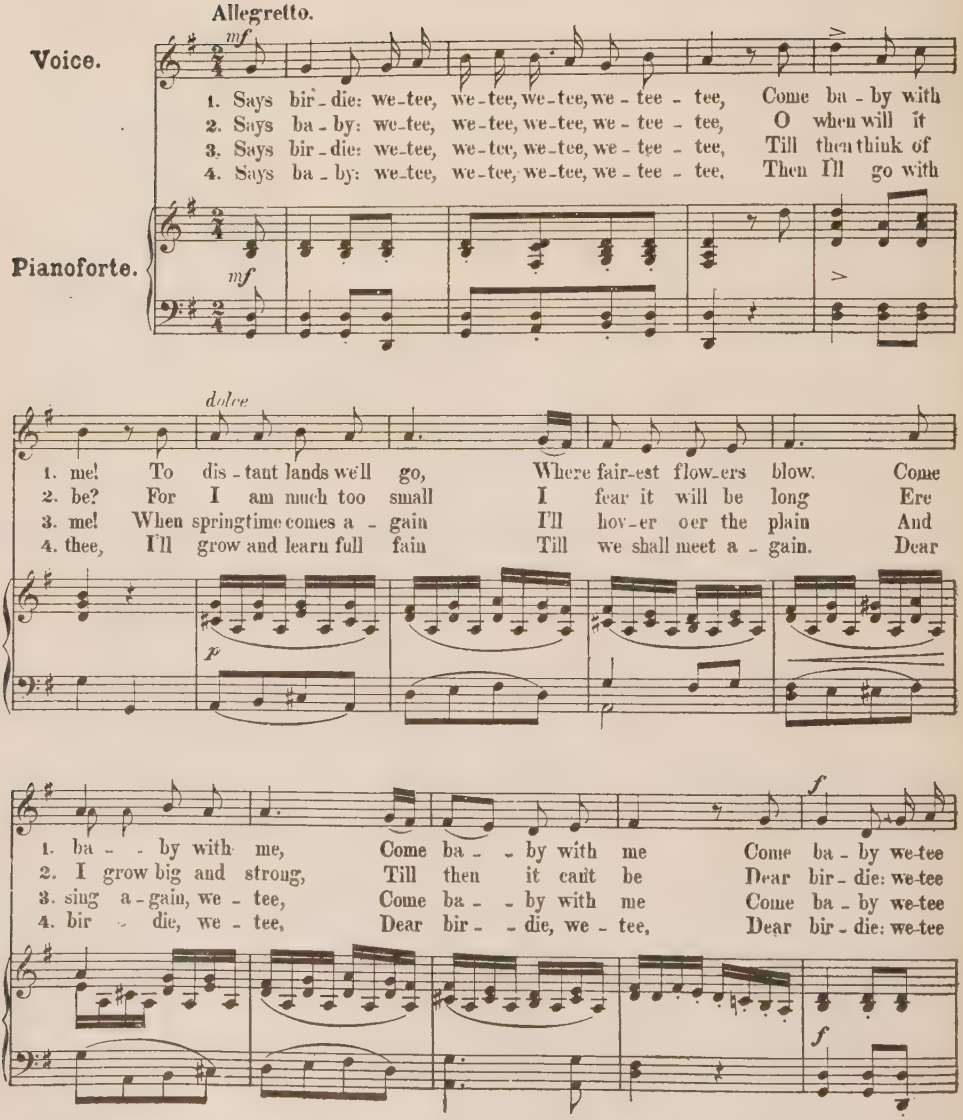
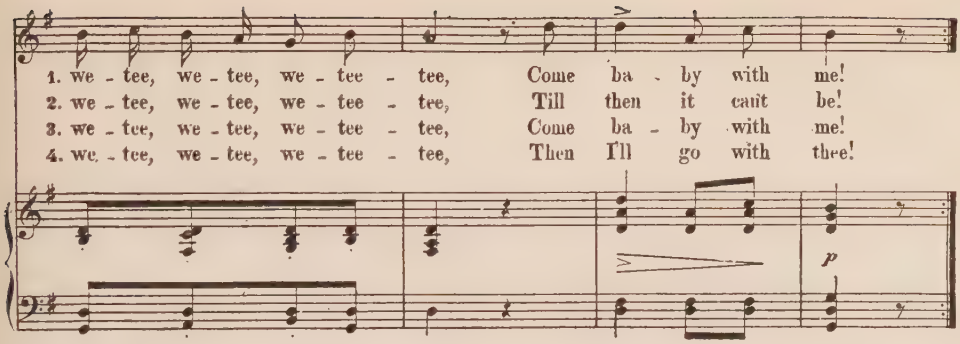
Play with the Limbs.

"When first the child delights to try
What strength within his limbs may lie,
The mother's nursery-play begins.
It is a hint from heaven
Unto the mother given,
Through outward, inner life to waken;
Through play and thoughtful sport to quicken
The sense that feeling, foresight brings."

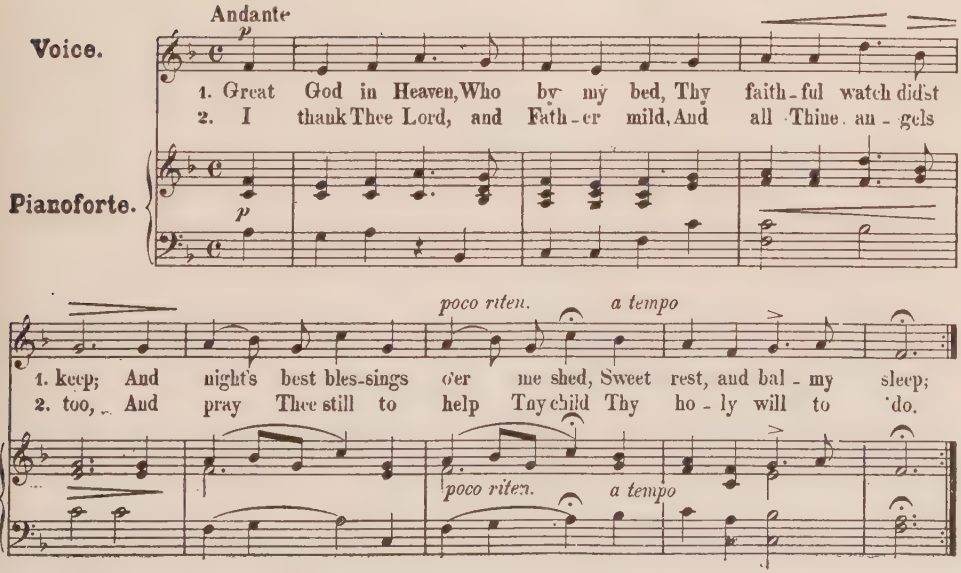
Song.

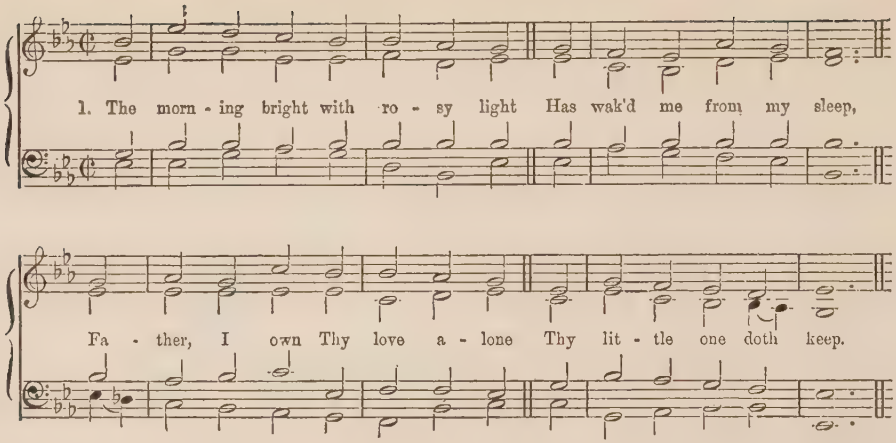
HOW the little limbs fly out,
Tossing, rollicking all about!
Thus will they gain life and strength,—
Stamp the flax-seed out at length,
To make the oil so clear and bright,
That feeds the pretty lamp all night,
Where mother's love burns still and clear,
While watching o'er her child so dear.

Birds of Passage.

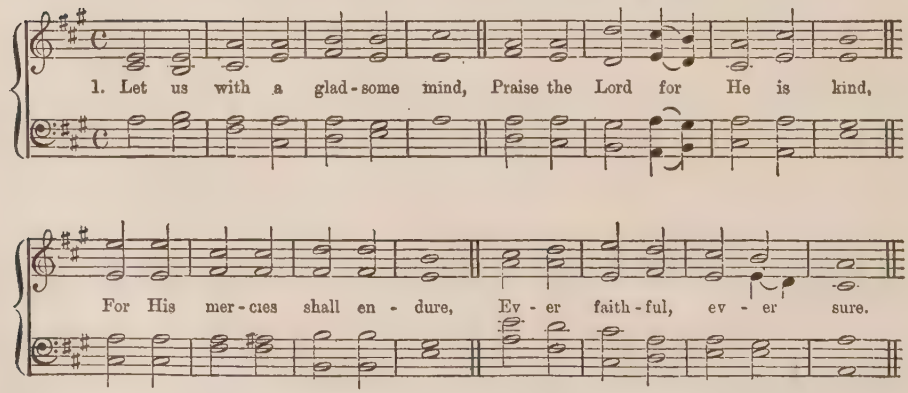

Allegretto.
Voice.
mf
1. Says bir - die: we-tee, we-tee, we-tee, we - tee - tee, Come ba - by with
2. Says ba - by: we-tee, we-tee, we-tee, we - tee - tee, O when will it
3. Says bir - die: we-tee, we-tee, we-tee, we - tee - tee, Till then think of
4. Says ba - by: we-tee, we-tee, we-tee, we - tee - tee, Then I'll go with
Pianoforte.
mf
dolce
1. me! To dis - tant lands we'll go, Where fair-est flow-ers blow. Come
2. be? For I am much too small I fear it will be long Ere
3. me! When spring-time comes a - gain I'll hov-er o'er the plain And
4. thee, I'll grow and learn full fain Till we shall meet a - gain. Dear
p
f
1. ba - - by with me, Come ba - - by with me Come ba - by we-tee
2. I grow big and strong, Till then it can't be Dear bir - die: we-tee
3. sing a - gain, we - tee, Come ba - - by with me Come ba - by we-tee
4. bir - die, we - tee, Dear bir - - die, we - tee, Dear bir - die: we-tee
f

1. we - tee, we - tee, we - tee - tee, Come ba - by with me!
2. we - tee, we - tee, we - tee - tee, Till then it can't be!
3. we - tee, we - tee, we - tee - tee, Come ba - by with me!
4. we - tee, we - tee, we - tee - tee, Then I'll go with thee!
p

Morning-Prayer.


Andante
p
Voice.
1. Great God in Heaven, Who by my bed, Thy faith - ful watch didst
2. I thank Thee Lord, and Fath - er mild, And all Thine an - gels
Pianoforte.
p
poco riten.
a tempo
1. keep; And night's best bles-sings o'er me shed, Sweet rest, and bal - my sleep;
2. too, And pray Thee still to help Thy child Thy ho - ly will to do.
poco riten.
a tempo

THE MORNING BRIGHT.

2.
All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard, and Guide,
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

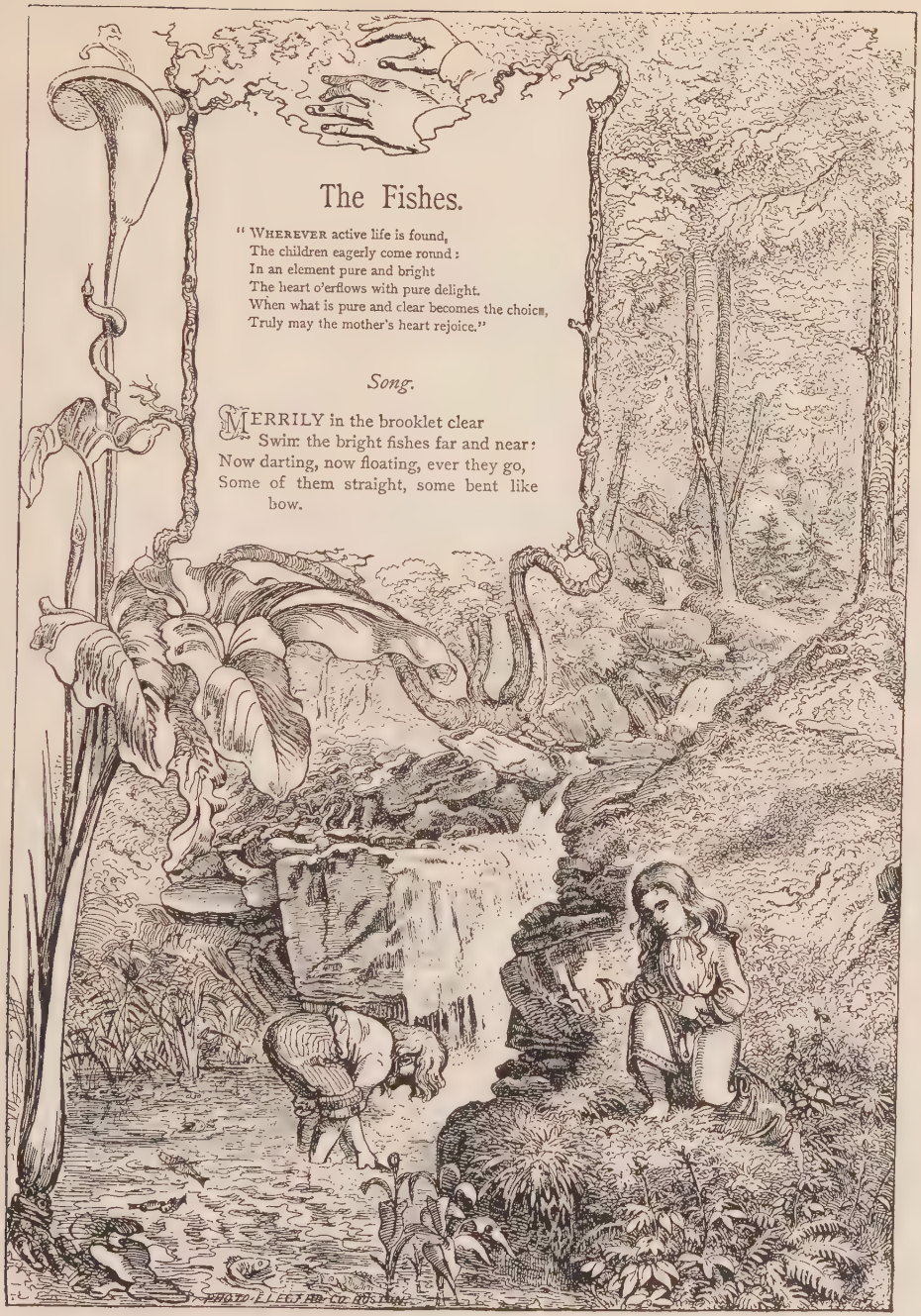
3.
Oh make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all Grace.
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepar'd to see Thy face.

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

2.
Children, come extol His might,
Join with saints and angels bright,
For His mercies, &c.

3.
All our wants He doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry,
For His mercies, &c.

4.
All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need,
For His mercies, &c.

5.
Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind,
For His mercies, &c.



The Fishes.

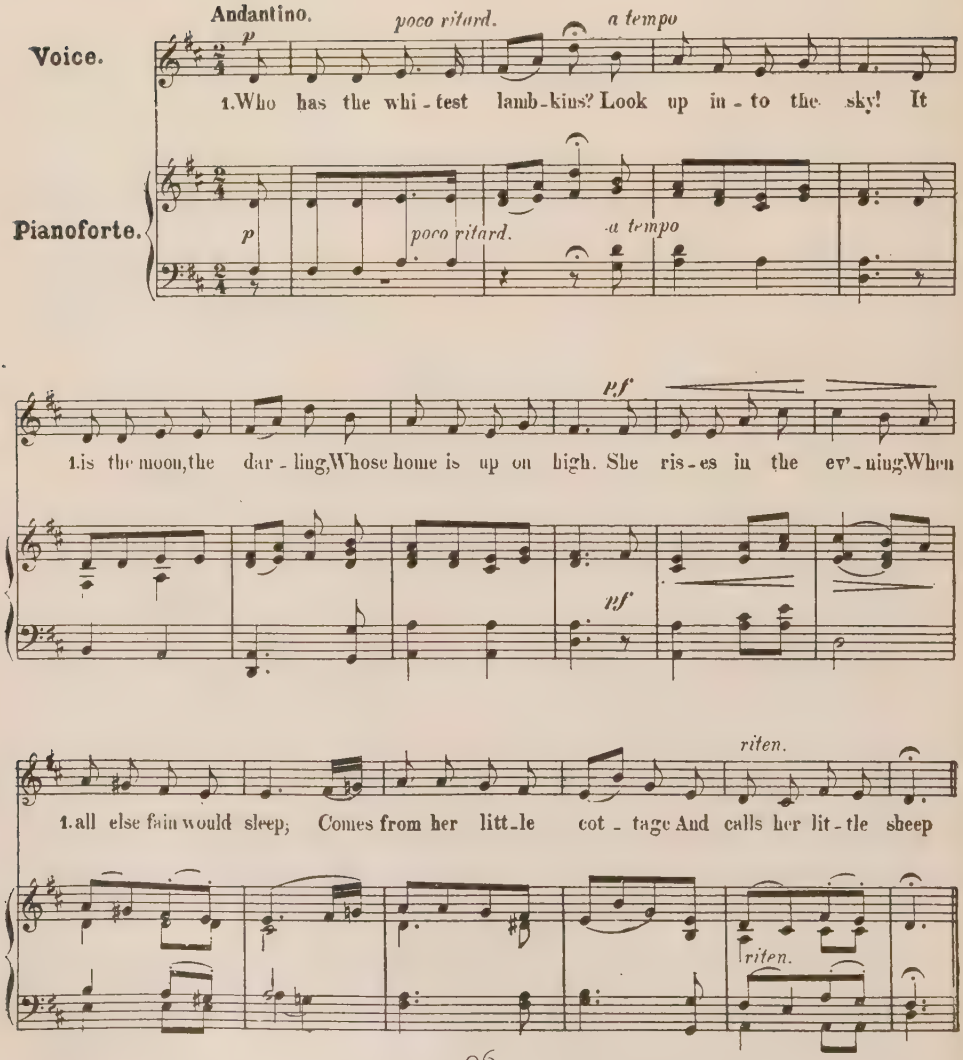
"WHEREVER active life is found,
The children eagerly come round:
In an element pure and bright
The heart o'erflows with pure delight.
When what is pure and clear becomes the choice,
Truly may the mother's heart rejoice."

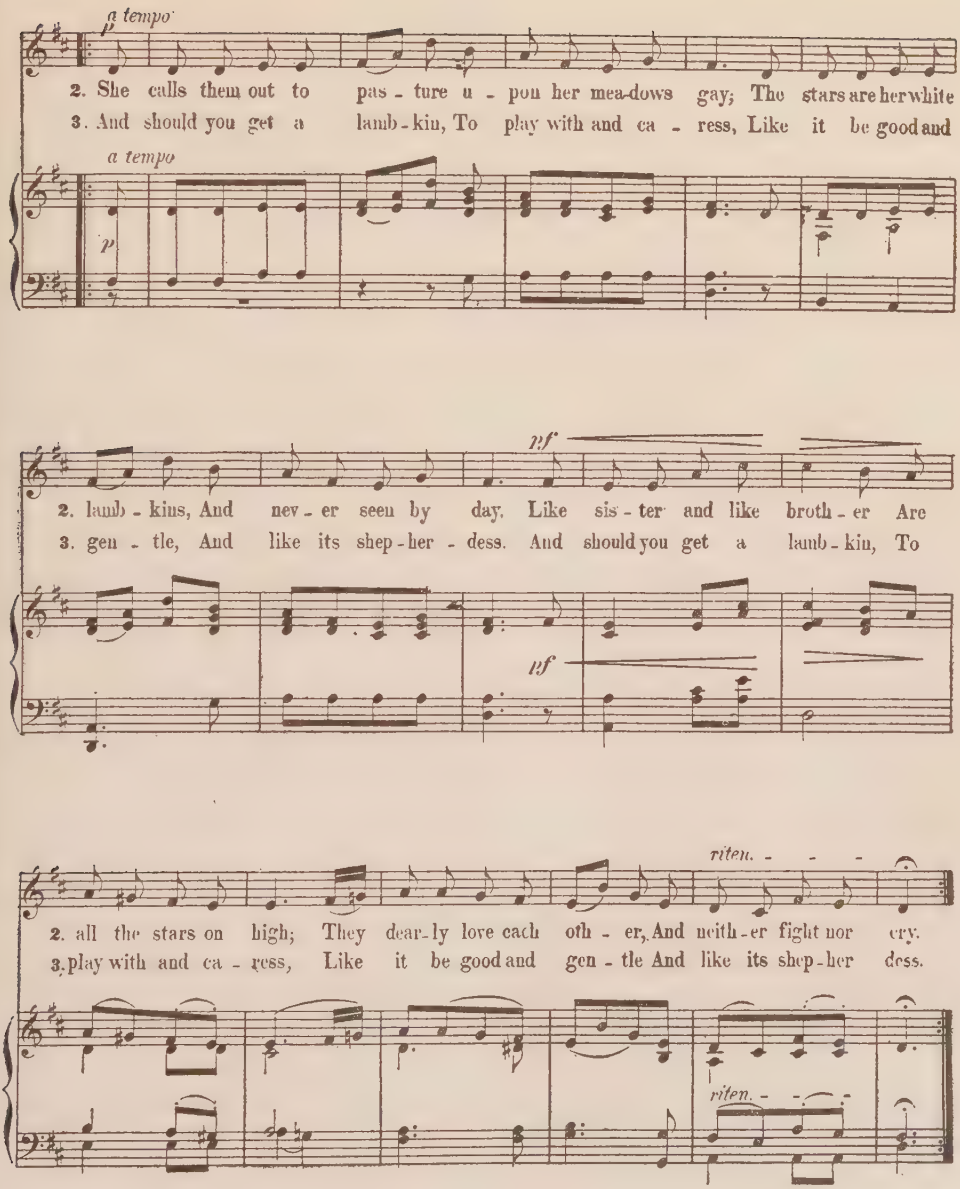
Song.

MERRILY in the brooklet clear
Swim the bright fishes far and near:
Now darting, now floating, ever they go,
Some of them straight, some bent like bow.

Who has the whitest lambkins?

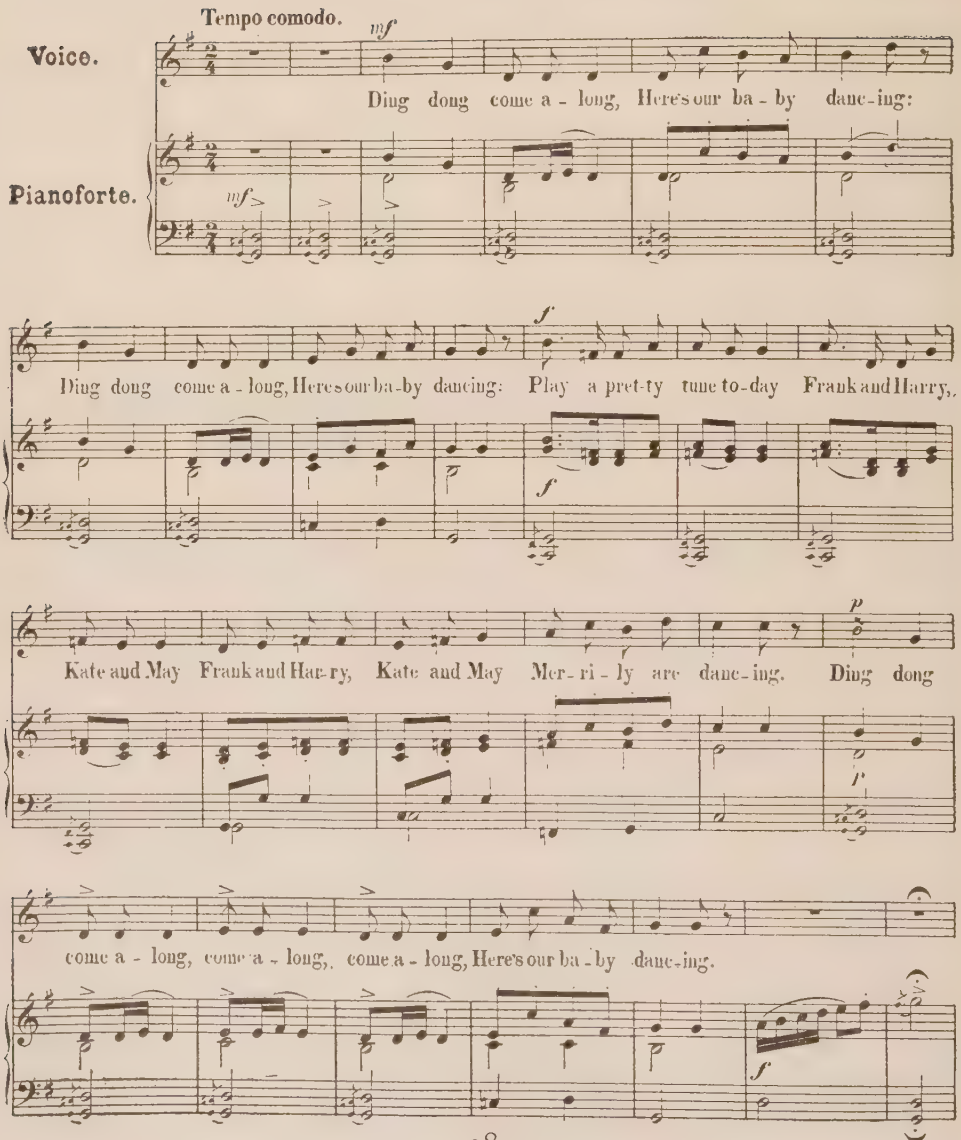
(Hoffmann von Fallersleben.)

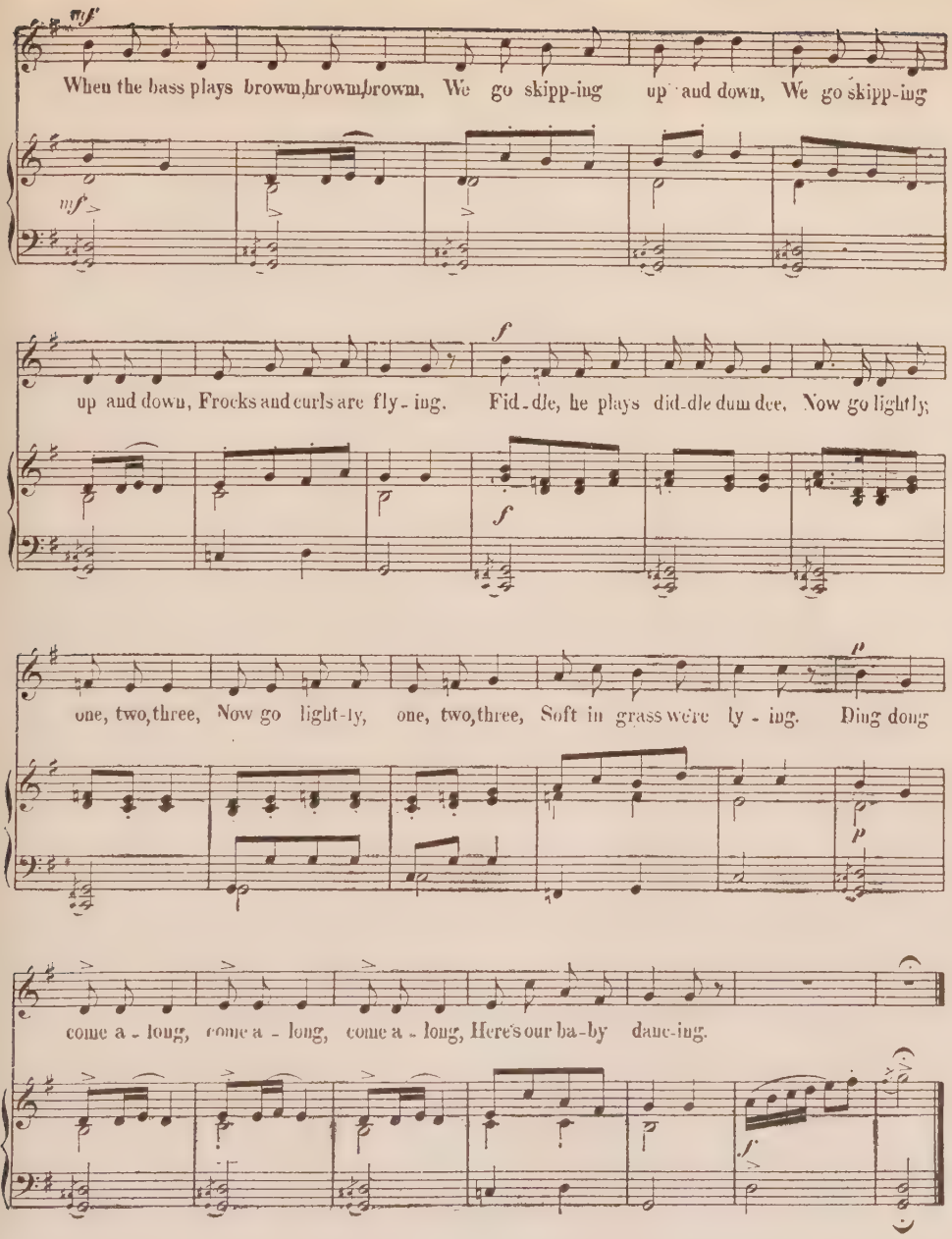

Andantino.
Voice.
Pianoforte.
p
poco ritard.
a tempo
1. Who has the whi - test lamb - kins? Look up in - to the sky! It
pf
1. is the moon, the dar - ling, Whose home is up on high. She ris - es in the ev' - ning When
1. all else fain would sleep; Comes from her litt - le cot - tage And calls her lit - tle sheep
riten.


a tempo
2. She calls them out to pas - ture u - pon her mea-dows gay; The stars are her white
3. And should you get a lamb - kin, To play with and ca - ress, Like it be good and
a tempo
p
2. lamb - kins, And nev - er seen by day. Like sis - ter and like broth - er Are
3. gen - tle, And like its shep - her - dess. And should you get a lamb - kin, To
pf
pf
2. all the stars on high; They dear - ly love each oth - er, And neith - er fight nor cry.
3. play with and ca - ress, Like it be good and gen - tle And like its shep - her dess.
riten.
riten.

Marching song.

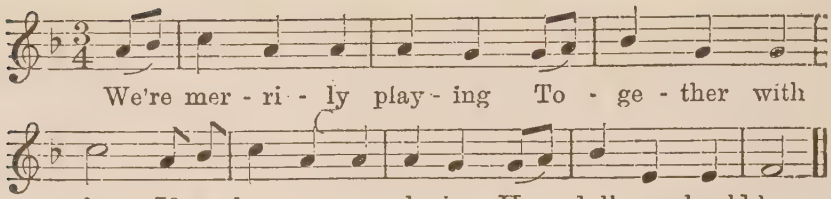
(Fröhlich.)


Tempo comodo.
Voice.
Pianoforte.
Ding dong come a - long, Here's our ba - by danc-ing:
Ding dong come a - long, Here's our ba-by dancing: Play a pret-ty tune to-day Frank and Harry,
Kate and May Frank and Har-ry, Kate and May Mer - ri - ly are danc-ing. Ding dong
come a - long, come a - long, come a - long, Here's our ba - by danc-ing.


When the bass plays brown,brown,brown, We go skipp-ing up and down, We go skipp-ing
up and down, Frocks and curls are fly-ing. Fid-dle, he plays did-dle dum dee. Now go light-ly,
one, two,three, Now go light-ly, one, two,three, Soft in grass were ly-ing. Ding dong
come a-long, come a-long, come a-long, Here's our ba-by danc-ing.

Playing together.

Popular Air.



2.

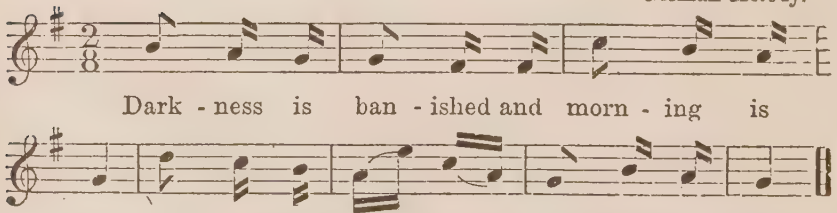
Do you hear by the sound,
Who is gone from the game?
After list'ning all round,
Tell the missing one's name.

A. B.

The children either sit on their forms or stand in a circle. One child is blindfolded and placed in the centre. When the song has begun, the teacher beckons to a second child, who comes forward and stands near the first. Between the 1st and 2nd verses the second child utters a musical sound. The circle now sing the 2nd verse, at the end of which the first child has to guess which of the others came out.

Morning.

German Melody.



2.

Songs of thanksgiving arise in the air;
Blossoms their beauty and perfume prepare

3.

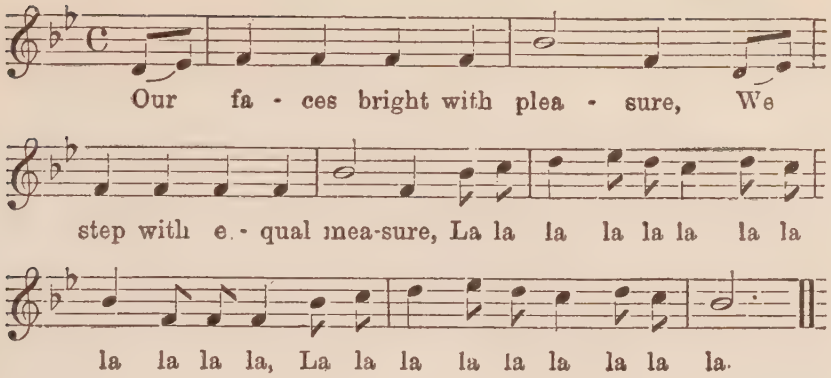
Dewdrops like diamonds flash on the grass
Bees in the meadows all hum as they pass.

4.

Nature awaketh to gladden our heart,
For in her joyfulness all take a part.

Equal Measure.

German Air.



2.

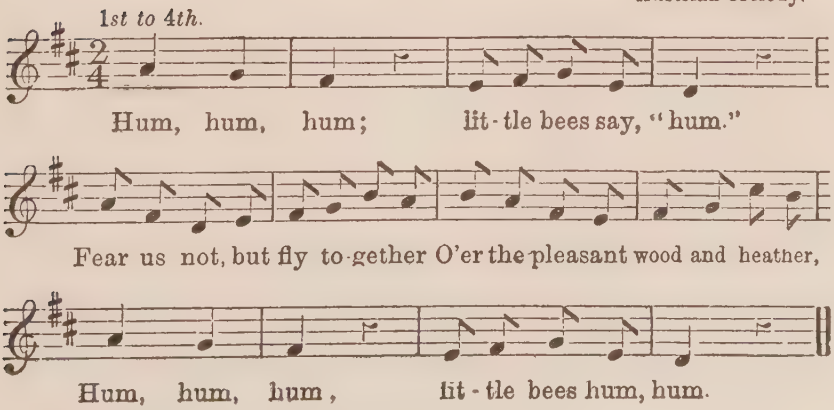
Thus hand in hand our ring
Shall dance and gently sing
La, la, la.

A. B.

The children move round in a circle to the right and left alternately, stepping in strict time to the song. When the number of children is very large, they may be placed in two circles, the outer and inner moving in opposite directions.

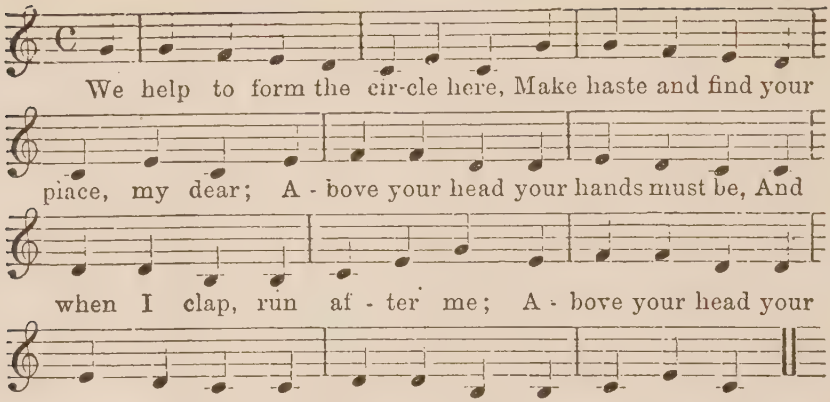
The Bees.

Austrian Melody.


1st to 4th.
Hum, hum, hum; lit - tle bees say, "hum."
Fear us not, but fly to-gether O'er the pleasant wood and heather,
Hum, hum, hum, lit - tle bees hum, hum.

The Circle.

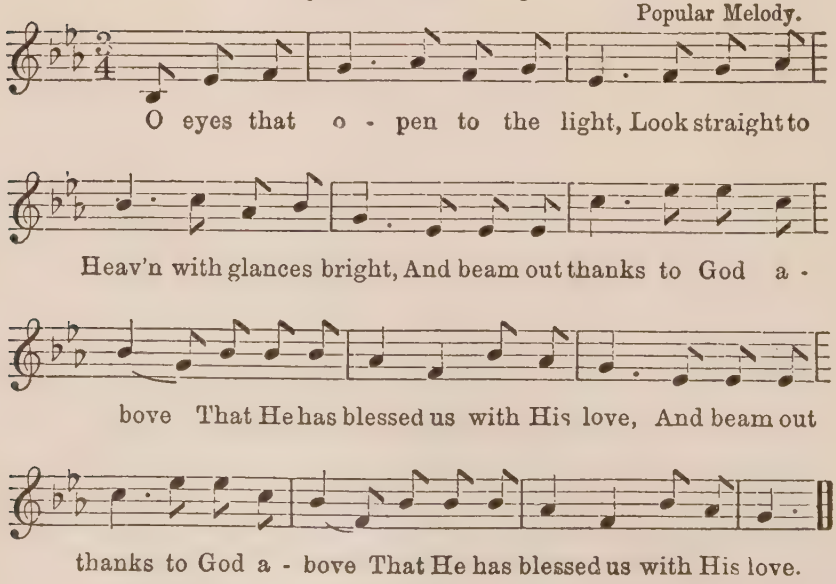
EINER.


We help to form the cir-cle here, Make haste and find your
place, my dear; A - bove your head your hands must be, And
when I clap, run af - ter me; A - bove your head your
hands must be, And when I clap, run af - ter me.

All the children but one stand close in a circle, and begin singing, their hands behind them. At the words "above your heads," their hands are raised. The child left outside has been moving round, and at "when I clap," touches one of his companions. Both children run in opposite directions round the outside of the ring, trying which can first reach the vacant place. The unsuccessful one stays out for the next round.

O eyes that open.

Popular Melody.


O eyes that o - pen to the light, Look straight to
Heav'n with glances bright, And beam out thanks to God a -
bove That He has blessed us with His love, And beam out
thanks to God a - bove That He has blessed us with His love.

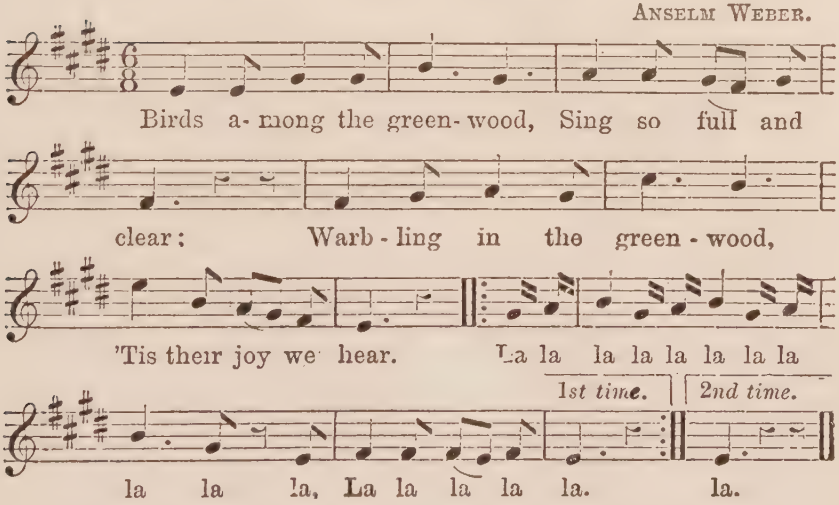
O little hands be quick to share
The praise, and fold yourselves in prayer.
An infant's prayer must ever rise,
A grateful incense to the skies.

O little mind, so weak, distraught,
Choose thou for subject of thy thought
The loving God, who through the night
Has kept His little child in sight.

Open, O little lips, proclaim
The Father's love, and bless His name,
And then a glad "good morning" sound
To all the dear companions round.

Birds among the Greenwood.

ANSELM WEBER.


Birds a- mong the green- wood, Sing so full and
clear; Warb - ling in the green - wood,
'Tis their joy we hear. La la la la la la la la
1st time.
2nd time.
la la la, La la la la la. la.

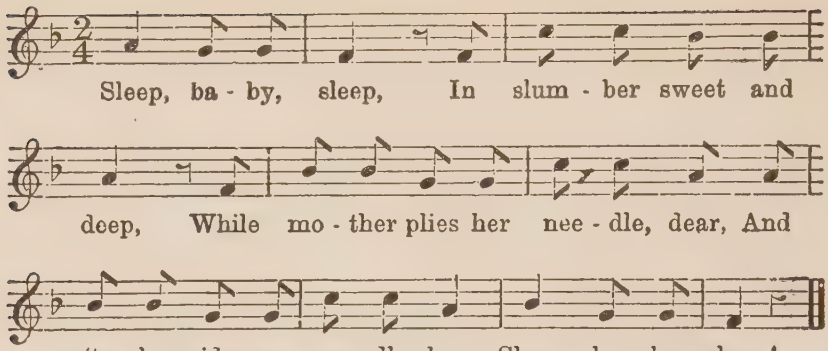
2.
Birds among the greenwood
Build their little nest;
Leave it in the greenwood
Ready for their rest.
La la la, la la la, &c.

3.
Birds among the greenwood
Sing themselves to sleep,
Slumber in the greenwood
Must be sweet and deep.
La la la, la la la, &c.

A. B.

Some of the children represent trees. They stand in a ring with their arms up to form boughs. Four others chosen to make the nests stoop down two and two inside the ring holding hands. 1st verse. Four or five more represent birds and fly in and out among the trees, moving their arms like wings. 2nd verse. The birds are flying to and from their nests picking up materials for building. 3rd verse. The birds enter their nests and sing themselves to sleep.

Cradle Song.


Sleep, ba - by, sleep, In slum - ber sweet and
deep, While mo - ther plies her nee - dle, dear, And
sits be - side your cra - dle here. Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

2.

Sleep, baby, sleep. The shepherds fold their sheep.
Young birds are 'neath their mothers' wing
And I alone am left to sing,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

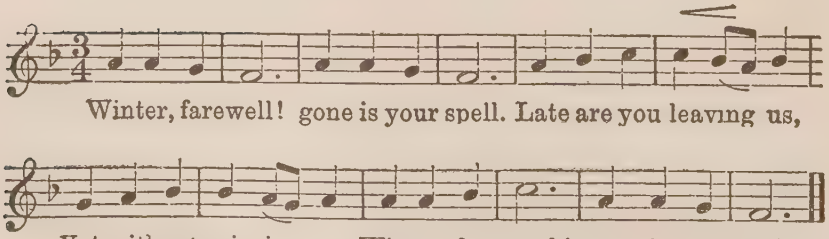
3.

Sleep, baby, sleep. The fleecy cloudlets creep
Across the moon to float in space
And lightly shade your placid face.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

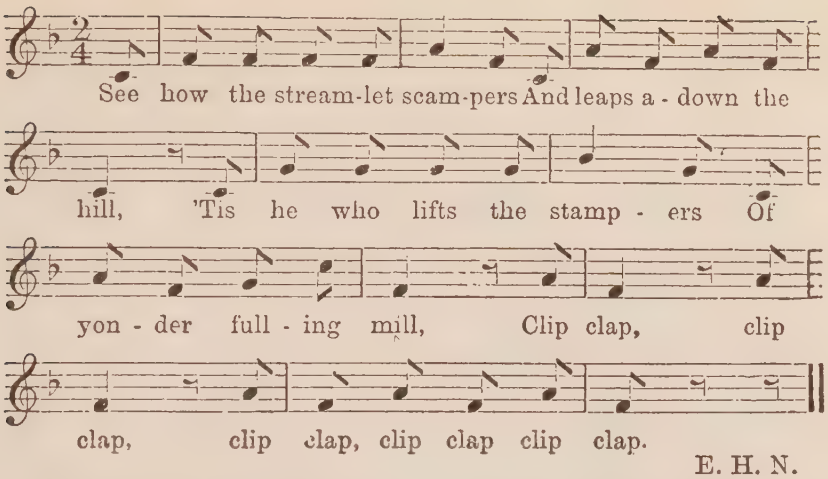
4.

Sleep, baby, sleep. How tranquilly you sleep!
A passing smile is on your cheek
Perhaps you dream that you can speak.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Farewell to Winter.



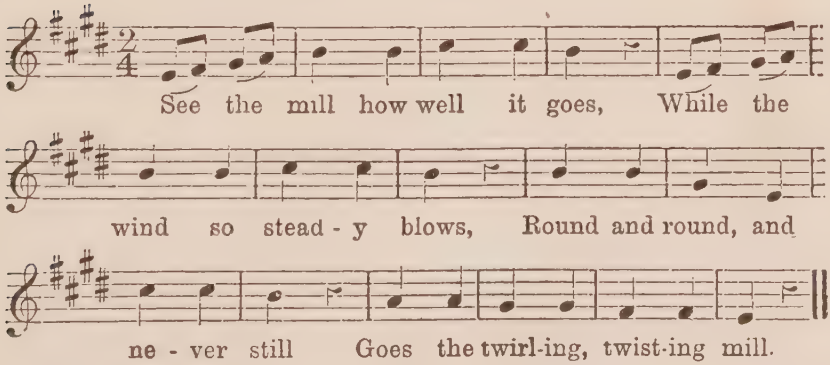
The Mill-race.


See how the stream-let scam-pers And leaps a - down the
hill, 'Tis he who lifts the stamp - ers Of
yon - der full - ing mill, Clip clap, clip
clap, clip clap, clip clap clip clap.

E. H. N.

The children move in a circle and mark the time with their feet. At "Clip clap," they clap their hands. The game should be played thrice, each time faster than before.

The Windmill.


See the mill how well it goes, While the
wind so stead - y blows, Round and round, and
ne - ver still Goes the twirl-ing, twist-ing mill.

2.

Lively breeze is our delight,
Then our sails are taut and tight;
Merrily time slips away
Oh, we are so brisk and gay.

E. H. N.

Four, eight, or twelve children form a cross which turns round on its axis. The 1st verse should be sung slowly, the 2nd quickly.

I had a little Doggy.

Andante non troppo.

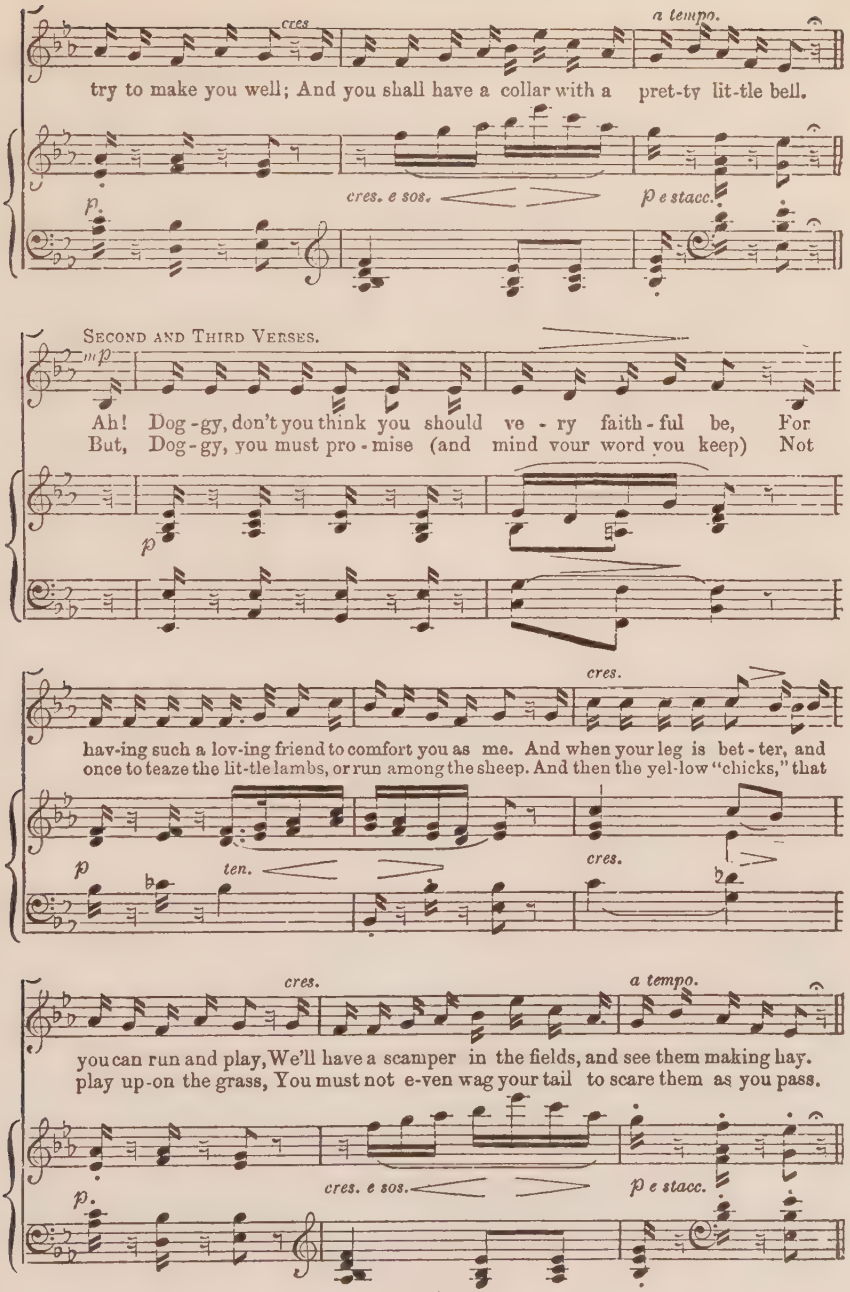
mp

I had a lit - tle dog - gy that used to sit and beg, But

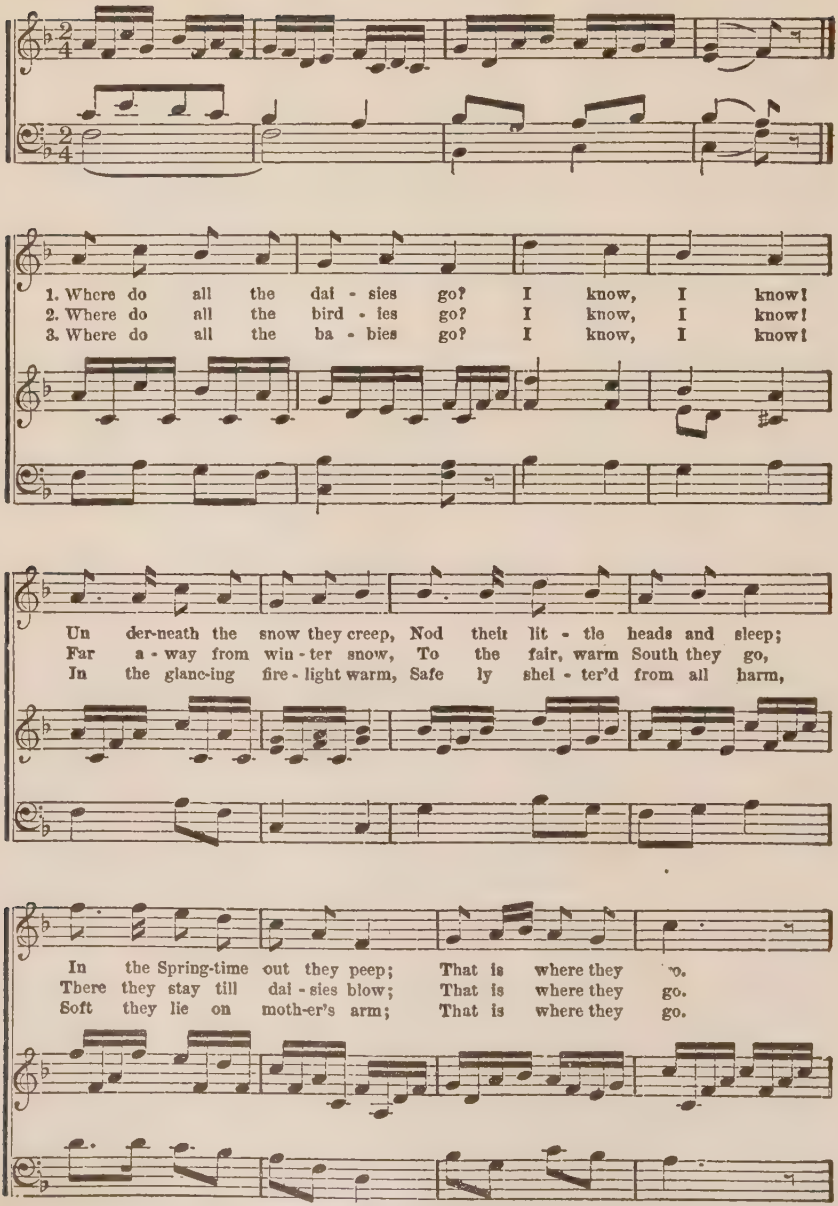
p

cres.

Doggy tumbled down the stairs, and broke his lit-tle leg; Oh! Doggy, I will nurse you, and

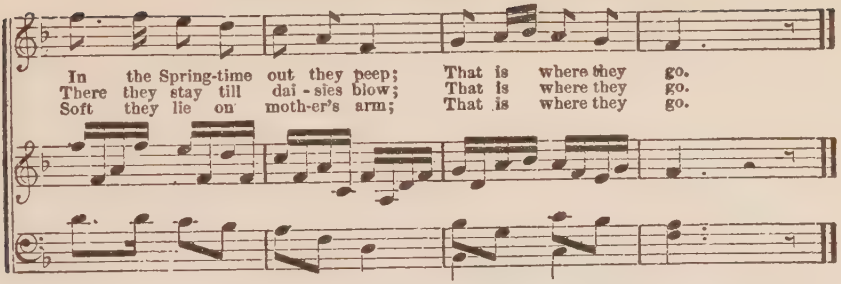
p *ten.* *cres.*

cres
a tempo.
try to make you well; And you shall have a collar with a pret-ty lit-tle bell.
cres. e sos.
p e stacc.
Second and Third Verses.
Ah! Dog-gy, don't you think you should ve-ry faith-ful be, For
But, Dog-gy, you must pro-mise (and mind your word you keep) Not
cres.
hav-ing such a lov-ing friend to comfort you as me. And when your leg is bet-ter, and
once to teaze the lit-tle lambs, or run among the sheep. And then the yel-low "chicks," that
ten.
cres.
cres.
a tempo.
you can run and play, We'll have a scamper in the fields, and see them making hay.
play up-on the grass, You must not e-ven wag your tail to scare them as you pass.
cres. e sos.
p e stacc.

A NURSERY SONG.

No. 54. Arranged by L. W.

1. Where do all the dai - sies go? I know, I know!
2. Where do all the bird - ies go? I know, I know!
3. Where do all the ba - bies go? I know, I know!
Un der-neath the snow they creep, Nod their lit - tle heads and sleep;
Far a - way from win - ter snow, To the fair, warm South they go,
In the glanc-ing fire - light warm, Safe ly shel - ter'd from all harm,
In the Spring-time out they peep; That is where they go.
There they stay till dai - sies blow; That is where they go.
Soft they lie on moth-er's arm; That is where they go.

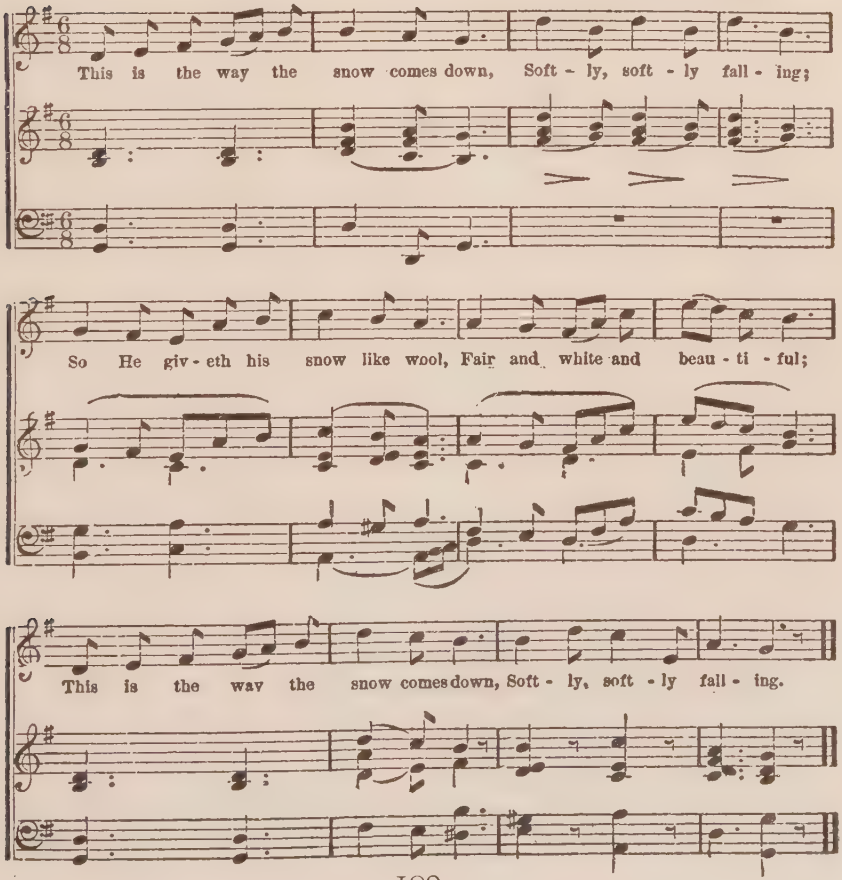
Copyright, 1884, by OLIVER DITSON & Co.

A NURSERY SONG. Concluded.

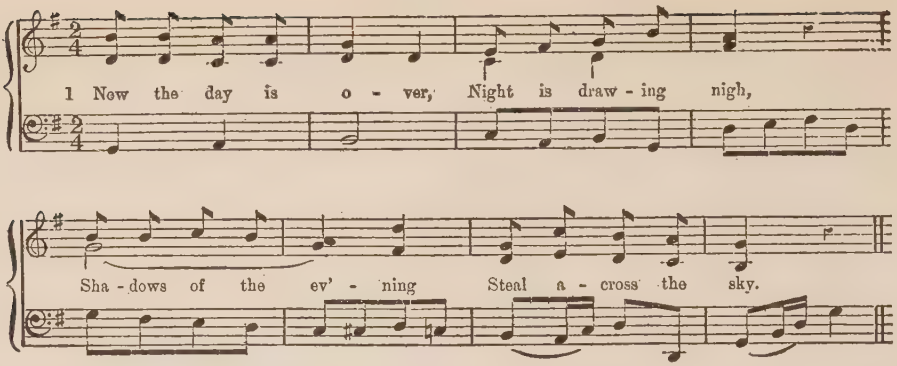

In the Spring-time out they peep; That is where they go.
There they stay till dai - sies blow; That is where they go.
Soft they lie on moth-er's arm; That is where they go.

THIS IS THE WAY THE SNOW COMES DOWN.

W. W. GILCHRIST.


This is the way the snow comes down, Soft - ly, soft - ly fall - ing;
So He giv - eth his snow like wool, Fair and white and beau - ti - ful;
This is the way the snow comes down, Soft - ly, soft - ly fall - ing.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.



2.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4.

Grant to little children,
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5.

Comfort every suff'rer
Watching late in pain.
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

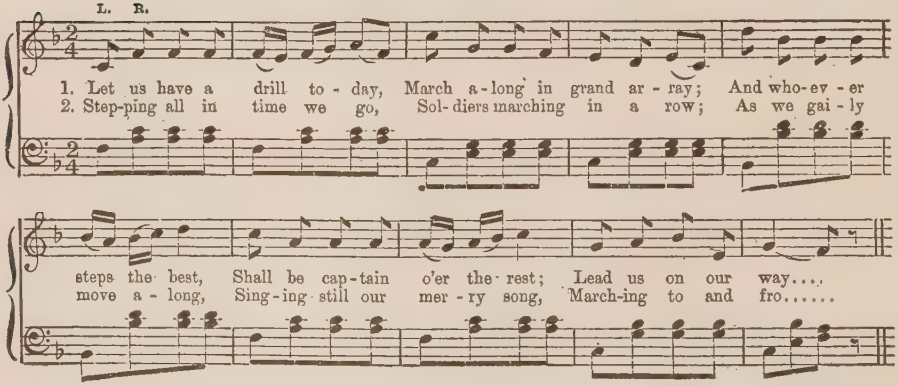
6.

Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

LET US HAVE A DRILL TO-DAY.


L. R.
1. Let us have a drill to - day, March a - long in grand ar - ray; And who - ev - er
2. Step-ping all in time we go, Sol- diers marching in a row; As we gai - ly
steps the best, Shall be cap - tain o'er the rest; Lead us on our way....
move a - long, Sing - ing still our mer - ry song, March-ing to and fro.....

3.

Active feet and ready rhyme,
Steps and voices well must chime;
Left foot, right foot, forward all,
March on, children, great and small,
March away in time.

4.

In two ranks let us divide,
March along on either side;
And soon marching as before,
Each his partner has once more,
Then our drill is o'er.

I love little Pussy.

Andante non troppo.
With tenderness.

p

I love lit - tle Pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And

p

if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm. I'll sit by the fire and

ten.

ten.

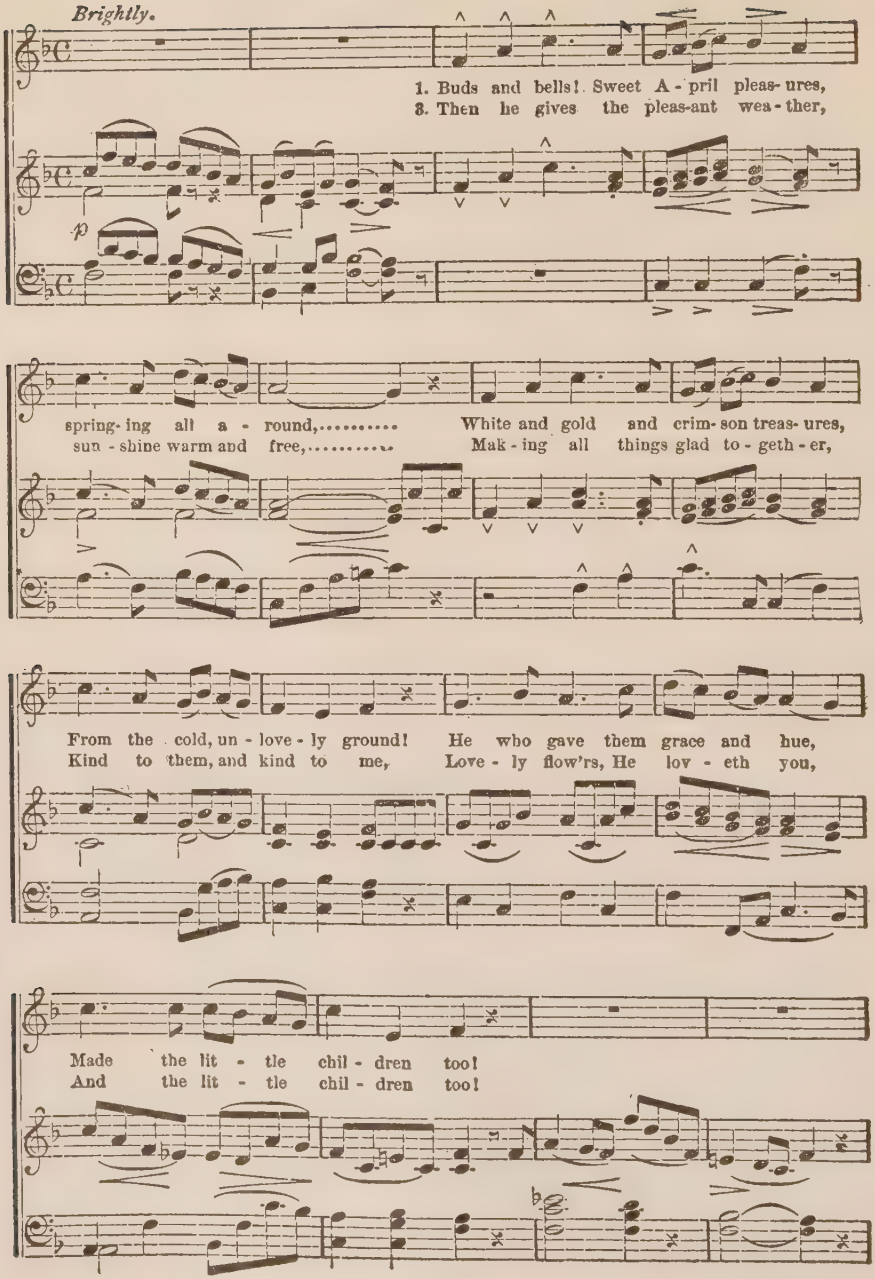
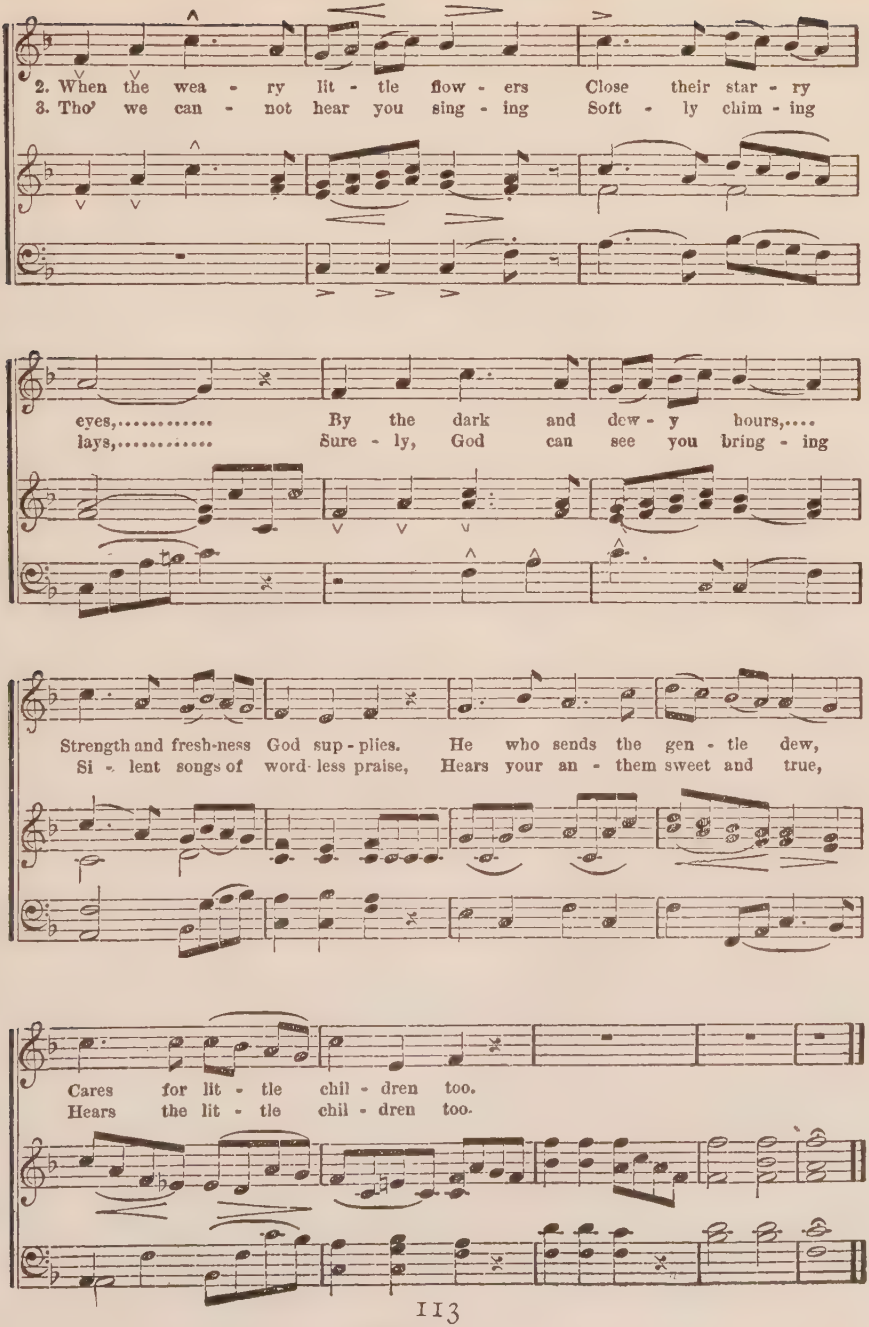
cres.

dim. e ritard.

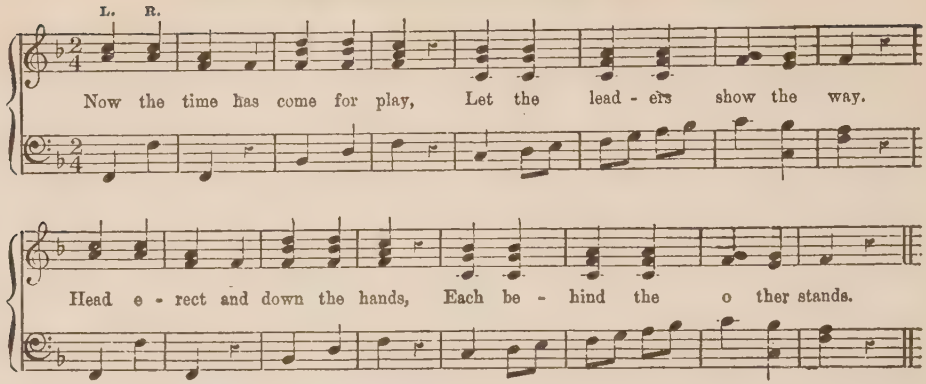
give her some food, And Pus - sy will love me, be - cause I am · good.

fz *fz* *p* *pp*

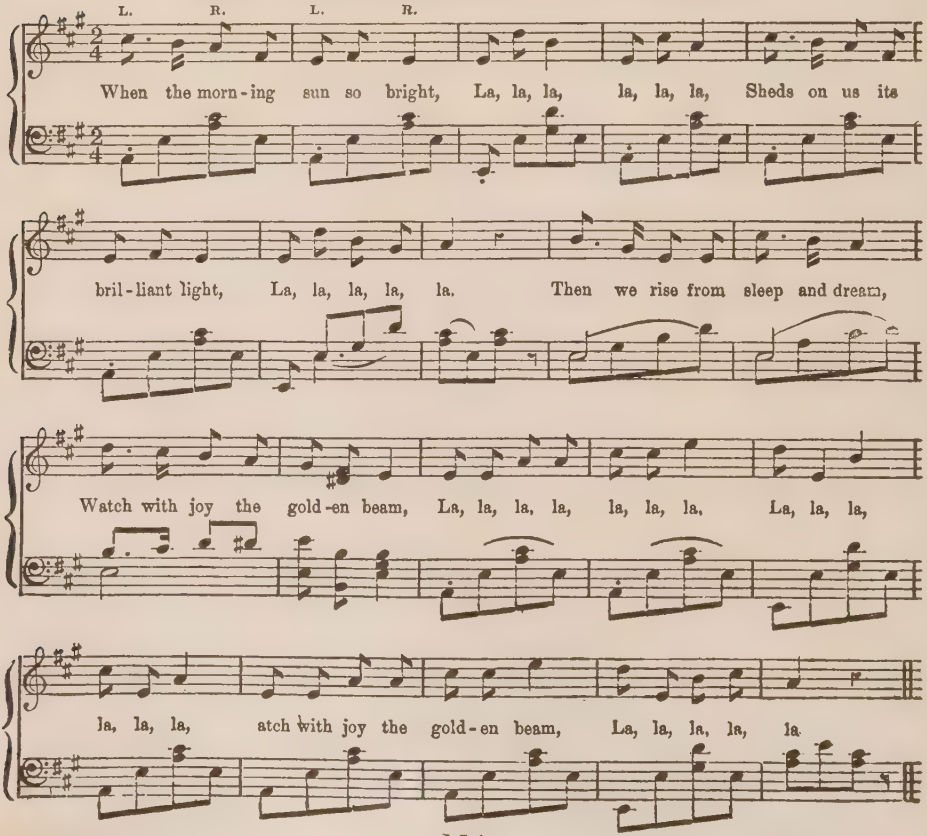
FLOWERS.


Brightly.
1. Buds and bells! Sweet A - pril pleas - ures,
3. Then he gives the pleas-ant wea - ther,
spring- ing all a - round,..... White and gold and crim- son treas- ures,
sun - shine warm and free,..... Mak - ing all things glad to - geth - er,
From the cold, un - love - ly ground! He who gave them grace and hue,
Kind to them, and kind to me, Love - ly flow'rs, He lov - eth you,
Made the lit - tle chil - dren too!
And the lit - tle chil - dren too!

2. When the wea - ry lit - tle flow - ers Close their star - ry
3. Tho' we can - not hear you sing - ing Soft - ly chim - ing
eyes,..... By the dark and dew - y hours,....
lays,..... Sure - ly, God can see you bring - ing
Strength and fresh-ness God sup - plies. He who sends the gen - tle dew,
Si - lent songs of word-less praise, Hears your an - them sweet and true,
Cares for lit - tle chil - dren too.
Hears the lit - tle chil - dren too.

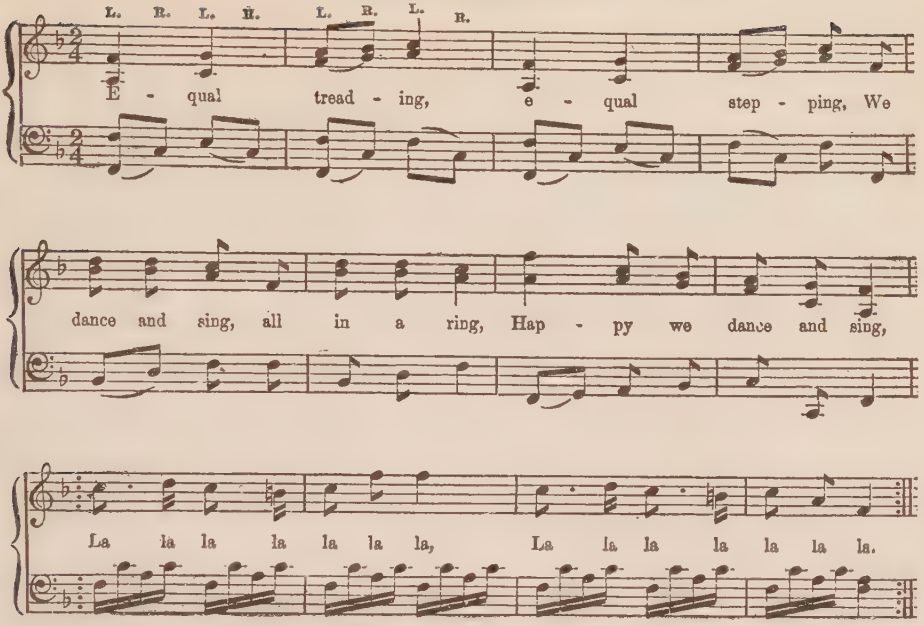
NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR PLAY



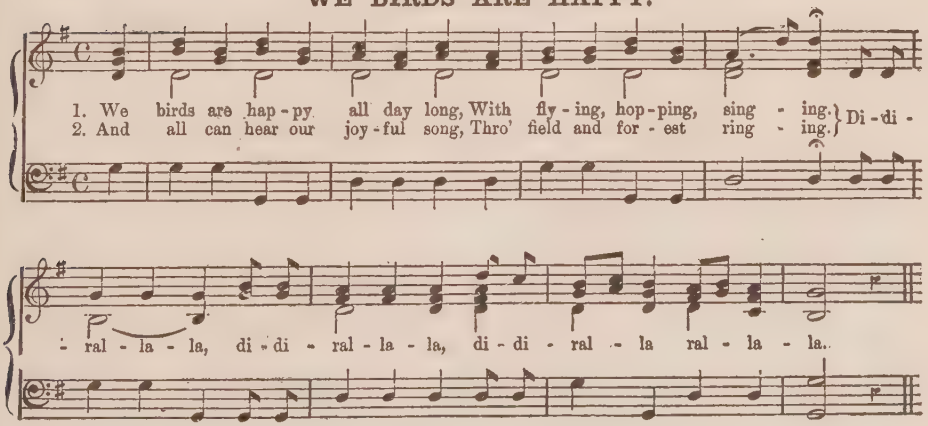
WHEN THE MORNING SUN SO BRIGHT.


L. R. L. R.
When the morn - ing sun so bright, La, la, la, la, la, la, Sheds on us its
bril - liant light, La, la, la, la, la. Then we rise from sleep and dream,
Watch with joy the gold - en beam, La, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la,
la, la, la, atch with joy the gold - en beam, La, la, la, la, la

EQUAL TREADING


L. R. L. R. L. R. L. R.
E - qual tread - ing, e - qual step - ping, We
dance and sing, all in a ring, Hap - py we dance and sing,
La la la la la la la, La la la la la la la.

WE BIRDS ARE HAPPY.


1. We birds are hap - py all day long, With fly - ing, hop - ping, sing - ing.
2. And all can hear our joy - ful song, Thro' field and for - est ring - ing.
Di - di -
- ral - la - la, di - di - ral - la - la, di - di - ral - la ral - la - la.

3.
We're full of health and free from care,
To eat we're always able;
Didirallala, &c.

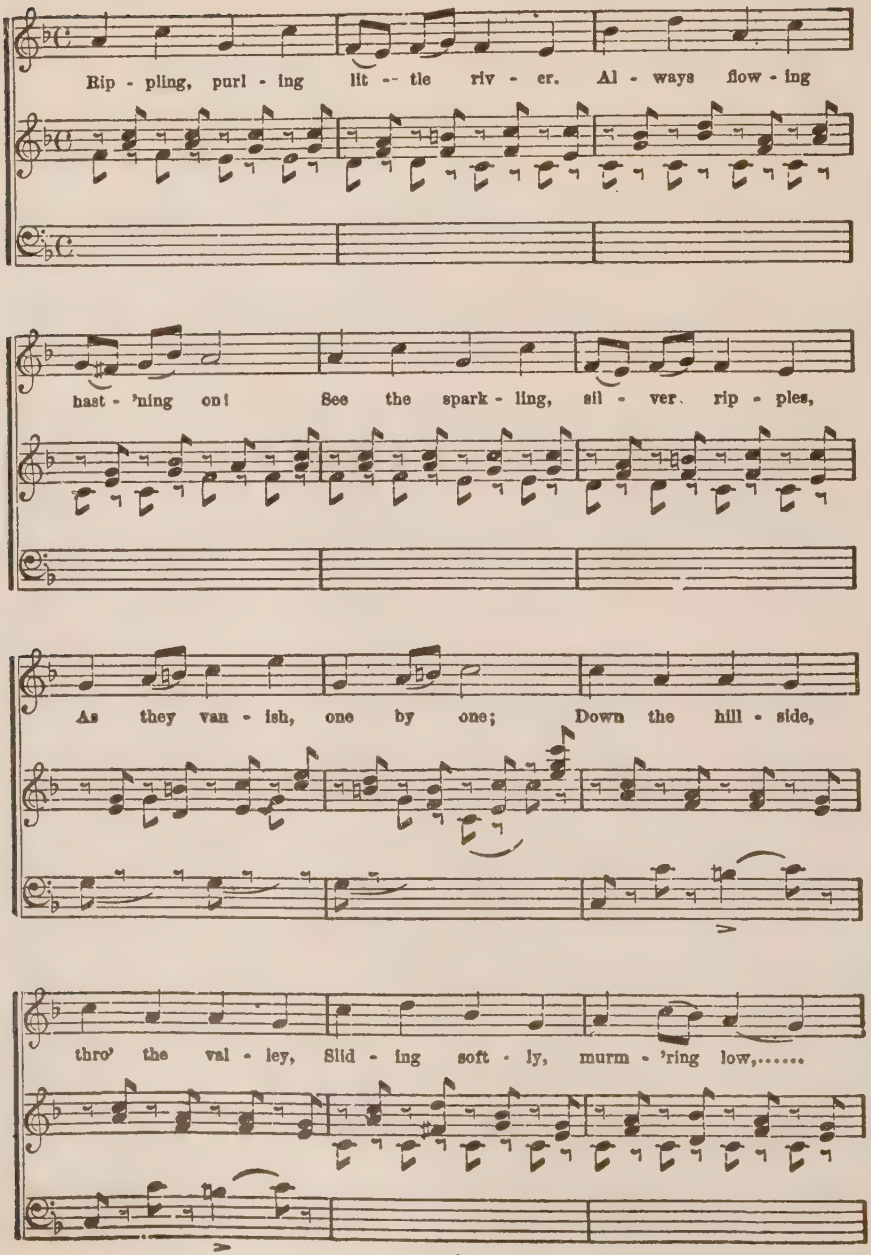
4.
For as we're flying—everywhere
We find a well-spread table.
Didirallala, &c.

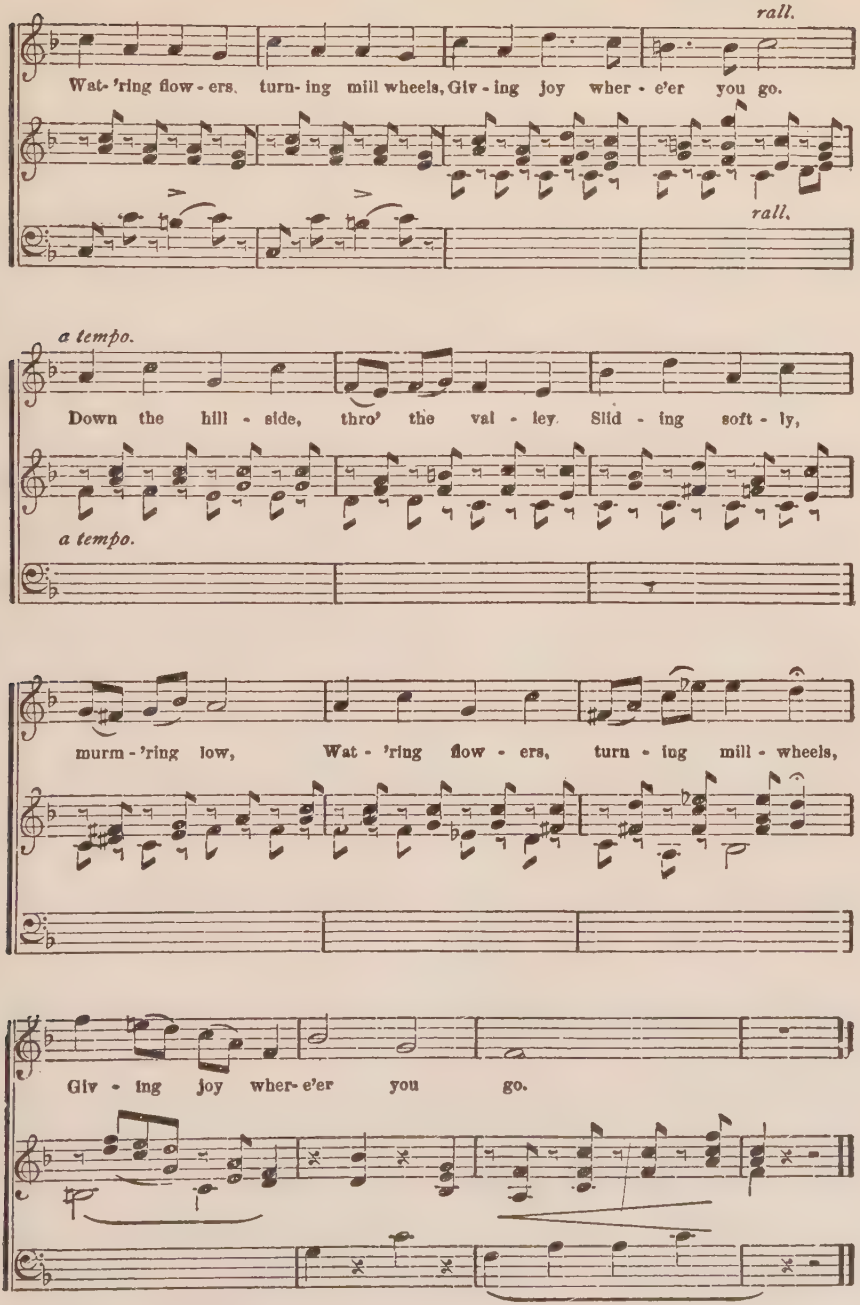
5.
And when our daily work is done,
We rest in cool green bowers;
Didirallala, &c.

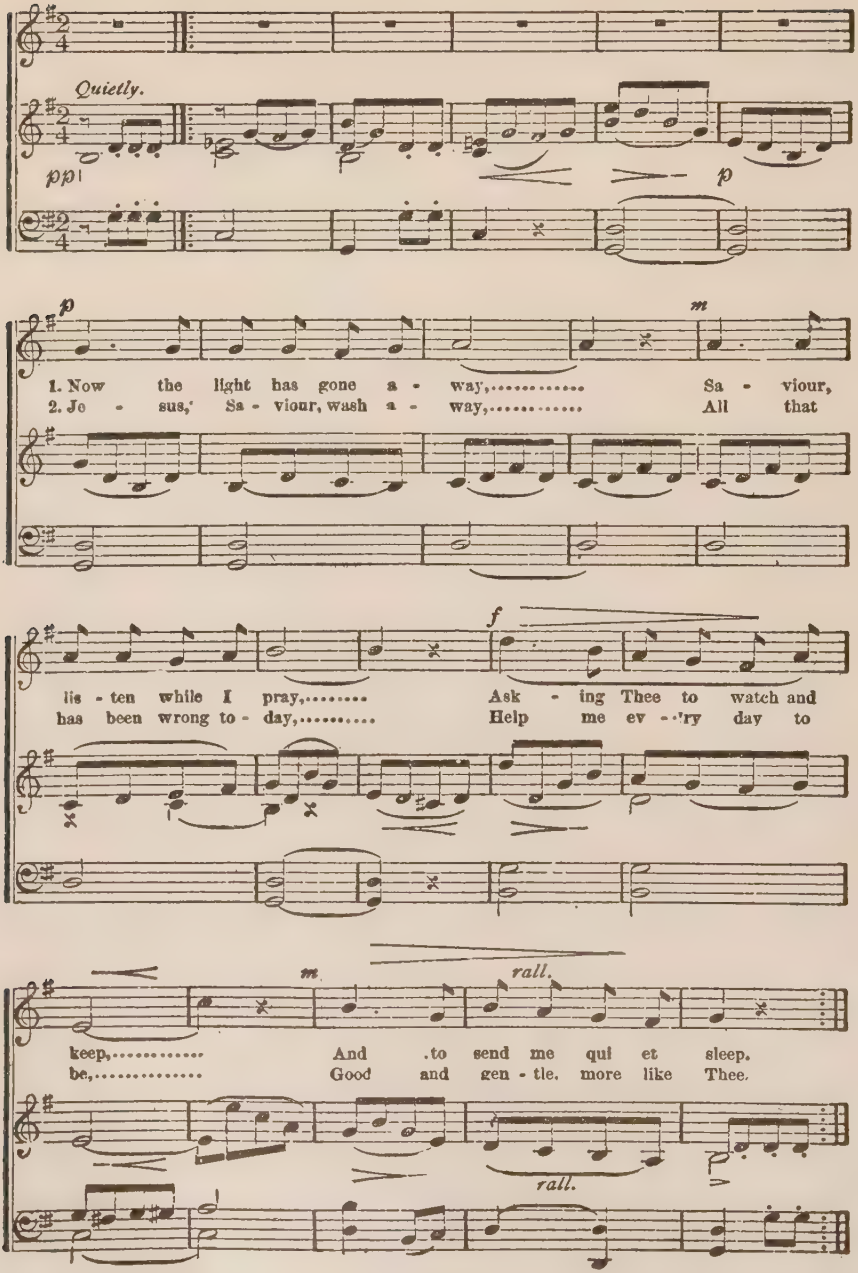
6.
We sleep in pence, and everyone
Dreams o'er our happy hours.
Didirallala, &c.

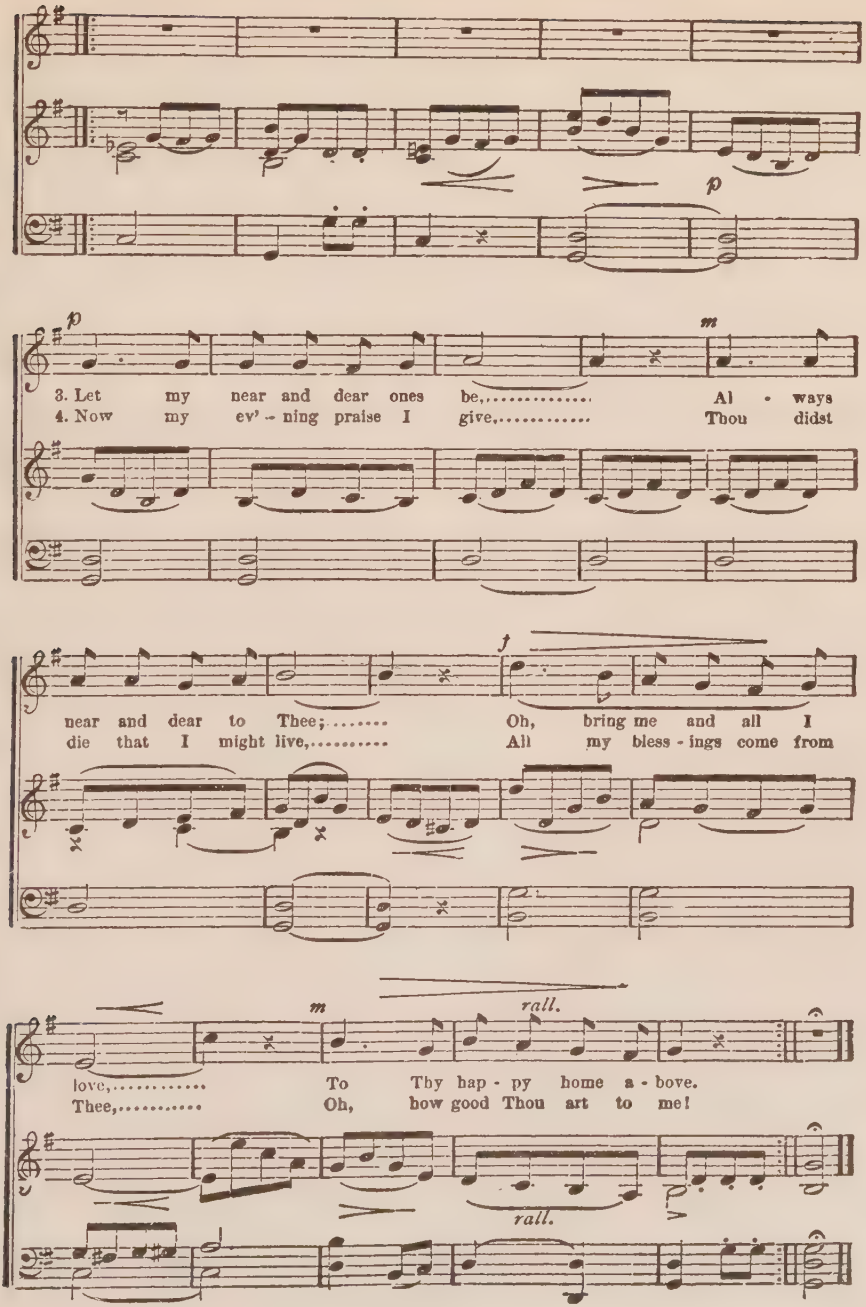
RIPPLING, PURLING LITTLE RIVER.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

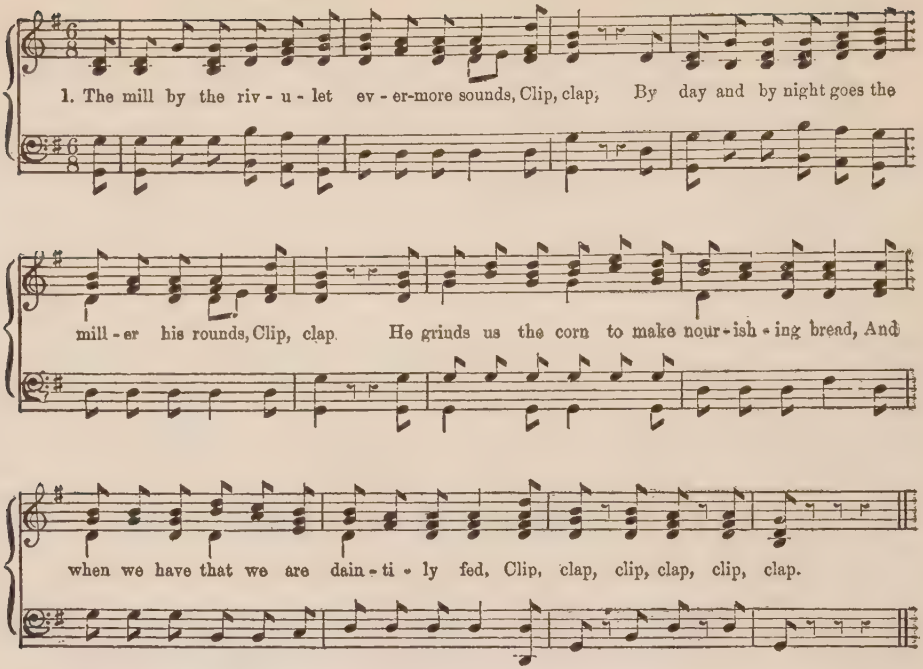

Rip - pling, purl - ing lit - tle riv - er. Al - ways flow - ing
hast - 'ning on! See the spark - ling, sil - ver rip - ples,
As they van - ish, one by one; Down the hill - side,
thro' the val - ley, Slid - ing soft - ly, murm - 'ring low,.....


rall.
Wat- 'ring flow - ers, turn- ing mill wheels, Giv - ing joy wher - e'er you go.
rall.
a tempo.
Down the hill - side, thro' the val - ley Slid - ing soft - ly,
a tempo.
murm - 'ring low, Wat - 'ring flow - ers, turn - ing mill - wheels,
Giv - ing joy wher- e'er you go.

EVENING PRAYER.

Quietly.
pp
p
p
m
1. Now the light has gone a - way,..... Sa - viour,
2. Je - sus,' Sa - viour, wash a - way,..... All that
f
lis - ten while I pray,..... Ask - ing Thee to watch and
has been wrong to - day,..... Help me ev - 'ry day to
m
rall.
keep,..... And .to send me qui et sleep.
be,..... Good and gen - tle, more like Thee.
rall.

EVENING PRAYER. Concluded.

p
m
3. Let my near and dear ones be,..... Al - ways
4. Now my ev' - ning praise I give,..... Thou didst
f
near and dear to Thee;..... Oh, bring me and all I
die that I might live,..... All my bless - ings come from
m
rall.
love,..... To Thy hap - py home a - bove.
Thee,..... Oh, how good Thou art to me!
rall.

THE MILL BY THE RIVULET.


1. The mill by the riv - u - let ev - er-more sounds, Clip, clap, By day and by night goes the
mill - er his rounds, Clip, clap. He grinds us the corn to make nour - ish - ing bread, And
when we have that we are dain - ti - ly fed, Clip, clap, clip, clap, clip, clap.

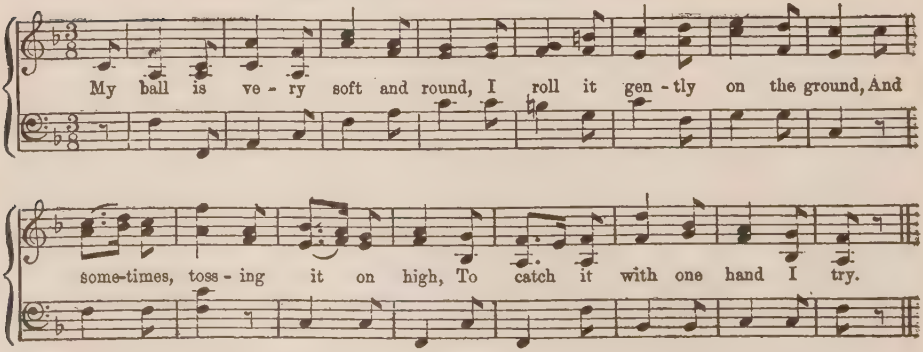
2.

The wheel quickly turns, and then round goes the stone,
Clip, clap,
And grinds up the corn which the farmer has sown,
Clip, clap,
The baker then bakes us fine biscuits and cake,
Oh, darling good baker, such nice things to make,
Clip, clap.

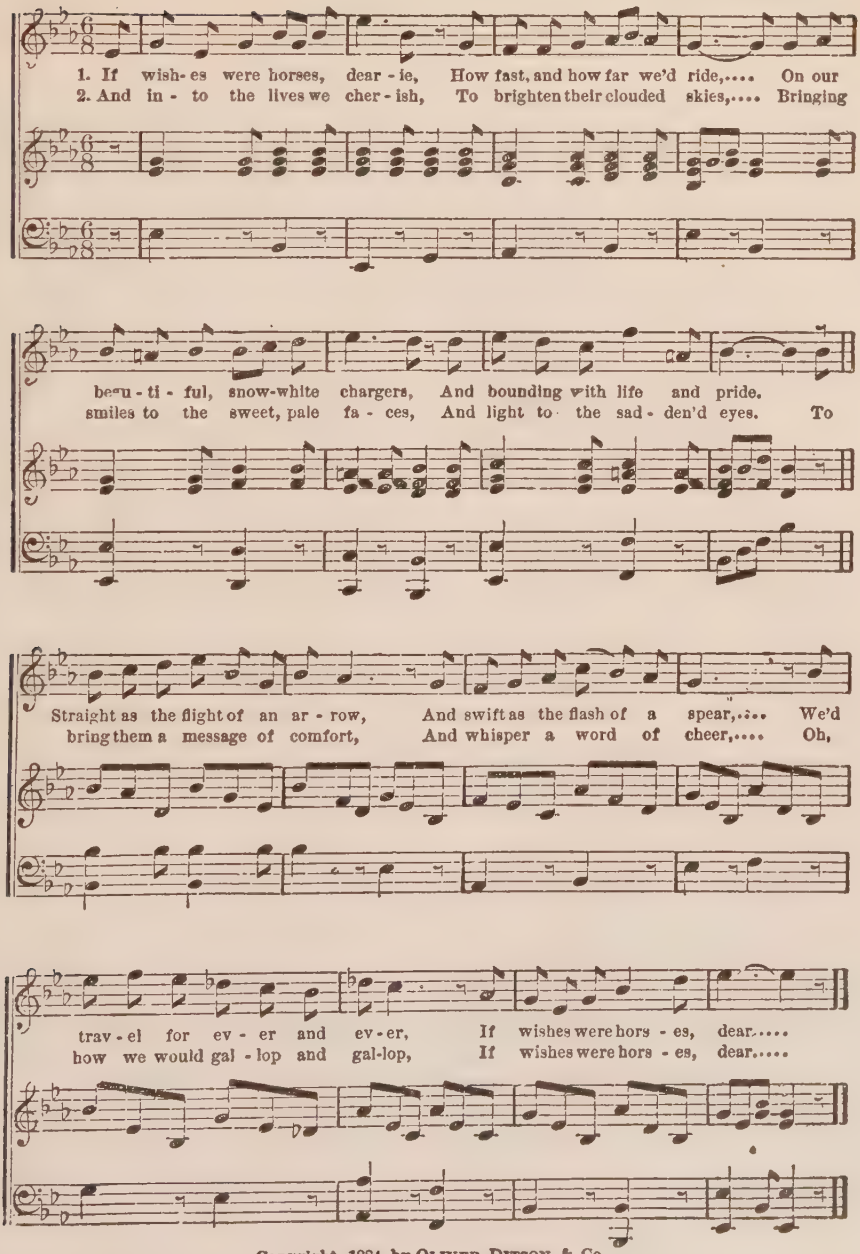
3.

And when the rich harvest is safely got in,
Clip, clap,
Then quickly the sounds of the mill-wheel begin,
Clip, clap,
And tell me, dear children, what more need ye want,
So long as good bread our kind Father will grant?
La, la.

MY BALL IS VERY SOFT.



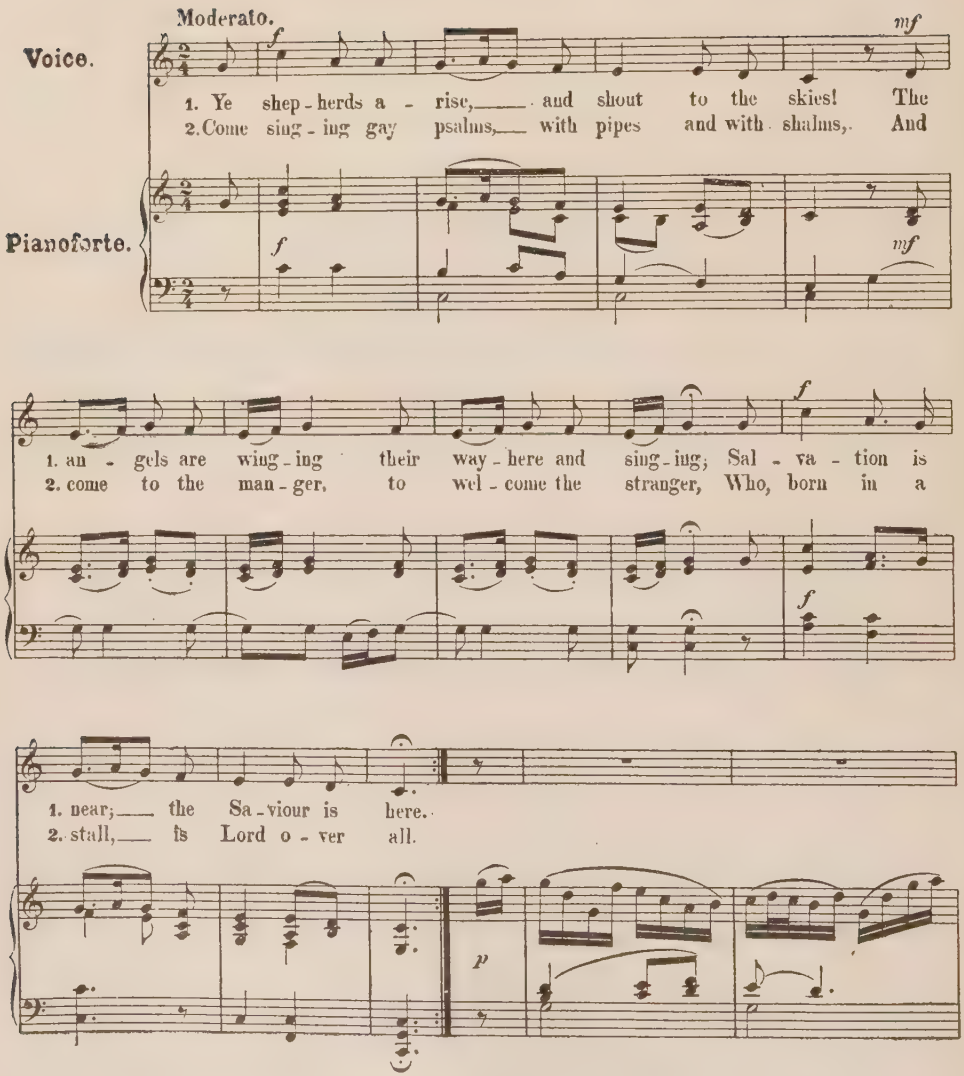
IF WISHES WERE HORSES.

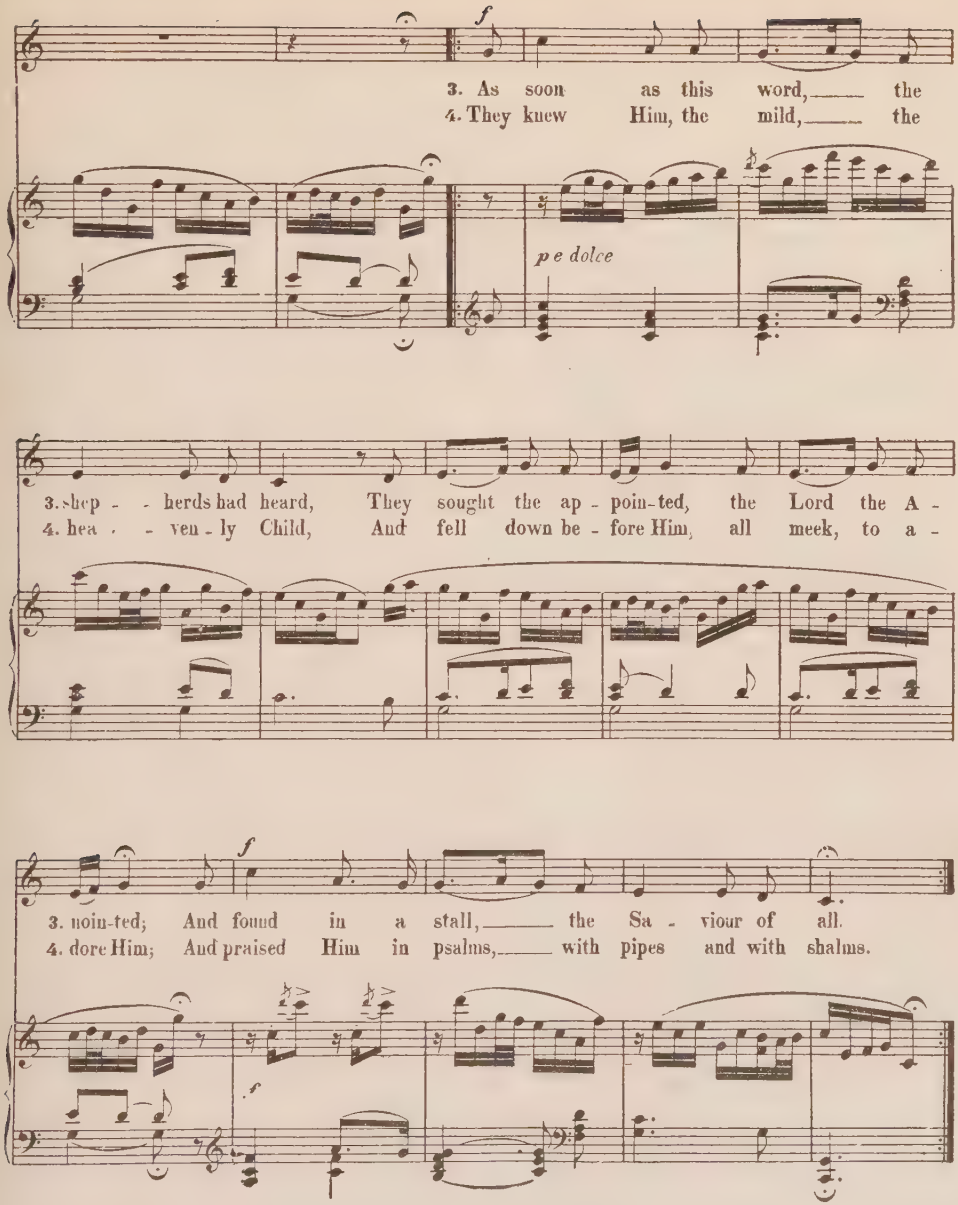
W. E. C. SEEBOECK.

1. If wish-es were horses, dear-ie, How fast, and how far we'd ride,.... On our
2. And in-to the lives we cher-ish, To brighten their clouded skies,.... Bringing
beau-ti-ful, snow-white chargers, And bounding with life and pride.
smiles to the sweet, pale fa-ces, And light to the sad-den'd eyes. To
Straight as the flight of an ar-row, And swift as the flash of a spear,.... We'd
bring them a message of comfort, And whisper a word of cheer,.... Oh,
trav-el for ev-er and ev-er, If wishes were hors-es, dear.....
how we would gal-lop and gal-lop, If wishes were hors-es, dear.....

Copyright, 1884, by OLIVER DITSON & Co.

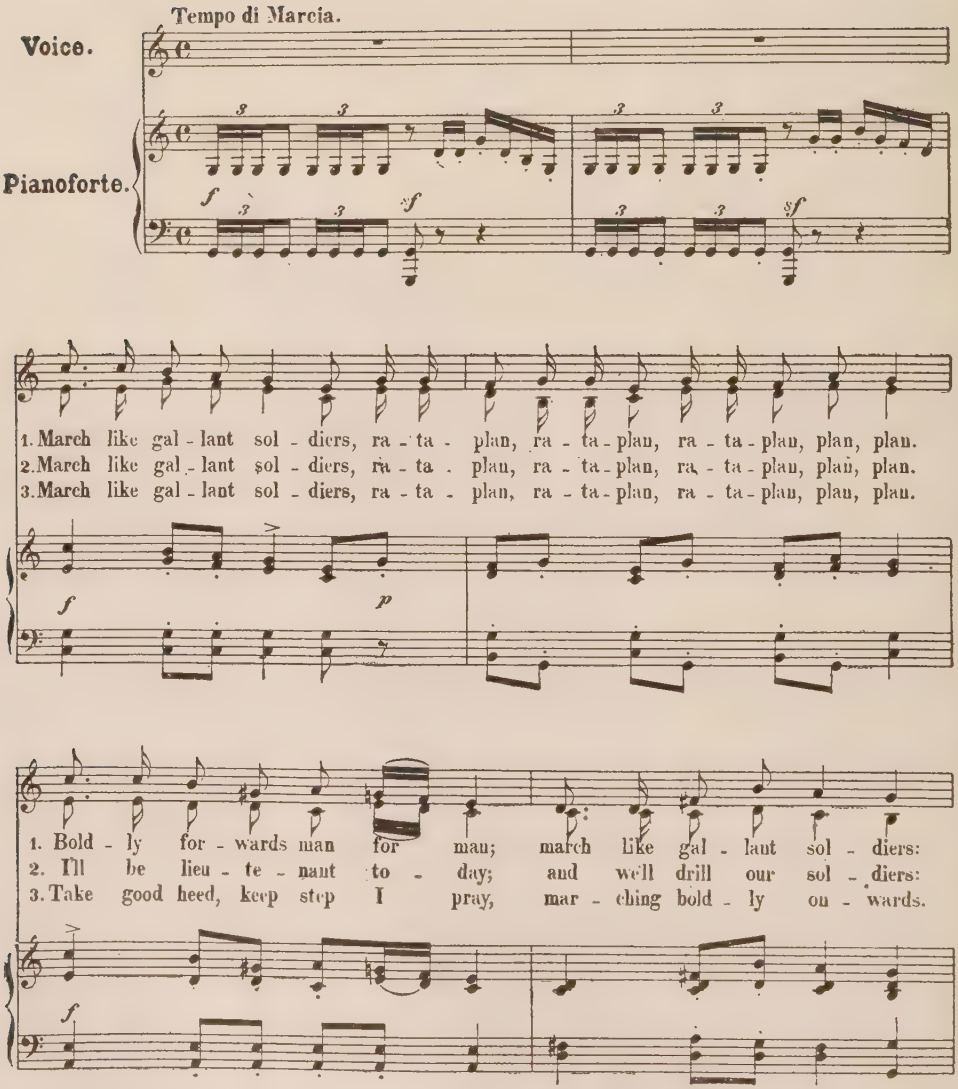
Christmas-song.

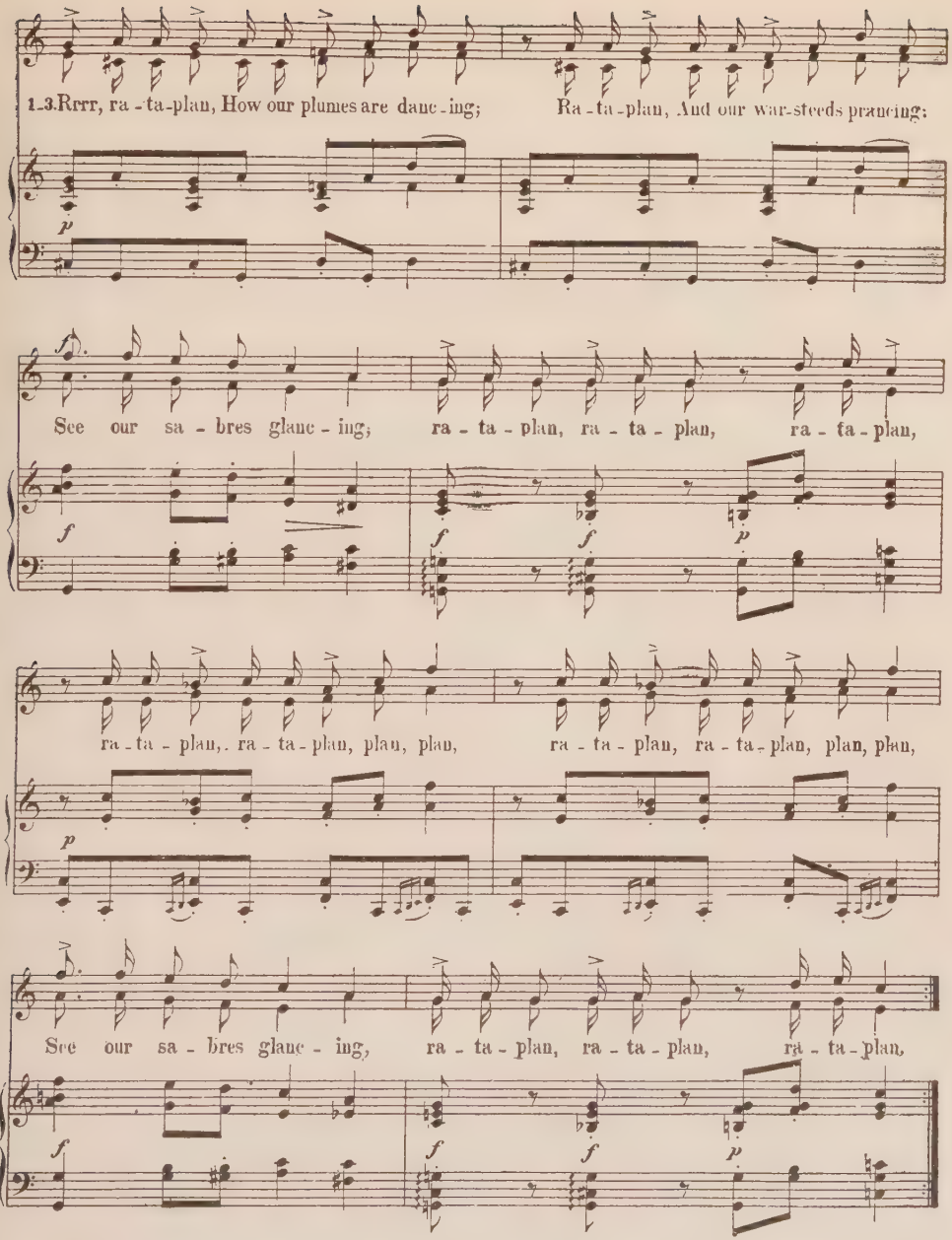
(Popular.)


Moderato.
Voice.
Pianoforte.
1. Ye shep - herds a - rise, and shout to the skies! The
2. Come sing - ing gay psalms, with pipes and with shalms, And
1. an - gels are wing - ing their way - here and sing - ing; Sal - va - tion is
2. come to the man - ger, to wel - come the stranger, Who, born in a
1. near; the Sa - viour is here.
2. stall, is Lord o - ver all.


3. As soon as this word, the
4. They knew Him, the mild, the
pe dolce
3. shep - - herds had heard, They sought the ap - poin-ted, the Lord the A -
4. hea - - ven - ly Child, And fell down be - fore Him, all meek, to a -
3. noin-ted; And found in a stall, the Sa - viour of all.
4. dore Him; And praised Him in psalms, with pipes and with shalms.

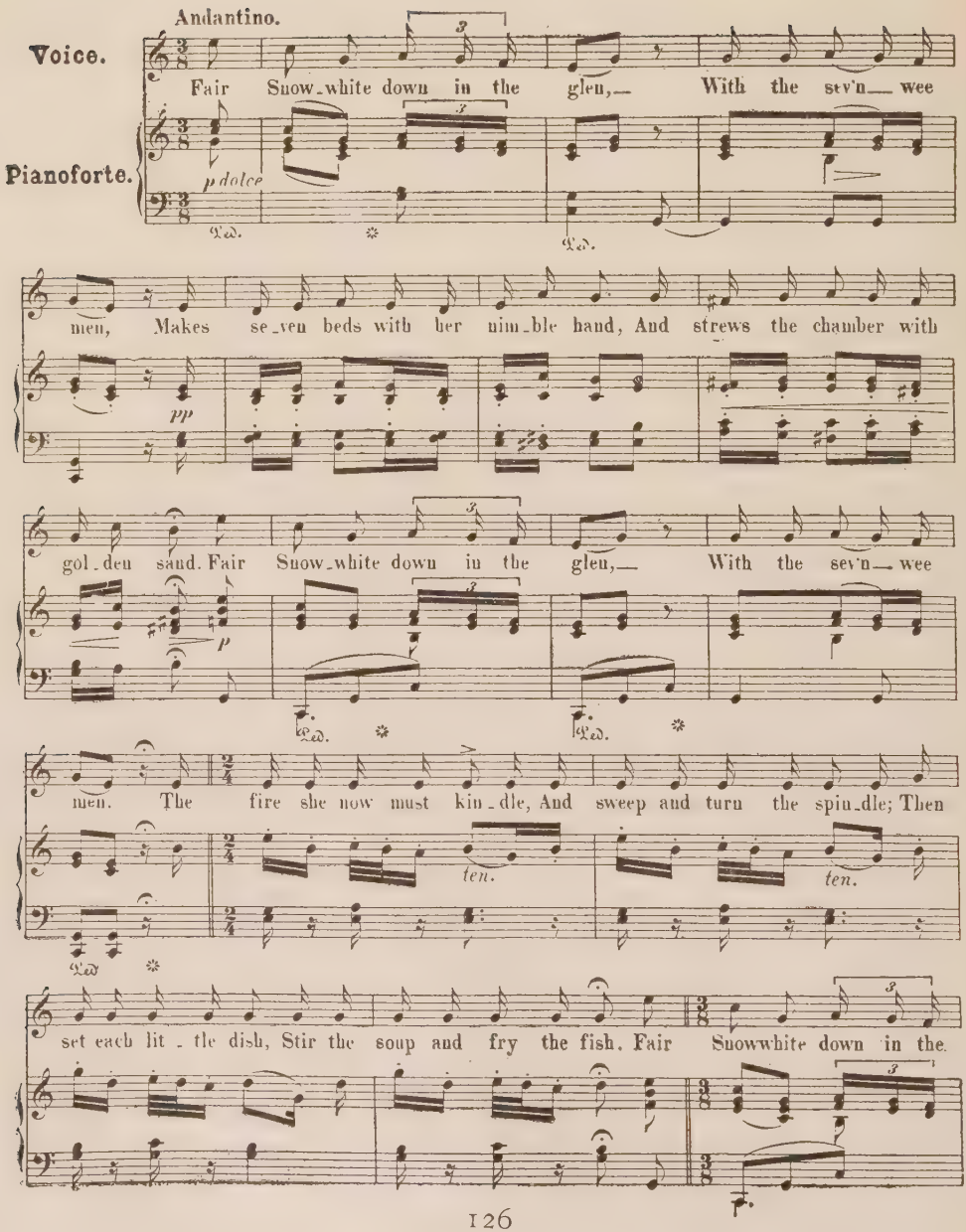
Rataplan.

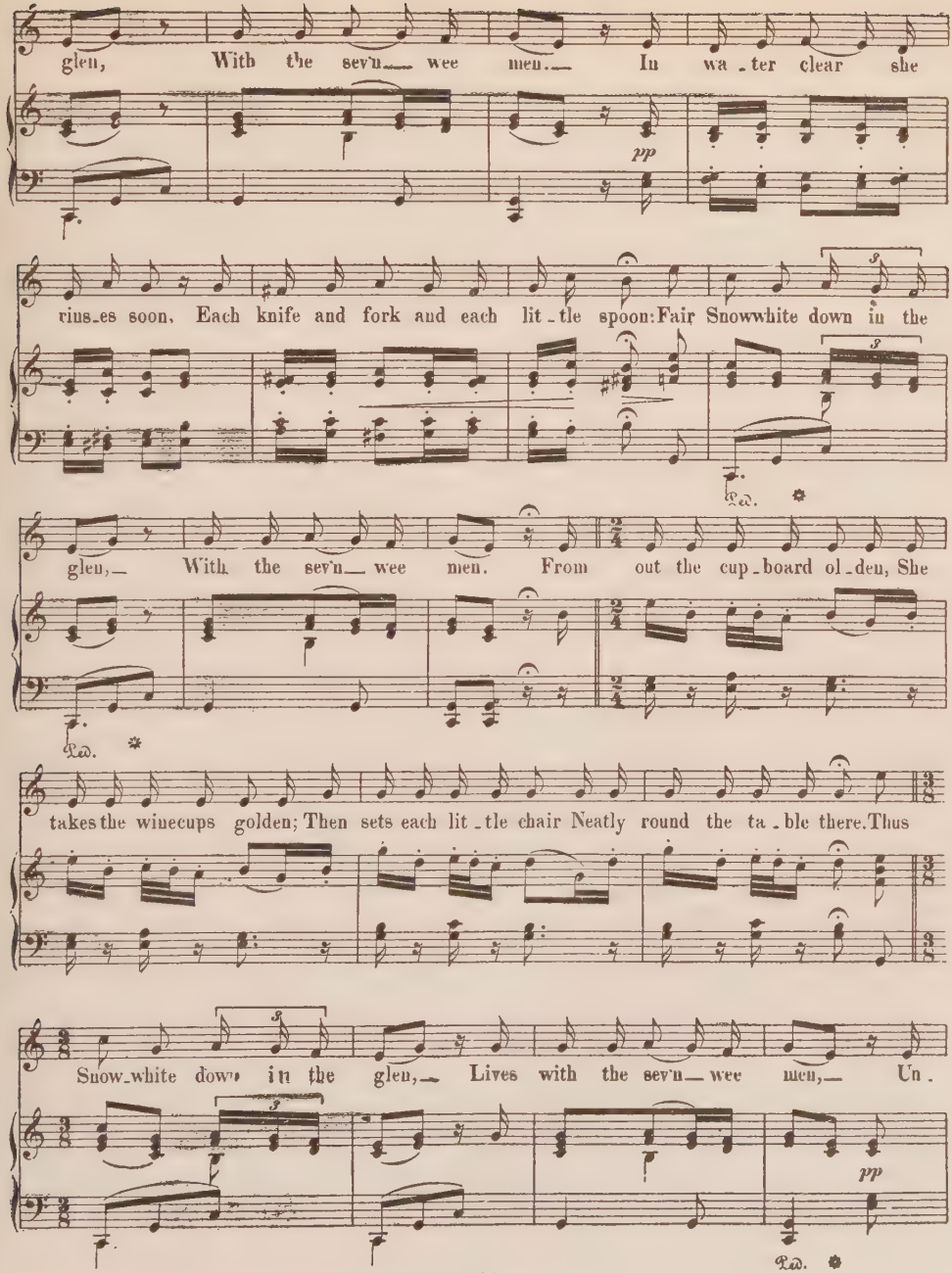

Tempo di Marcia.
Voice.
Pianoforte.
1. March like gal - lant sol - diers, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan.
2. March like gal - lant sol - diers, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan.
3. March like gal - lant sol - diers, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan.
1. Bold - ly for - wards man for man; march like gal - lant sol - diers:
2. I'll be lieu - te - nant to - day; and well drill our sol - diers:
3. Take good heed, keep step I pray, mar - ching bold - ly on - wards.

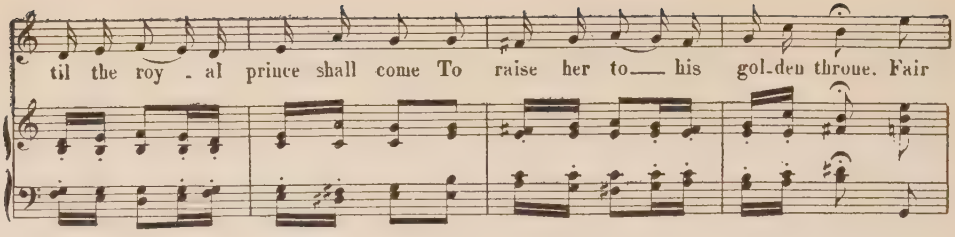
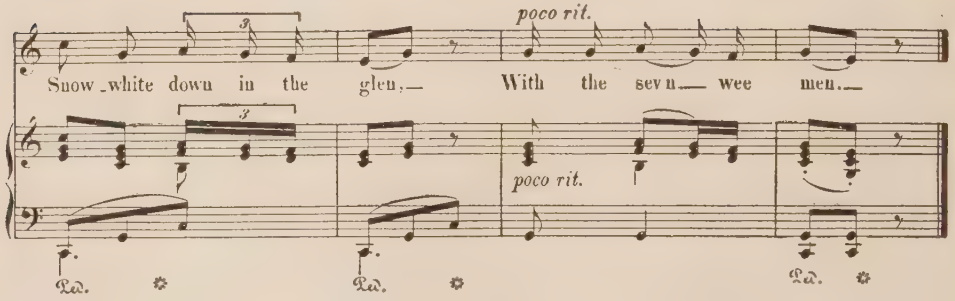

1.3.Rrrr, ra - ta-plan, How our plumes are danc - ing; Ra - ta - plan, And our war-steeds prancing;
See our sa - bres glanc - ing; ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan,
ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, plan, plan,
See our sa - bres glanc - ing, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan,

Snowwhite.

(Julius Sturm.)


Andantino.
Voice.
Pianoforte.
Fair Snow-white down in the glen,— With the sev'n— wee
p dolce
men, Makes se-ven beds with her nim-ble hand, And strews the chamber with
pp
gol-den sand. Fair Snow-white down in the glen,— With the sev'n— wee
p
men. The fire she now must kin-dle, And sweep and turn the spin-dle; Then
ten.
ten.
set each lit-tle dish, Stir the soup and fry the fish. Fair Snowwhite down in the.

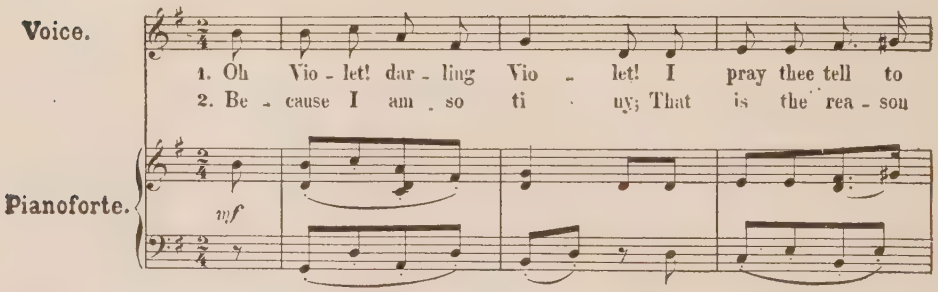
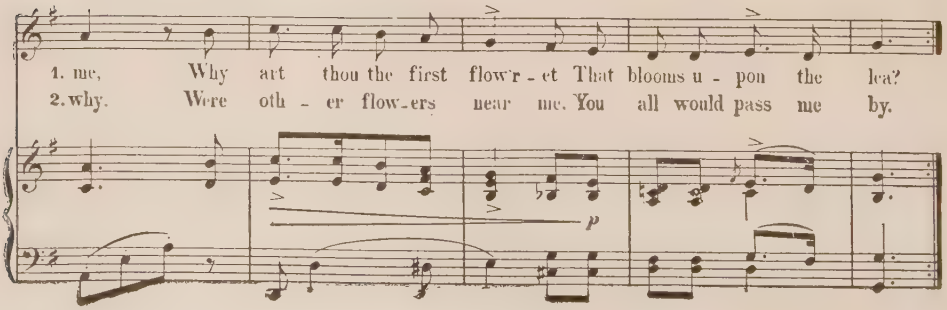

glen, With the sev'n wee men. In wa - ter clear she
pp
rius-es soon, Each knife and fork and each lit - tle spoon: Fair Snowwhite down in the
Ped. *
glen, With the sev'n wee men. From out the cup-board ol-den, She
Ped. *
takes the winecups golden; Then sets each lit - tle chair Neatly round the ta - ble there. Thus
Snow-white down in the glen, Lives with the sev'n wee men, Un.
pp
Ped. *



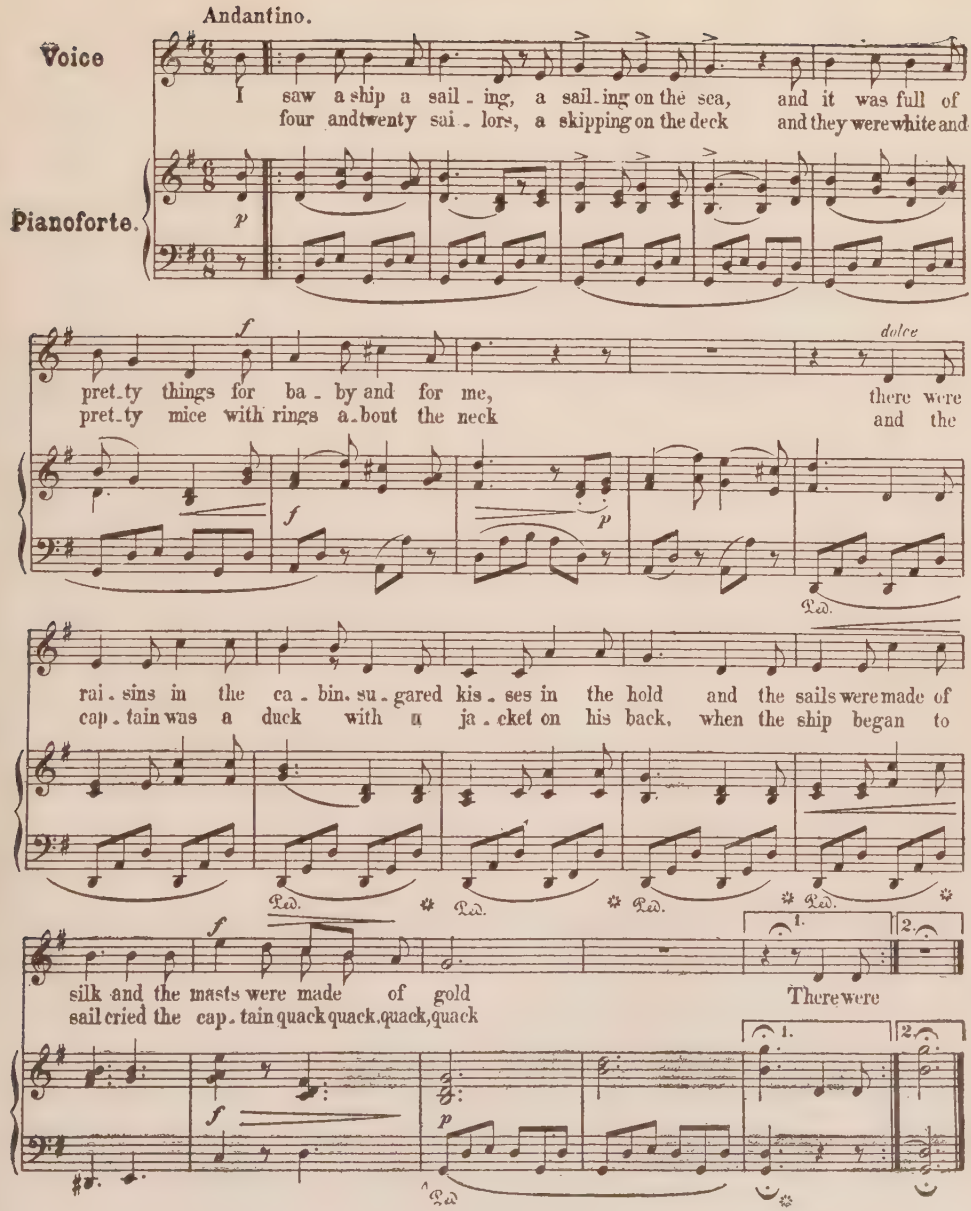
The Violet.

(Adolf Schults.)

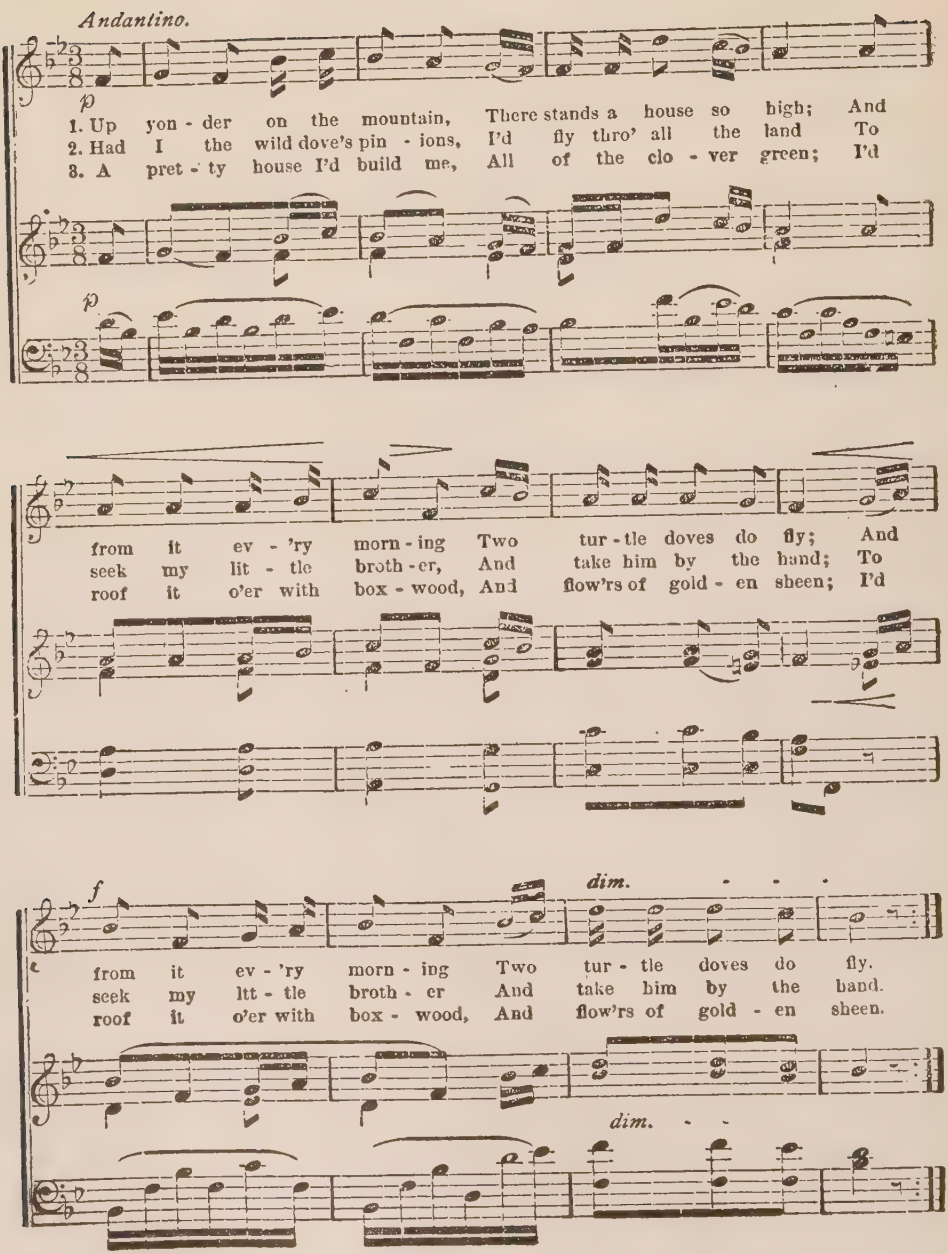
Allegretto.



Barcarole.


Andantino.
Voice
I saw a ship a sail-ing, a sail-ing on the sea, and it was full of
four and twenty sai-lors, a skipping on the deck and they were white and
Pianoforte.
p
f
dolce
pret-ty things for ba-by and for me, there were
pret-ty mice with rings a-bout the neck and the
f
p
Ped.
rai-sins in the ca-bin. su-gared kis-ses in the hold and the sails were made of
cap-tain was a duck with a ja-cket on his back, when the ship began to
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
f
1.
2.
silk and the masts were made of gold
sail cried the cap-tain quack quack, quack, quack
There were
1.
2.
f
p
Ped

UP YONDER MOUNTAIN.

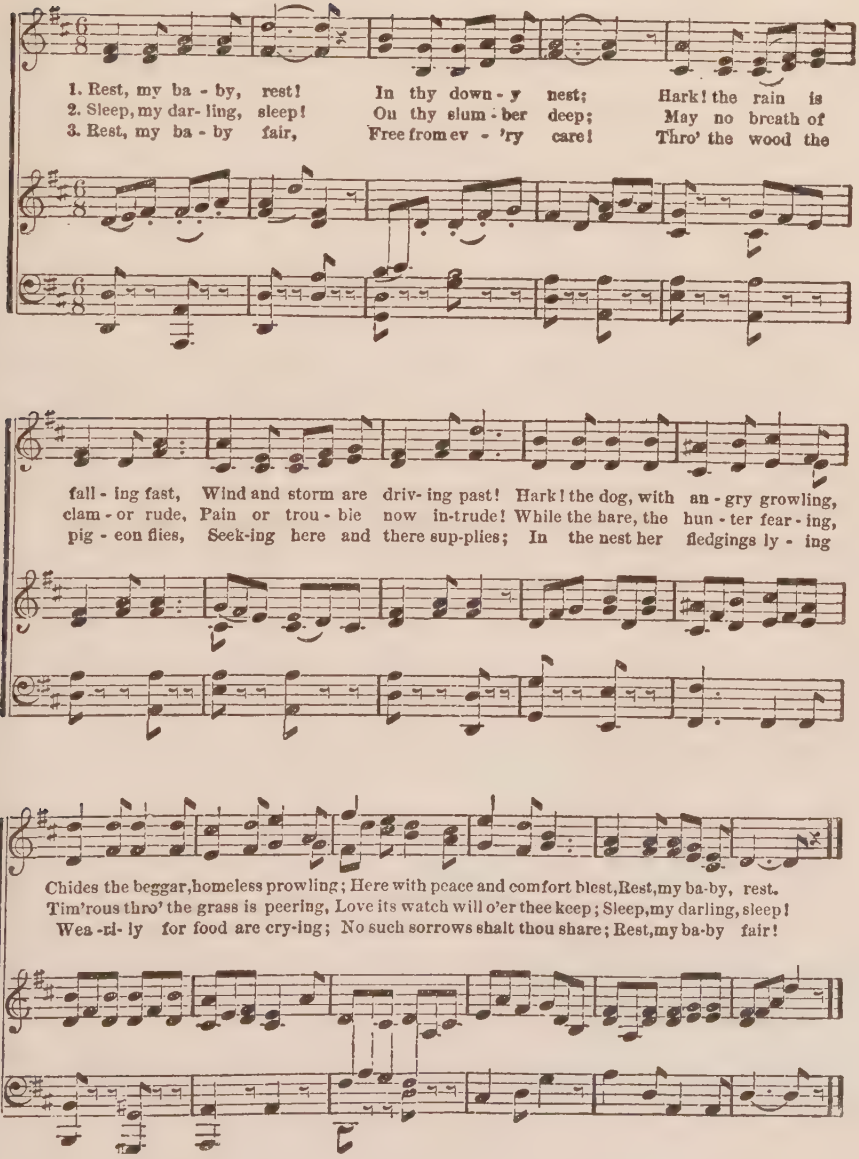

Andantino.
p
1. Up yon - der on the mountain, There stands a house so high; And
2. Had I the wild dove's pin - ions, I'd fly thro' all the land To
3. A pret - ty house I'd build me, All of the clo - ver green; I'd
from it ev - 'ry morn - ing Two tur - tle doves do fly; And
seek my lit - tle broth - er, And take him by the hand; To
roof it o'er with box - wood, And flow'rs of gold - en sheen; I'd
f
dim.
from it ev - 'ry morn - ing Two tur - tle doves do fly.
seek my ltt - tle broth - er And take him by the hand.
roof it o'er with box - wood, And flow'rs of gold - en sheen.
dim.

LULLABY.

TWO-PART SONG.

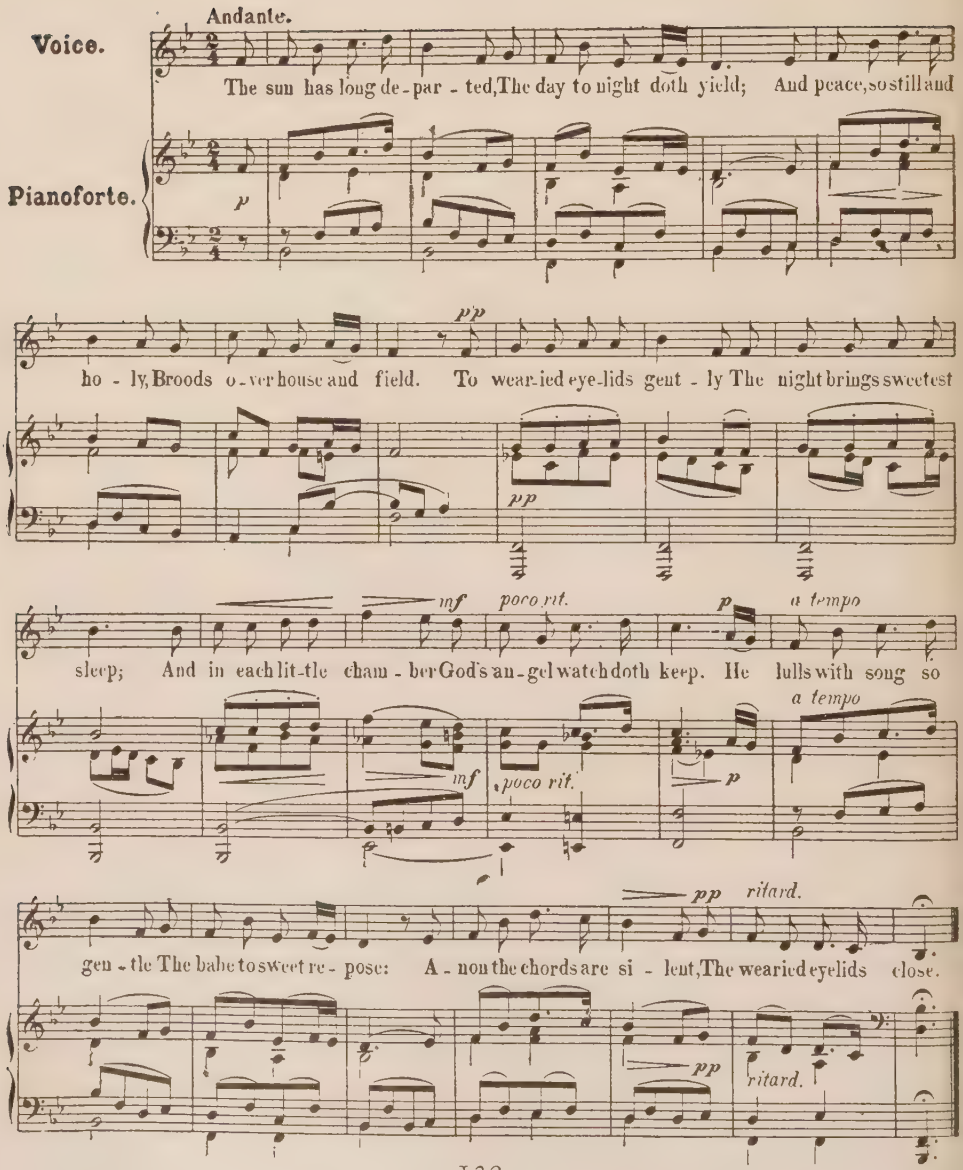
Words by A. J. FOXWELL.

TAUBERT.
Arranged by W. C. E.


1. Rest, my ba - by, rest! In thy down - y nest; Hark! the rain is
2. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep! On thy slum - ber deep; May no breath of
3. Rest, my ba - by fair, Free from ev - 'ry care! Thro' the wood the
fall - ing fast, Wind and storm are driv - ing past! Hark! the dog, with an - gry growling,
clam - or rude, Pain or trou - ble now in-trude! While the hare, the hun - ter fear - ing,
pig - eon flies, Seek-ing here and there sup-plies; In the nest her fledgings ly - ing
Chides the beggar, homeless prowling; Here with peace and comfort blest, Rest, my ba-by, rest.
Tim'rous thro' the grass is peering, Love its watch will o'er thee keep; Sleep, my darling, sleep!
Wea - ri - ly for food are cry-ing; No such sorrows shalt thou share; Rest, my ba-by fair!

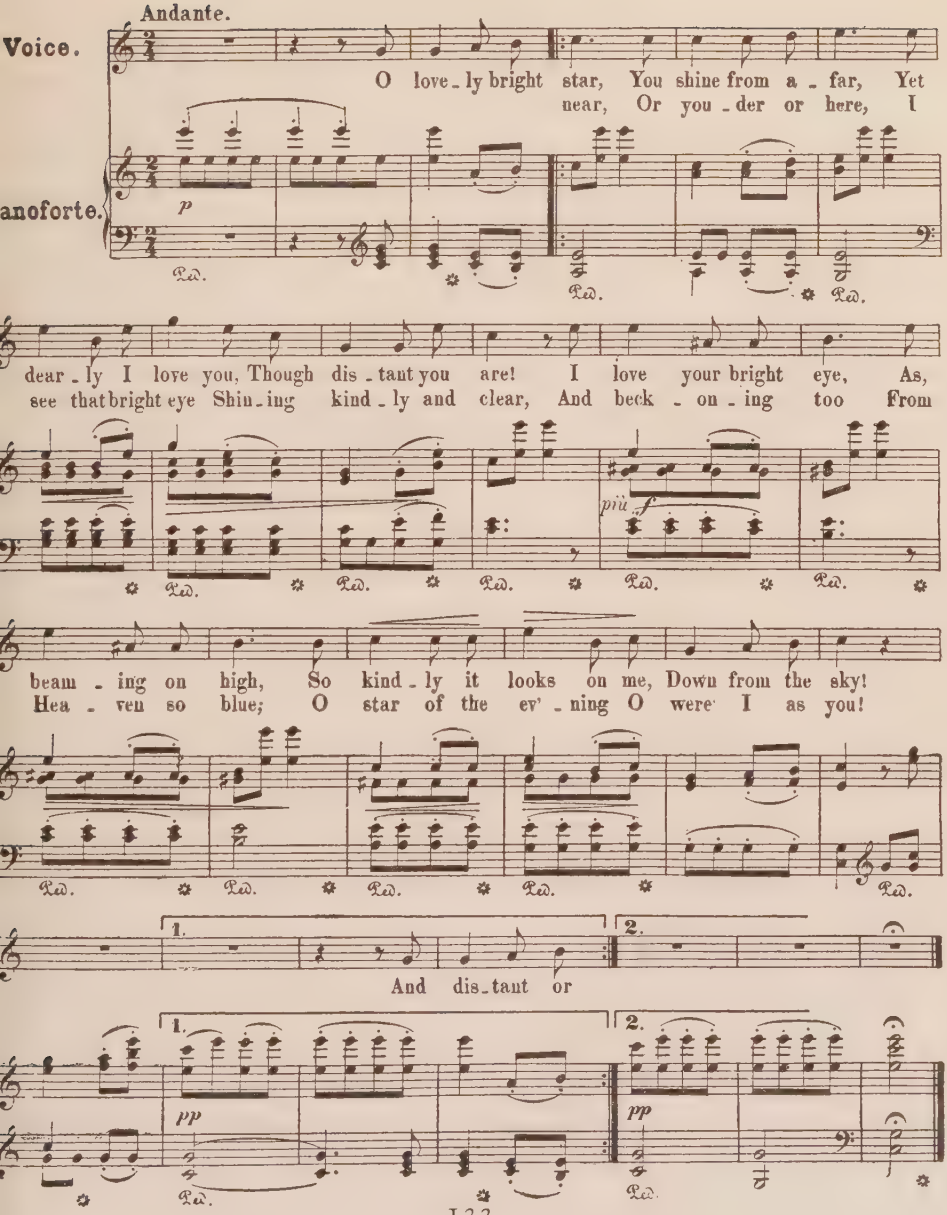
Peace of night.

(G. Scherer.)

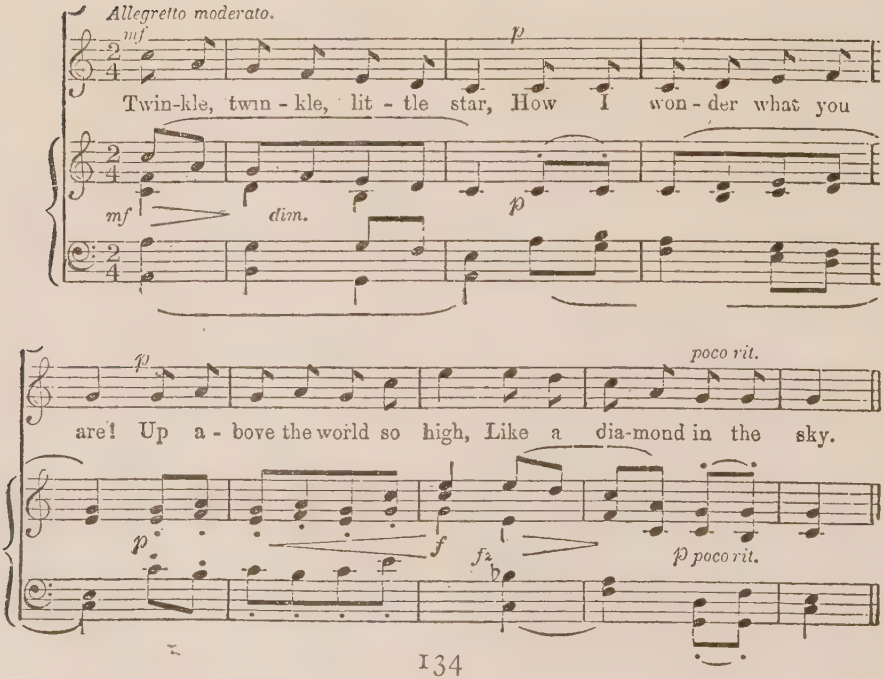


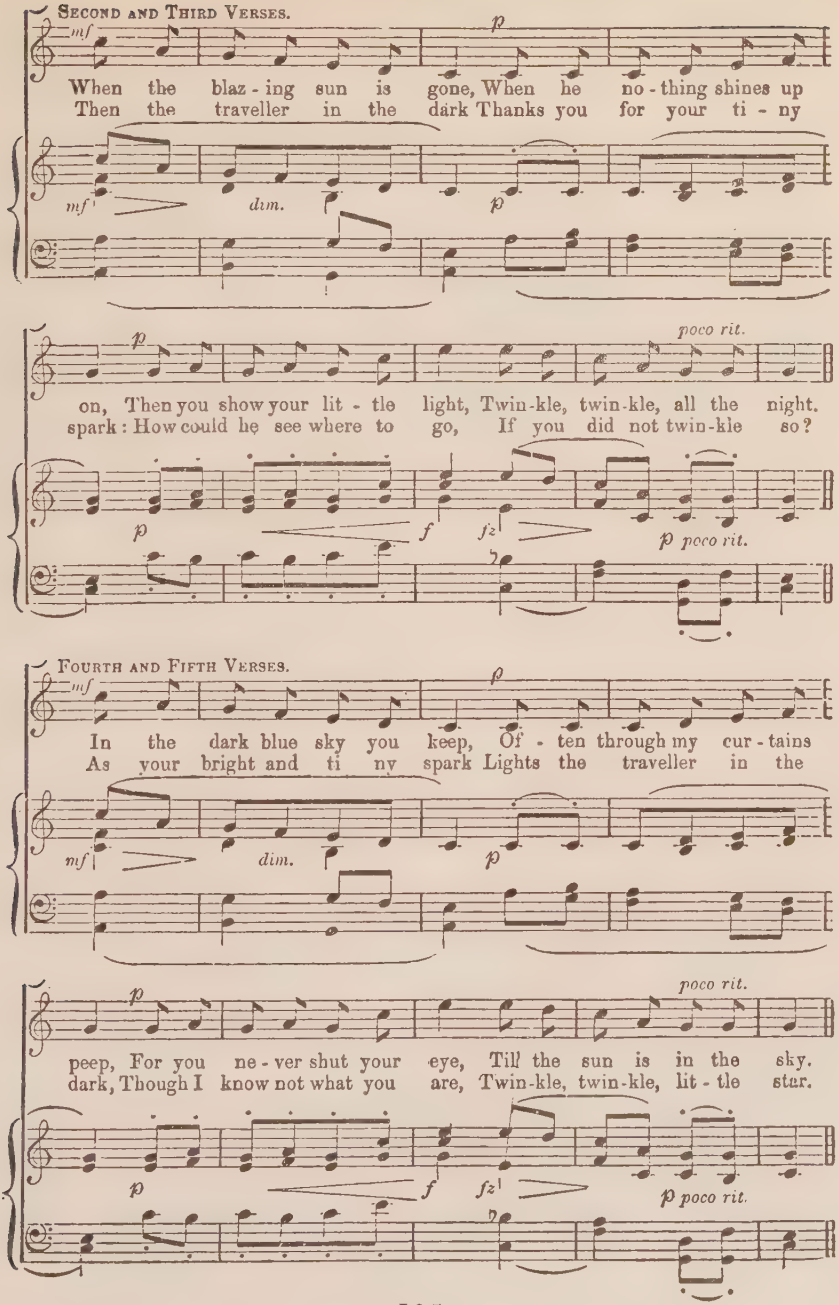
The Evening Star.

(Hofmann von Fallersleben.)

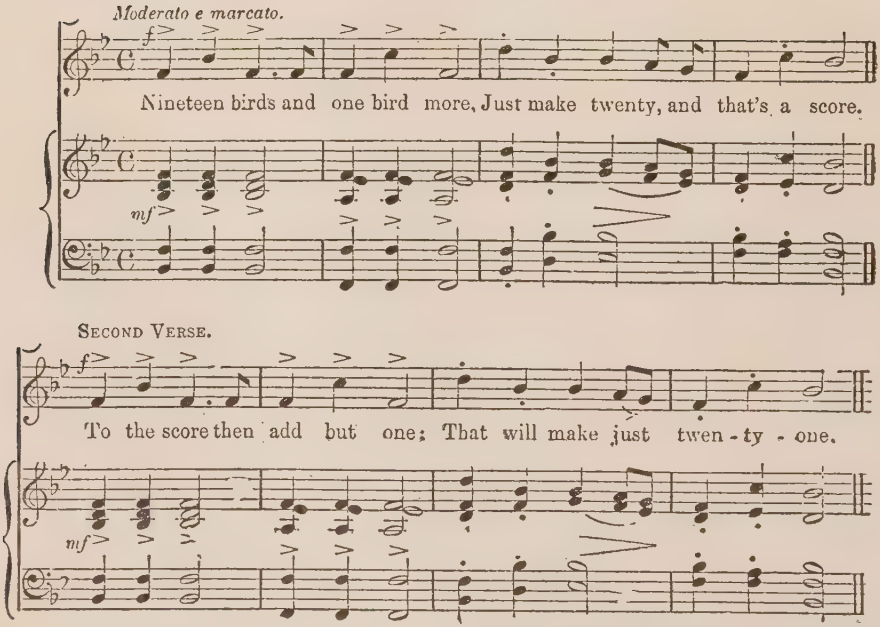

Andante.
Voice.
O love-ly bright star, You shine from a-far, Yet
near, Or you-der or here, I
anoforte.
p
Ped.
dear-ly I love you, Though dis-tant you are! I love your bright eye, As,
see that bright eye Shin-ing kind-ly and clear, And beck-on-ing too From
più f
beam-ing on high, So kind-ly it looks on me, Down from the sky!
Hea-ven so blue; O star of the ev'-ning O were I as you!
1.
2.
And dis-tant or
pp

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.




Second and Third Verses.
When the blaz - ing sun is gone, When he no - thing shines up
Then the traveller in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny
dim.
poco rit.
on, Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night.
spark: How could he see where to go, If you did not twin-kle so?
Fourth and Fifth Verses.
In the dark blue sky you keep, Of - ten through my cur - tains
As your bright and ti ny spark Lights the traveller in the
dim.
poco rit.
peep, For you ne - ver shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.
dark, Though I know not what you are, Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star.

Nineteen Birds,



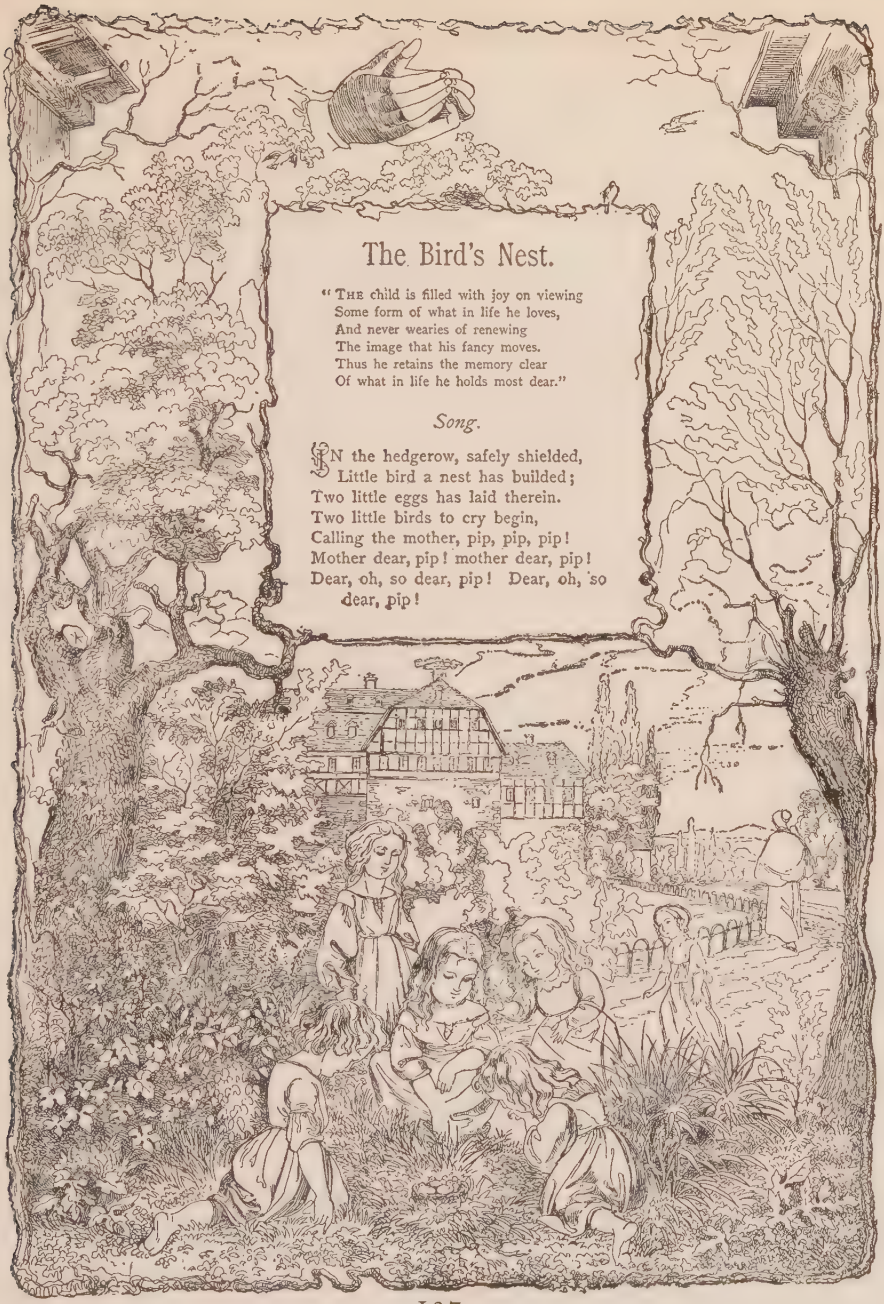
SECOND VERSE.

3. Now add two, and you will see
You have made up twenty-three.

4. If you like these clever tricks,
Add three more for twenty-six.

5. Then three more, if you have time;
Now you've got to twenty-nine.

6. Twenty-nine now quickly take—
Add one more and Thirty make.



The Bird's Nest.

"The child is filled with joy on viewing
Some form of what in life he loves,
And never wearies of renewing
The image that his fancy moves.
Thus he retains the memory clear
Of what in life he holds most dear."

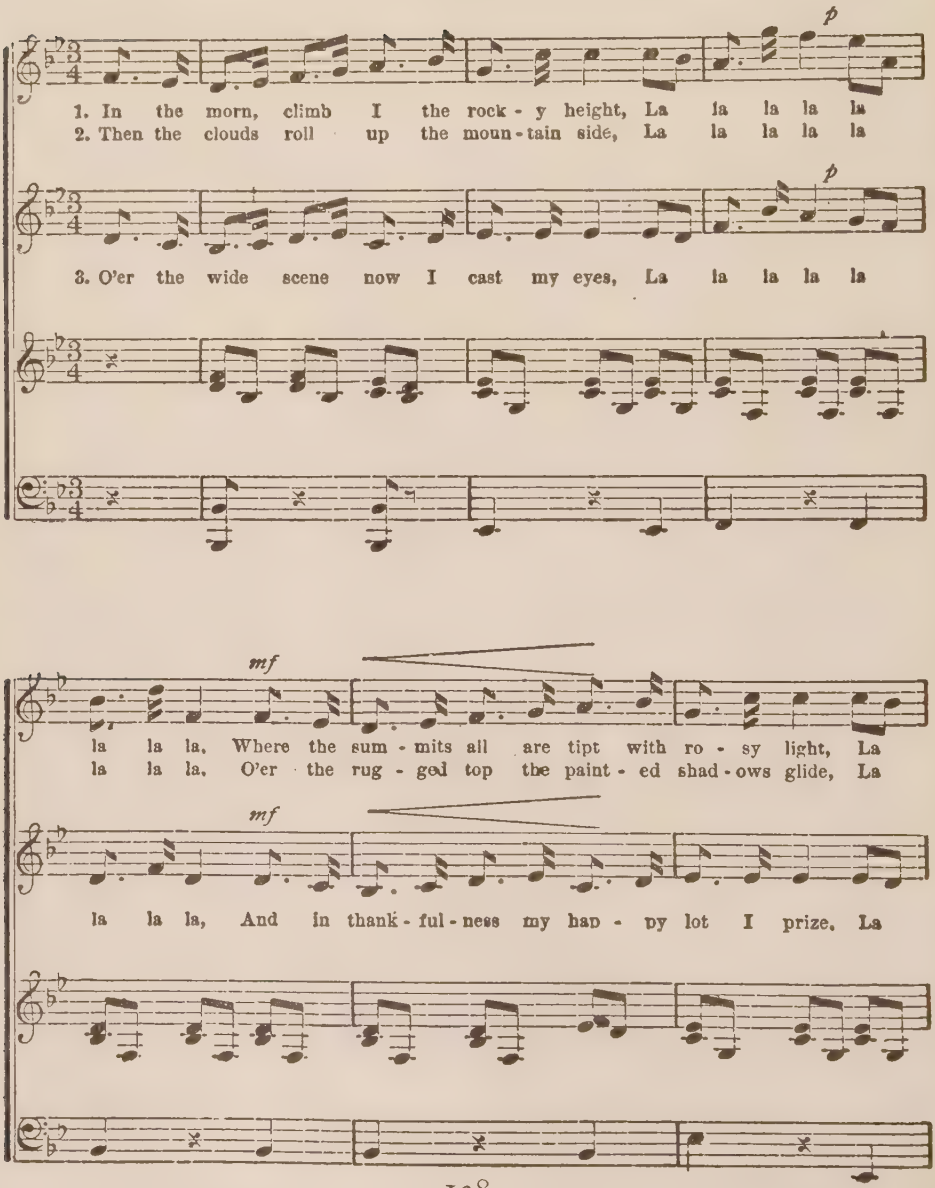
Song.

IN the hedgerow, safely shielded,
Little bird a nest has builded;
Two little eggs has laid therein.
Two little birds to cry begin,
Calling the mother, pip, pip, pip!
Mother dear, pip! mother dear, pip!
Dear, oh, so dear, pip! Dear, oh, so
dear, pip!

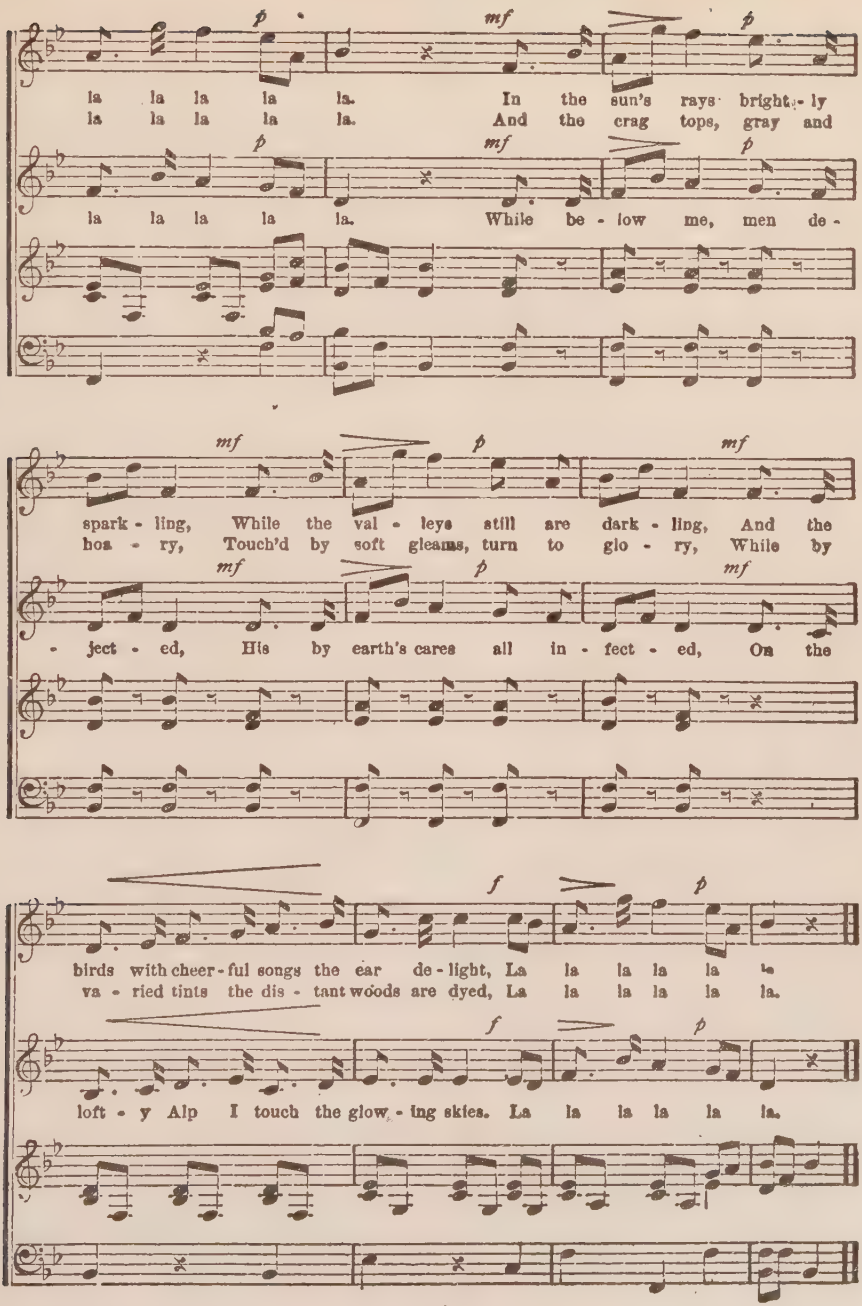
STYRIAN SONG.

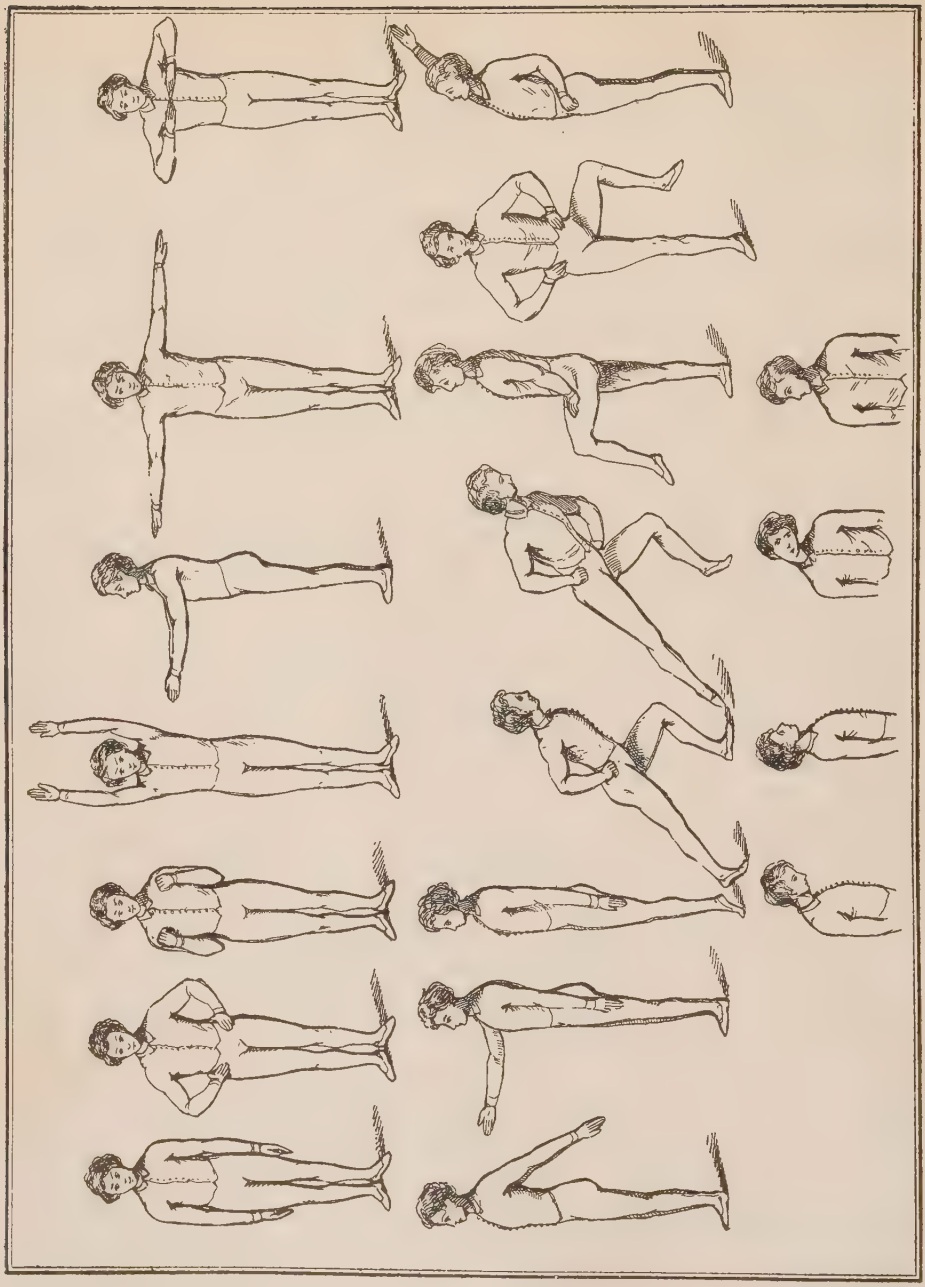
TWO-PART SONG.

Words by A. J. FOXWELL. Arranged by W. C. E.


p
1. In the morn, climb I the rock - y height, La la la la la
2. Then the clouds roll up the moun - tain side, La la la la la
p
3. O'er the wide scene now I cast my eyes, La la la la la
mf
la la la, Where the sum - mits all are tipt with ro - sy light, La
la la la, O'er the rug - ged top the paint - ed shad - ows glide, La
mf
la la la, And in thank - ful - ness my hap - py lot I prize, La

STYRIAN SONG. Concluded.


la la la la la. In the sun's rays bright - ly
la la la la la. And the crag tops, gray and
la la la la la. While be - low me, men de -
spark - ling, While the val - leys still are dark - ling, And the
hoa - ry, Touch'd by soft gleams, turn to glo - ry, While by
- ject - ed, His by earth's cares all in - fect - ed, On the
birds with cheer - ful songs the ear de - light, La la la la la la
va - ried tints the dis - tant woods are dyed, La la la la la la.
loft - y Alp I touch the glow - ing skies. La la la la la la.



OPENING SONG FOR SCHOOL.

TUNE.—"*What a Friend We Have in Jesus.*"

Here we gather every morning,
In this place to us so dear;
To the fount of knowledge coming;
We will gladly hasten here.
Happy school-room, happy school-room,
Here we meet with friends so true;
Here we walk in wisdom's footsteps,
Daily learning something new.

But our school-days now are fleeting,
Like the by-gone days of yore;
Soon these happy words of greeting,
Will be sung by us no more;
We'll remember, we'll remember,
Those with whom we often meet;
And we hope again to see them,
In a home of love complete.

There we hope to stand with loved ones,
On that bright celestial shore;
There to sing sweet songs of worship,
And be parted nevermore;
Happy home, our home in heaven,
In that city bright and fair;
There we'll join the heavenly chorus,
With our loved ones over there.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

TUNE.—"*Lightly Row.*"

Christmas bells! Christmas bells,
How their merry music swells,
Loud they ring, loud they ring!
Santa-Claus a welcome bring.
See his sleigh, how packed with toys,
Dolls for girls, and drums for boys.
Bells ring clear, bells ring clear,
Santa-Claus is here.

Christmas tree! Christmas tree,
Ready now for you and me,
Full of toys, full of toys,
Gifts for girls and boys,
Something here for every one,
Homeward now, his work all done.
Hear him cry, hear him cry,
Little folks "Good-by."

WHEN SCHOOL IS OUT.

TUNE.—"*When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again.*"

When school is out, the children sing
Hurrah! hurrah!
How sweet their happy voices ring,
Hurrah! hurrah!
The girls all sing, the boys all shout,
And laugh and play for school is out.
And they hop and skip
As they go singing home,
And they hop and skip
As they go singing home.

How happy every lad and lass,
Hurrah! hurrah!
As home from school they gaily pass,
Hurrah! hurrah!

Their work is over, now for play,
They love a long, glad holiday,
So they laugh "Ha, ha,"
And all go singing home.
So they laugh, "Ha, ha,"
And all go singing home.

THE SEASONS.

TUNE—"*Prithee, Pretty Maiden.*" *From "Patience."*

Summer days are coming
Happy children we:
Bees are humming
Busy and free.
Pleasant winds are blowing
All the summer day,
Just like children
Loving their play.
Summer days are coming,
Busy bees are humming,
Breezes are playing,
So are we.

Autumn days are coming,
Pleasant are the hours:
Bright leaves glowing,
Lovely as flowers.
Maple, oak and willow
Stand in colors gay,
Greeting the children
Dressed for holiday.
Maple, oak and willow,
Red, and brown and yellow,
Bright leaves are glowing
Everywhere.

Winter days are coming,
Merry children we:
Jack Frost is roaming,
Busy is he.
Ice and snow all round us,
Sleigh-bells ringing clear,
Jack Frost has found us,
Meet him with a cheer.
While the bells are ringing
Let him find us singing,
Sweet music winging
Through the air.

SONG FOR SCHOOL.

TUNE.—"*Hold the Fort.*"

Oh, the flag of our own country,
Let it wave on high:
May the stars and stripes ne'er perish
And no foe come nigh.

CHORUS.—Floating o'er the heads of freemen,
May it wave above:
O'er the homes we prize so dearly,
And the land we love.

Once it waved in time of bloodshed,
O'er the battle plain:
Now above a land united,
Free from slavery's stain.
[CHORUS.]

May we ever love its colors,
Red and white and blue:
May we one and all prove faithful,
Faithful, kind and true. [CHORUS.]

SYLVIA MANNING.

RAIN AND SNOW.

TUNE.—"*Oh, See the Farmer in His Field!*"

O Tell us how the mists arise,
The mists arise, the mists arise,
And floating to the far-off skies,
Come falling down in rain-drops.

We'll tell you how the mists go up,
The mists go up, the mists go up,
The sun stoops down with shining cup,
And lifts the sparkling water.

And when the drops are in the sky,
Are in the sky, are in the sky,
Does ev'ry one go sailing by
Like wind-blown downy thistles?

O, each wee drop when in the sky,
When in the sky, when in the sky,
Can find another hast'ning by
And so the clouds all gather.

Now see they come, an army grand,
An army grand, an army grand,
O! all the clouds a soldiers' band
Come downward, bravely marching.

Yes, down they come in snow and rain,
In snow and rain, in snow and rain,
And glad to reach the earth again,
They fill the rushing rivers.

So God who made the sea and land,
The sea and land, the sea and land,
And holds them in his hollowed hand,
Shall send the patt'ring raindrops.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

BIRD SONG.

TUNE."*Coming Thro' the Rye.*"

Oh! what joy to be a wild-bird,
Always free from care;
Tilting in the sunny meadow[1]
Flitting thro the air.[2]
All the flowers know and greet him
With a graceful bow.[3]
All the green leaves whisper to him
Secrets soft and low.

Now his dainty bill he's dipping[4]
In the running brook
Now the water he is sipping
With an upward look.[5]
Hark a rustle, chirp, a flutter,[6]
See he flies away,[7]
Now he's back again a swinging[8]
On a bending spray.

High above us he is circling,
Swiftly round and round[9]
All the while his song is ringing,
What a joyous sound!
Oh what joy to be a wild bird
Always free from care;
Tilting in the sunny meadows;[1]
Flitting thro the air.[2]

MOTIONS.—[1] Tilting on tiptoe throughout line keeping time to the music. [2] Waving hands with a floating upward movement, (diagonally). [3] Bow [4] Bend heads forward. [5] Bend heads backward looking up. [6] Rubbing hands together to make rustling sound. [7] Same as [2]. [8] Like [1]. [9] Moving hands in circles.

ANNIE C. CHASE.

MORNING HYMN.

TUNE.—"*Home Sweet Home.*"

Dear Jesus, our Savior,[1]
We know thou art near;
Our humble petition
Art ready to hear;
We beg thy tender mercy[2]
To guide us thro the day;
Oh keep us all from sinning,[3]
In all we do and say.

CHORUS.—Hear, hear, hear, our prayer;[4]
Oh turn not away from us[5]
Thy loving care.

And when with school and lessons,
We are forever done;
When life with all its trials,
In earnest has begun;
Oh! teach our feet to walk, Lord,[6]
In thine appointed ways;
Oh teach our hearts to love thee;[7]
Our tongues to speak thy praise.[8]

[CHORUS.]

MOTIONS.—[1] Look up. [2] Look up and lift hands imploringly. [3] Clasp uplifted hands. [4] Same as [2]. [5] Same as [3]. [6] Point toward feet; look up. [7] Hands on hearts. [8] Finger tips on lips.

ANNIE C. CHASE.

FROM A MAN TO A JUG.

TUNE.—"*Little Brown Jug.*"

Give ear, we beg you, to our song
We'll try not to make it very long,
About a man who loves strong drink,
A very silly man we think.

CHORUS.—Oh! no, no, no, no drink for me[1]
Unless it's water, pure and free.
Oh! no, no, no, no drink for me
Unless it's water, pure and free.

This man was a brute, at home, abroad;
He loved not man, he loved not God.
He'd make his children to him bring
His jug of cider, then he'd sing:—
"Ha! ha! ha! you and me,[2]
Little brown jug, don't I love thee."

[CHORUS.]

He drank and drank, so people said,
Till his hair grew white [3] and his nose grew red; [4]
His ways were coarse, his voice was gruff,
Still he drank but he couldn't drink enough.

[CHORUS.]

A sad, sad fate they say befell
Just like a jug he soon did swell.
His arms were stiff like handles too, [5]
His head to a wooden stopper grew. [6]

[CHORUS.]

MOTIONS.—Repeat last two strains of music. [1] Move heads from side. [2] Throw back heads and smile. [3] Touch hair with right hand. [4] Touch nose with right hand. [5] Arms stiffly curved, elbows outward at sides. [6] Touch heads, making slight bow.

ANNIE C. CHASE.

SOLO FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

TUNE.—"*Annie Lyle.*"

Down where the trees were bending,
In an orchard gay,
Robin her young birds was tending,
One bright summer day.

CHORUS.—Wave tree tops,[1] ripple
In the summer air, [waters,
Glimmer sunshine[2] 'mid the daisies,
Robin's free from care.

Just where the path winds narrow,
'Mong the flowers gay,
Harry with his bow and arrow,
Came from school one day.

[CHORUS.]

Harry spied the merry birdie,
Flitting to and fro,
He bent his bow, [3] his cruel arrow
Laid poor robin low.

[CHORUS, *softly.*]

Wave tree tops, ripple waters,
Patter summer rain,
Birds, nor bees, nor sun can waken
Robin's song again.

MOTIONS.—[1] Children wave hands gently to and fro. [2] Raise hands above heads moving the fingers rapidly. [3] Make motion as of drawing bow.

THE RAINBOW AND ITS EMBLEMS.

Concert.

Beautiful bow in heaven above,
Token of promise, emblem of love:—
What is thy lesson? We're waiting to know:—
Tell us thy meaning, beautiful bow.

First Child. VIOLET—MODESTY.

Spring's warm sun and balmy air
Bring the flower whose name I bear.
Modest, blue eyed floweret,
Name and color, violet.

Second Child. INDIGO—SINCERITY.

Deep and clear the tint I show,
Rich and perfect indigo.
Like this color, I would be
Known by my sincerity.

Third Child. BLUE—TRUTH.

In the sunny days of youth,
What so sweet and dear as truth!
Emblem of the good and true
Shines in heaven's unclouded blue.

Fourth Child. GREEN—IMMORTALITY.

As the fields are clothed in green again
After Winter's dreary reign,
So when earth's shadows all shall flee
Comes immortal life to me.

Fifth Child. YELLOW—WORTH.

'Far above the gems of earth
Shines the gem of moral worth.
Never shown in monarch's crown,
One so rare as I may own.

Sixth Child. ORANGE—FRUITFULNESS.

When the autumn comes again,
And the fields are ripe with grain,
This, my color, you'll confess
Tells the harvest's fruitfulness.

Seventh Child. RED—LOVE.

When the Winter's blast so shrill,
Blows o'er river, vale and hill,
In the fireside's ruddy glow
Live the loves of long ago.

Concert.

Bow of promise, bow of light,
Have we read thy lines aright?
Written in the heavens above,
"God is wisdom, God is love."

[The parts are to be taken by seven little girls dressed in white and wearing sashes of the color they represent, passing from the right shoulder, and fastening at the waist on the left side. The sashes may be of cambric or of tissue paper. It is easier to get the right colors in paper.

BAND OF MERCY.

I'm first of a band of brothers
Whom you all will quickly see,
Our names are in golden letters,
And mine is the letter B.

I saw that my brother was coming,
So I left my work and my play.
I, too, am written in gold,
And I am the letter A.

We are just like a band of soldiers
Trying to march with care.
I am the third in the company
And N is the name I bear.

I'll try to be honest and truthful
Whatever else I may be,
Dare to do right is my motto,
And I am the letter D.

The fifth in this grand procession,
My name you soon will know,
Round and shining, a golden ring,
I'm called the letter O.

Faithful, friendly and fearless,
I will always try to be.
Now, as I turn my card around,
The letter F you see.

Cowards are mean and cruel,
I suppose you have all seen them;
I mean to be brave and gentle,
And I am the letter M.

Kind and tender and loving,
I will always try to be,
Helping the weak and feeble,
And I'm called the letter E.

Never a braver company,
Marched to the sound of drums.
There are always wrongs to be righted
And R is the next that comes.

I'm one of this valiant company,
Merry and happy are we.
I look like a golden crescent
And am called the letter C.

I'm last in this band of brothers,
And to do my best I'll try.
I'll stand in line with the others,
And here is my letter, Y.

ALL.

And now if you will read our names with care
A Band of Mercy you'll find.
That means, to all harmless creatures
We've agreed to be good and kind.

We'll protect them from cruel usage,
Their rights we'll try to defend;
And wherever you chance to see us,
You will find us the animal's friend.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

[Each child should hold a card with his letter up on it. Those letters may be cut from gilt paper and pasted on red or black card-board. As the letter is named, the card should be turned so that at the close of the exercise the words "Band of Mercy," may be easily read.]

SONG OF THE BUBBLES.

Up and up we go,
And we shine and glow;
Though our life lasts not a minute,
We reflect all colors in it.

MARCHING.

TUNE.—"*Marching Through Georgia.*"

Boys and girls, attention all,
With faces front and eyes;
Slowly now we're turning,
Softly all together rise.
Hands above our heads now clasping,
So we'll exercise
While we go marching together.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
We're marching to and fro.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
See how happily we go.
Let's sing a merry chorus
While we all keep step, just so,
As we go marching together.

Hands upon our shoulders now,
See what a pretty sight,
See the time we're keeping
Left and right with step so light.
While adown the isles we're going
Faces gay and bright
As we go marching together.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'er marching to and fro.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
See how happily we go.
Let's sing a merry chorus,
While we all keep step, just so,
As we go marching together.

Now we're back beside our seats
'Tis hey for work once more;
See our hands together,
Touching heads and sides and floor,
Then so straight and tall we're standing,
Play time now is o'er.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll do our very best.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Study gives to a play a zest.
So let's study with a will
Till 'tis time again to rest,
Then we'll go marching together.

PUSSIES.

TUNE.—"*Prairie Flower.*"

Dainty Pussie Willow, on the swaying bough,
Sang a while to spring time, soft and low;
What we heard them telling thro' the plashing rain
We will sing to you again:
Yes we are pussies tho' we never purr;
See we're dressed in softest fur;
Children reach to gather us with loving care
Where we gently sway in air.[1]

Come the gentle blue birds when the warm winds blow;
Do we ever catch them? Oh, no, no, no, no!?[2]
We are no such pussies; sad would be the spring
Did the dear birds never sing.
Long we've been rocking, here on the bough[1]
All curled in our cradles so;[3]
Thro' the months of winter with their cold and storm
We were sleeping snug and warm.[4]

(Repeat last to strains of music.)

By and by the rain came, knocking at the door.[5]
Sunbeams coaxed us "Sleep no more;"
Out we sprang delighted,[6] now we gaily swing[7]
Thro' the sunny hours of spring.

MOTIONS.—[1] Sway arms gently to and fro. [2] Shake heads. [3] Arms folded, heads bent, eyes shut. [4] Same as [3]. [5] Drumming softly with finger tips. [6] Sitting up quickly and opening eyes.

HOW NARCISSUS' NECK BECAME BENT.

TUNE.—"*We Roam Through Forest Shades.*"

Beside a rippling streamlet,
A sweet narcissus grew,
Within a mossy dell,
With violets white and blue.

CHORUS.—Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Over all the trees were bending, bending, bending, bending;
Pretty birds were singing, singing all the day;
Grasses were [1]waving, waving, waving, waving;
Sunbeams were [1]dancing, dancing in their merry way.

CHORUS—Tra, la, la, etc.

One day Narcissus thought
She'd like to take a look,
Upon her pretty face
Within the running brook.

CHORUS—Tra, la, la, etc.

She bent her neck just so[3],
But when she tried again
To lift her pretty head
She tried alas, in vain.

CHORUS—Tra, la, la, etc.

MOTIONS.—[1] Children hold both hands in front and wave them—not too rapidly. [2] Raise hands above heads moving fingers rapidly. [3] Bend heads gracefully.

THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

The railway train is starting off,
The engine gives a hasty puff,
The bell is rung, the whistle blows,
The agent says "Right!" and off it goes.

CHORUS.—Ring, a-ding! a-ding! a-ding!
Puff! puff! puff!

Over the bridge, it shoots away,
Though the tunnel, dark all day,
Through the cutting or the plain,
Till it comes to the depot again!

CHORUS—Ring, a ding! etc.

The agent calls out Boston train,
Take your seats we're off again;
Now, be quick with the baggage there,
The signal shows the line is clear,
Time and train for no men wait,
Off, off, 'tis getting late.

CHORUS—Ring, a-ding! etc.

MOTIONS.—In the chorus, the chidren imitate the action of ringing a bell, and clap their hands at puff, puff, puff.

Suitable actions should accompany each verse, and be performed by every child at the same moment.

SONG OF THE DAISIES.

TUNE—"*Over the River, the River Wide.*"

Boy Sings—

Comes the cold March with his drifting snows,

Low all the daisies are buried;[1]

Boy—

Blusters about with his boisterous blows.

School—

Low all the daisies are buried;

Girl—

Comes the mild April with sunshine and rain.

Still all the daisies are sleeping;[2]

Girl—

Calls to them softly again and again;

School—

Still all the daisies are sleeping.

Comes pretty May with her violets blue;[3]
Finds all the daisies a-sleeping,
Calls to them gaily, It's high time for you.

Lo! daisies' buds are a-peeping.[4]

Comes merry June singing, blue are my skies,[5]
Come little daisies be waking;
Green are the meadows, come open your eyes.

See daisies' bright heads a-shaking.[6]

Hurrah! we're awake from our long winter sleep,[7]
Down in the grasses we're growing;
Butter-cups with us the summer days keep
Where the warm breezes are blowing.

Come little children, away, away,
Clovers are doning their bonnets;
Columbines wear their best "boots" every day,
Bobolink's singing his sonnets.

MOTIONS.—[1] School with heads bent down on desk, sing softly. [2] School keeping same position. [3] Second Girl with bunch of violets. [4] School leaning, with eyes closed, showing hands with buds in them, sings. [5] School remain in last named position while the third little girl sings. [6] School sitting up with eyes wide open and showing hands filled with daisies, and shaking them gently. [7] School, adding grasses, buttercups, etc., to the bouquet as they are mentioned—sings.

LOOKING AHEAD.

(FOR ANY NUMBER OF BOYS AND GIRLS.)

BOYS.

We now are but boys,
Yet soon we'll be men,
And what, do you think,
Our work will be then?

Some shall use hammer, and plane and saw;[1]
Others shall read weighty books of the law;[2]
Some shall be farmers and drive the plow,[3]
Earning our bread by the sweat of our brow,
Scattering seeds and raking the hay,
Busy and happy, day after day.
Some shall be doctors, and with well-balanced skill
Shall heal all your aches, and send in our bill.[5]
Some dentists shall be, and your molars pull out;[6]
And aldermen, some, capaciously stout.[7]
Some shall use awl, and waxed-end and last,[8]

Sewing your shoes so strong and so fast.
Some shall be bakers, and knead the soft dough;[9]
Others clear glass in this manner shall blow;[10]
Some with the hammer and anvil shall work,[11]
And there is not among us, one who will shirk.
For work is man's portion, and all must agree
Without it, unhappy and useless we'd be.

GIRLS.

We're growing up too,
And as you have heard
What the boys mean to do,
We'll now say our word.

Some shall be weavers, and with shuttle or spool,[12]
Weave beautiful fabrics, of silk, cotton, or wool;
Some shall use needles, and stitch with such art,[13]
That the sewing we do, will ne'er rip apart;
Some shall use yard-sticks and measure off well[14]
Silks, muslins, or laces, which also we'll sell;
Some shall be teachers, and teach all we can[15]
To our eager young pupils—on the latest new plan;
Some shall do housework and scrub, sweep, and broil,[16]
Making home pleasant, for some son of toil.

MOTIONS.—[1] The three motions of pounding, and planing, and sawing in quick succession. [2] Left hand up, as if holding a book to read. [3] Both hands closed lightly, and held out in front—hands bent down. [4] Right hand makes the two motions of sowing and raking. [5] Right hand held at quite a distance above the left, as though holding a long bill. [6] Motion of extracting a tooth. [7] Hands clasped and held out in front, forming with the arms a semicircle. [8] Motion with both hands of drawing in and out the waxed end. [9] Double fists—kneading. [10] Motion of blowing through a tube. [11] Vigorous motion of striking the blacksmith's hammer on anvil. [12] Motion of pushing shuttle—left and right. [13] Movement of stitching with thumb and finger of right hand. [14] A measuring movement, full length of the arms. [15] Right hand halfway raised, with the forefinger out. [16] Movements of scrubbing and sweeping in quick succession.

SWING, SWING, SWING.

Come, come, come, come,
Fancy come play awhile;
Come, dear fairy, come,
With your pleasant smile.
Come, little fairy, whom we love,
Change our school-room to a grove,
Where the old trees arch above,
While we swing.

Swing, swing, swing, swing,[1]
Light is the summer breeze;
Swing, swing, swing, swing,[1]
Under the swaying trees.[2]
Soft green grasses 'neath our feet,[3]

Overhead the birds sing sweet,[4]
All around the flowers greet,[5]
Swing, swing, swing.[1]

Swing, swing, swing, swing,[1]
Merrily to and fro,[1]
Sing, sing, sing, sing,
Gaily as we go.
Now we swing up very high,[1]
Watch the white clouds floating by,
Now we "let the old cat die,"[6]
Swing, swing, swing.[6]

MOTIONS.—[1] Hands at sides, swing them alternately backward and forward. [2] Arms in front, slightly curved; sway them gracefully toward right and left. [3] Looking and pointing downward. [4] Looking and pointing gracefully upward. [5] Having brought the arms outward and together in front of body, hands with palms upward, move them slowly apart, the right hand to the right and the left hand toward the left. [6] Same as [1], moving gradually slower, stopping all motion at last word of song.

LET'S PLAY.

TUNE.—"*When Puss With Soft and Velvet Paw.*"

[1] Let's play we're little birdies, flying here and there,
Perched upon a leafy tree, sailing in the air.
Hark! ev'ry birdie sings.
Sweet, sweet the music rings.

[2] Let's play we're little ponies, ready for a race,
Trot! trot! each pony tries to win the foremost place.
Trot, trotting? O, what fun!
Trot, trot! the race is won.

[3] Let's play we're little boxes standing in a row,
Some behind and some before, just this way we go.
Turn the key, each unlocks,
Up, pops "Jack-in-the-box."

[4] Let's play we're little soldiers, see our fifes and drums,
[5] March, march with [6] banners waving, so our army comes;
March on, keep step just so,
[7] Toot, toot, the trumpets go.

Let's be little carpenters, [8] up our houses go,
[9] Saw the boards, [10] then plane them well, [11] nail and hammer so.
[11] Knock! knock! a sturdy blow,
[12] Tap, tap! the hammers go.

[13] Let's play we're little children, jumping high and low,
Now, in air, now on the ground, see our jump-ropes go,
Swing, swinging in the air,
Swing swinging free from care.

[13] Now our play-time's over and here we are in school.
Sit erect and study well, mind the teacher's rule.
Then when our work is done
Happy we'll homeward run.

MOTIONS.—[1] [Children stand, and move hands and arms to imitate flying. [2] [Arms akimbo. Move the feet to imitate the trotting of horses.][3] [All stoop

until the last line, when they start up quickly, each like a real "Jack-in-the-box."] [4]Play the fife and beat the drum. [5]Move the feet as if marching. [6]Move hands as if waving flags. [7]Left hand at the mouth to imitate a trumpet. [8]Move hands as if building a wall. [9]Imitate sawing. [10]Imitate planing. [11]Drive in the nails with the clenched fist. [12]Drive nails with tips of the fingers. [13][Swing the hands and move the feet to imitate jumping rope.] [13][All sit and fold their arms.]

DAISY FAIR.

Have you heard the song of the daisy fair?
Oh the daisy fair she has not a care;
A sweet little face has daisy fair,
She's smiling all the day.

Now see her buds peep[1] where the grasses wave,[2]
Where the grasses wave,[2] the grasses wave,
Now see her buds peep, where the grasses wave,[2]
This way[2] above her head.

Chorus.—Oh the heads of nodding clover[3]
Oh the boughs that sway above her[4]
Oh the butterflies dancing over[5]
Love the daisy fair.

Now her bright eyes open to the sun;[6]
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, what fun!
Now daisy's playtime has begun;
Gay little daisy fair.

Our daisy always moves with grace[7]
While she bends this way,[7] this way[7] this way.[7]
She looks the bright sun in the face,[8]
Brave little daisy fair.

[Chorus.]

At morn she turns her head this way[9]
For she loves the sun, the sun they say,
And watches for its first bright ray,
Wise little daisy fair.

At noon she smiles up at the sky[10]
Tra la la la la la la la la,
While the sun smiles back from his place so high.
Happy daisy fair.

[Chorus.]

When the earth is dry beneath her feet,[11]
Lowly droops her head in the blinding heat.[12]
She clasps her fingers,[13] hear how sweet
Daisy breathes a prayer.

Come, pretty white cloud, pray send the rain,
Send rain, the rain, the rain, the rain,
O pretty white cloud, I pray send rain
That I may bloom again.

[Chorus.]

Now the cooling drops come, sparkling[14] down,
Tra la la la la la la la la la.
Now daisy has a bran new crown,
Proud little daisy fair.

All night, when the dear sun goes to sleep,
And all the dews around her weep,
She turns this way[15] for one more peep.
Good night little daisy fair.
[CHORUS.]

MOTIONS.—[1] Show hands—held gracefully and not too high—with fingers closed. [2] Hands open palms downward, wave gracefully up and down moving from elbows. [3] Nod gracefully. [4] Arms held at full length slightly and naturally curved, palms downward, wave gently to and fro. [5] Retaining position (4) of arms, move upward diagonally, moving all the fingers. [6] Looking up, hands in position, (1) fingers spread apart. [7] Bend body slightly forward. [8] Look up. [9] Looking toward the East. [10] Look up. [11] Looking and pointing toward feet. [12] Droop heads. [13] Folding hands. Retain positions [12] and [13] throughout the seventh stanza. [14] Holding hands above heads, move downward in front of body, moving fingers. [15] Turn to West.

BIRD SONG.

TUNE.—"*Coming Thro' the Rye.*"

Oh! what joy to be a wild bird,
Always free from care;
Tilting in the sunny meadow,[1]
Flitting thro' the air.[2]
All the flowers know and greet him
With a graceful bow.[3]
All the green leaves whisper to him
Secrets soft and low.
Now his dainty bill he's dipping[4]
In the running brook.
Now the water he is sipping
With an upward look.[5]

Hark a rustle, chirp, a flutter[6]
See he flies away;[7]
Now he's back again a swinging[8]
On a bending spray.
High above us he is circling,
Swiftly round and round[9]

All the while his song is ringing;
What a joyous sound!
Oh what joy to be a wild bird
Always free from care;
Tilting in the sunny meadows,[1]
Flitting thro' the air.[2]

MOTIONS.—[1] Tilting on tiptoe throughout line keeping time to the music. [2] Waving hands with a floating upward movement, (diagonally.) [3] Bow. [4] Bend heads forward. [5] Bend heads backward looking up. [6] Rubbing hands together to make rustling sound. [7] Same as [2]. [8] Like [1]. [9] Moving hands in circles.

THE NURSERY.

CHILDREN are the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes, little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society.

THE NURSERY.

THE APHABET.

A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z &

a b c d e f g h i
j k l m n o p q r
s t u v w x y z

NOTE.—Let the child copy the above Alphabet, on a slate or piece of paper, until the forms get thoroughly fixed in his mind.

STORY OF AN APPLE-PIE.

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z and **&**
All wished for a piece in hand;

FRUIT AND FLOWER ALPHABET.

A stands for APPLES,
Right off from the tree,
So nice to be eaten
By you and by me.

B stands for BERRIES,
Of dark and bright hue,
So handsome to look at,
And good to eat, too.

C stands for CHERRIES,
That grow up so high,
So sweet when we get them,
So rich in a pie.

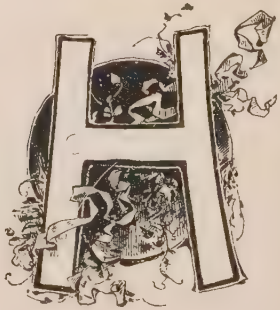
D is the DATE-PALM,
A tall, graceful tree;
The fruit in big bundles
You often may see.

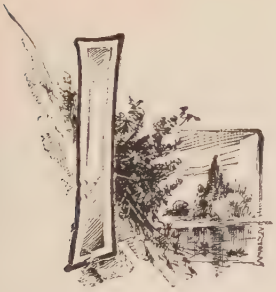
E is the EVERGREEN,
Explained by its name,
In Summer and Winter
Exactly the same.

F is the FERN plant,
So graceful it looks,
Which many girls gather,
And press in their books.

G is the GRAPE fruit,
That grows on a vine;
We eat it in clusters,
And drink it in wine.

H is the HOLLY,
Whose leaves are so green,
And red are its berries,
As ever were seen.



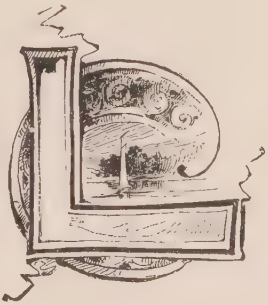


I is the Ivy,
stone walls it grows,
And there it clings closely,
Though hard the wind blows.

J is the Jasmine,
So fair and so sweet,
That covers our porches,
And shuts out the street.

K stands for Kidney,
A kind of a bean,
To cook for the table,
And fatten the lean.

L is the Lily,
So graceful and white,
May we, like the lily,
Be pure in God's sight!



M is the Moss-Rose,
How proudly it stands!
But thorns with its blossoms
May hurt little hands.

N is for Nuts, boys,
The squirrel's delight,
And good to be eaten
Some cold Winter night.

O is an Orange,
Peeled ready for use,
How pleasant to eat it,
And suck its sweet juice!

P is for Pineapple,
Brought from the South,
And ready to melt in
A good boy's mouth.

Q stands for QUINCES,
Sohard on the trees,
When mother preserves them
The children they please.

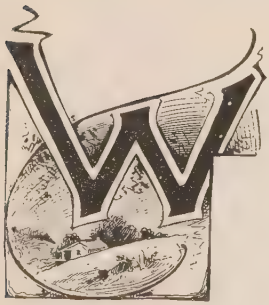
R is the ROSE, girls,
The queen of all flowers,
With beauty and fragrance
It brightens the hours.

S stands for STRAWBERRIES,
So red and so sweet;
With cream and with sugar,
How luscious to eat!

T is the TOMATO,
So useful for food;
'Tis juicy and pulpy,
And wholesome and good.

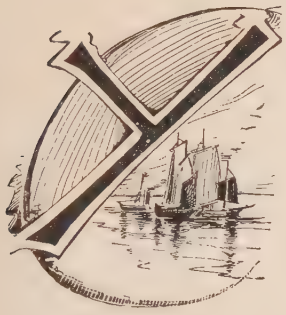
U is the root of
The UNICORN plant,
And sometimes, when sick,
'Tis just what you want.

V is for one of
Our beautiful VINES,
Which climbs by its tendrils,
And lovingly twines.



W is the grain,
Grown now to WHEAT,
Giving the flour
That all of us eat.

X is the XANTHUS,
A new and queer word,
With blossoms as yellow
As Dickey the bird.



Y is the YUCCA,
Which grows in the swamp,
And gives us gay flowers
Which feed on the damp.

Z stands for ZIGADENUS,
As here you may see,
A plant which will give us
The last letter, Z.

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A STANDS for Alcohol, a fluid of fire,
Which often brings death to the seller and buyer.

B stands for Beer, sometimes sold by the barrel,
Most all who love it love also to quarrel.

C is for Cider, in these latter days
It is called "Satan's Kindling," it can make a big blaze.

D stands for Drunkard, O help him, who can,
To reform, be converted, and live like a man.

E stands for Egg-nog, called an "innocent drink,"
Made of milk, eggs and brandy. *Is* it innocent, think?

F stands for Fight, which is easy for those
Who of brandy or beer take a liberal dose.

G stands for Gutter, and also for Gin.
Who use much of the *latter* the *former* get in.

H stands for Hops, a vine much abused
By those who make ale, beer and porter, 'tis used.

I is for Idler, no work will he do.

J is for Jug, his companion and foe.

K is for Kindness, how little is shown
To those who through liquor have desperate grown.

L is for Loafer, who after much drinking
Stands on a corner, apparently thinking.

M stands for Maniac, his reason all gone,
His family heart-broken; pray who did the wrong?

N is for Night, the time for dark deeds.

O is for Outcast, who on crumbs and husks feeds.

P stands for Pipes, which you always will find
In places where liquor is sold — any kind.

Q Questions us whether it's prudent or wise
To smoke and to drink. There can be no disguise —

Rum shows itself sooner or later in all,
Flee the tempter! Oh, how he'd rejoice in your fall.

S stands for STATION-HOUSE, where in sad plight,
Poor drunkards are frequently taken at night.

T for TOBACCO, used in various ways
To rob men of strength and shorten their days.

U stands for USURY, this *adds* to the woes
Of rum's victims, when to the pawn-broker ne goes.

V is for VINE, and it's innocent fruit
Is made to help man sin below the poor brute.

W for WHISKEY, a very mean drink,
When one takes to this, he surely will sink.

X's one, two and three, are used to describe
A drink, by which many thousands have died.

Y stands for YOUTH, O be wise and beware,
Yield not to the tempter and die in despair.

Z stands for ZEAL, which can help us to win
Many souls from the power of Satan and sin.

ALPHABET OF MAXIMS.

Attend carefully to details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation nor business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather then principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leilsure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
'Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right:
And success is certain.

BARON ROTHSCHILD.

A, B, C.

The A, B, C,
Is pleasant to me,
I'm learning it all the day;
Whenever I look
In a printed book,
I see nothing but A, B, C,
Sing A, B, C,
Sing A, B, C,
Sing R, S, T,
Sing X, Y, Z, and all.

If I can fix
These marks twenty-six
In this little careless head,
I'll read every book,
As soon as I look

Sing A, B, C,
I see nothing but A, B, C,

I'm glad to know
The fine little row
Of letters, both great and small;
The D, E, F, G,
The L, M, N, O, P,
And the X, Y, Z, and all.

At the letters all over it spread.
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z,
And the letters all over it spread.

I now will learn
Them all in turn,
The big letters and the small;
For how can I spell,

Or pronounce them well,
Till I shall have learned them all?
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z,
For I am going to learn them all.

The bees and the flies
Have nice little eyes,
But never can read like me;
They crawl on the book,
And they seem to look,
But they never know A, B, C;
Sing A, B, C,
Sing X, Y, Z,
They never can know A, B, C.

—HASTINGS' "NURSERY SONGS."

LEARNING THE LETTERS.

I wish I knew my letters well,
So I might learn to read and spell;
I'd find them on my pretty card,
If they were not so very hard.

Now S is crooked — don't you see?
And G is making mouths at me,
And O is something like a ball,—
It has n't any end at all.

And all the rest are — my! so queer!
They look like crooked sticks — oh dear!
Ma counted six, and twenty more;
What *do* they have so many for?

SCHOOL TIME.

Now, Jenny, and Mollie, and Robert, and John,
Attend to your letters, I pray;
For if with your reading you do not get on,
You'll never be ready for play.

Attention to lessons brings laughter at play,

Glad faces, with merriment bright,
Good temper, and hearts full of sunshine by day,
And sweet, peaceful slumbers at night.

Then on with your letters, a, e, i, o, u—
The dullest can honestly try;
And who would not work with the prospect in view
Of reading bright books by-and-by?

M. H. F. DONNE.

SPELLING LESSON.

C-a-t, cat; B-a-t, bat;
And so two words we spell;

But if the bat should hit the cat,
Then we would hear a yell.

H-o-g, hog; D-o-g, dog;
And two more words are here;
But if the dog should bite the hog,
The bite would spoil his ear.

T-o-y, toy; B-o-y, boy;
And two more words we spy;
But if the boy should break his toy,
The little chap would cry.

B-a-g, bag; R-a-g, rag;
We spell them like a flash;
But when the rag goes in the bag,
Then both are sold for cash.

B-i-g, big; P-i-g, pig;
Two more words here we give.
A little pig may yet be big,
If he shall grow and live.

V-a-t, vat; H-a-t, hat;
Two easy words, no doubt,
But if the hat falls in the vat,
Then who can get it out?

M-e-n, men; P-e-n, pen;
These words you ought to know.
It is the pen that rules the men,
And has since long ago.

D-a-m, dam; R-a-m, ram;
And here are two words more.
But if the ram falls in the dam,
How will he get ashore?

M-a spells ma; P-a spells pa;
Two good and sweet words here.
If it were not for pa and ma,
What would you do, my dear?

G-o-o-d, you know, spells good,
And you are good to-day.
While you are good, your daily food
Goes with your daily play.

ONE, TWO, THREE!

One, two, three!
A bonny boat I see.
A silver boat, and all afloat,
Upon a rosy sea.

One, two, three!
The riddle tell to me.
The moon afloat is the bonny boat,
The sun-set is the sea.

KNOWLEDGE.

Beneath the oak tree's cooling shade
This boy and girl have often played;

But now at study they take a turn,
Their lessons well they try to learn:—
Here is a truth for everybody,
Knowledge comes by earnest study.

AT SCHOOL.

"Spell 'cat,'" says the teacher, May,
"P-u-s-s," says Ted.
"Oh, stupid child, *that's* not the way.
You'll have to go down foot to-day,"
With a solemn shake of her head.

"*You* spell it, Susie, now."
"M-e-o-u, meou!"
"Oh, what a stupid! Susie, you.
Must go down foot, I tell you, too!"
With a frown upon her brow.

"Now, Katie, *you* spell 'cat,'
You're clever enough for that."
"S-c-r-a-t-c-h," she said,
With a comical droop of her curly head.

And then she, too, "down foot" was sent,
And the teacher's patience all was spent,
"For you're all at the foot of the class," she said,
"And *I* am the only girl 'up head.'"

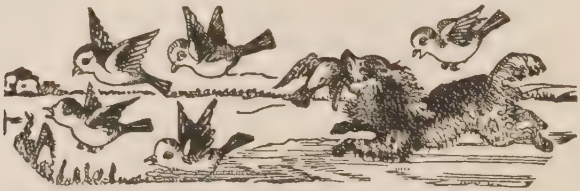
THE LITTLE CHIC-A-DEES.

TEN little chic-a-dees clinging to a vine,
A speckled snake charmed *one*, then there were but NINE.

NINE little chick-a-dees,—one without a mate,—
A sparrow-hawk cought *one*, then there were but EIGHT.

EIGHT little chic-a-dees, by a 'possum driven,—
He caught *one* and slaughtered it, then there were but SEVEN.

SEVEN little chic-a-dees hopping round the ricks,—
A weasel came and captured *one*, then there were but SIX.



SIX little chic-a-dees watching Rover dive,—
He sprang ashore and seized *one*, and then there were but FIVE.

FIVE little chic-a-dees pecking at the door,
Kitty-cat caught *one*, then there were but FOUR.

FOUR little chic-a-dees full of birdy glee,—
One was tangled in a ne[illegible] then there were but THREE.

THREE little chic-a-dees dabbling in the dew,—
A stone fell and crushed *one*, then there were but TWO.

Two little chic-a-dees peeping just for fun,—
A hungry kite caught *one*, then there were but ONE.

ONE little chic-a-dee, mourning all alone,
Flew away to find a mate, and then there was NONE.

MRS E. P MILLER.

MOLLIE DUTTON.

Mollie Dutton, just for fun,
Stands to show us she is ONE.

Mollie and her sister Lue
Show that ONE and ONE make TWO.

Mollie, Lue, and Fannie Lea
Show that ONE with TWO make THREE.

Moll, Lue, Fan, and Little Noah,
Show that ONE with THREE make FOUR.

Moll, Lue, Fan, Noah,
and Will Shrive,
Show that ONE with FOUR
make FIVE.

Now all these with
Clara Ricks
Show that ONE
with FIVE make
SIX.

One more, Fred, a ba-
by, even,
Show that ONE with
SIX make SEVEN.

With these girls and
boys put Kate,
And the ONE with
SEVEN make
EIGHT.

All these EIGHT with
Madaline,
Show that ONE with
EIGHT make NINE.

Now with these put
Frank, and then
You'll see that ONE
with NINE make
TEN.

COUNTING.

1 2 5
One, Two, Three,
Come to the woods with me.

4 5 6
Four, Five, Six.
We'll knock down cherries with sticks.

7 8 9
Seven, Eight, Nine,
To fill this new basket of mine.

10 11 12
Ten, Eleven, Twelve,
We'll all be as happy as elves.

A NEW TIME-TABLE.

Sixty seconds make a minute:
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour,—
All the good that's in my power.
Twenty hours and four, a day,—
Time for work, and sleep, and play.
Days, three hundred sixty-five
Make a year for me to strive
Right good things for me to do,
That I wise may grow and true.

TIME.

"Sixty seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour;"
If I were a little linnet,
Hopping in her leafy bower,
Then I should not have to sing it:
"Sixty seconds make a minute."

Twenty-four hours make a day,
Seven days will make a week;
And while we all at marbles play,
Or run at cunning "hide and seek,"
Or in the garden gather flowers,
We'll tell the time that makes the hours.

In every month the weeks are four,
And twelve whole months will make a year;
Now I must say it o'er and o'er,
Or else it never will be clear;
So once again I will begin it:
"Sixty seconds make a minute."

THE CLOCK.

I hear the clock strike, and what does it say?
One, two, three, four, five, six! A beautiful day!
Again it strikes, Seven! and brightly the sun
Is shining, and work for the day has begun,
I hear it at Eight, as clear as a bell;
It says, "I have wonderful things to tell.
Don't waste any moments; they're not yours, nor mine;
See how quickly they pass. (I hear it strike nine!)
Not slothful in business! hear this, idle men!
Four hours are lost! (And then it strikes Ten!)
No lazy ones enter the kingdom of heaven;"

And it rings out in warning the number Eleven!
Why it's *noon*, I declare, and while we all rest,

I hear the clock *ticking* and *ticking* its best,
It never gets tired, *its* work's never done;
But it does rest a *little*; hark, it only strikes One!
O, I can't keep up with it, whatever I do;
Just while I am talking, again it strikes Two!
Then quickly comes Three, and then it is Four!
The hours seem shorter and shorter, I'm sure.
These moments *are* precious; O, how we should strive
To ring out the hours, for pleasure and pain.
To improve each one faithfully! *One Two, Three, Four,* FIVE!
As through the day, so all through the night,
The clock ticks and strikes, till again it is light;
And then at the dawn begins over again.

CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, and good, and gay;
Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad;
Thursday's child is sour and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
And Saturday's child must work for its living.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Seven bright jewels our Father above
Hath given His children, in mercy and love:
Beautiful jewels set in gold
For the rich and poor, the young and the old.
But *one* He asks may to Him be given,

That each may have some treasure in Heaven.
These jewels are days, and we are blest
With hours for labor and hours for rest.
Let us work with all zeal, be fervent in spirit,
That we may the kingdom of Heaven inherit.

S–aviour of sinners, O, hear while we pray!
M–aster, O lead us and guide us alway!
T–he Lord is my Shepherd, and He will provide;
W–atchful and prayerful, I'll keep by His side.
T–here is room for no idler in the vineyard to wait—

F–aithful workers are needed, the harvest is great—
S–uch only shall enter the beautiful gate.

DAYS IN THE MONTH.

January has *thirty-one*,
Snow and ice, and lots of fun.

February has *twenty-eight*,
In which to slide, and sleigh, and skate;

But every fourth year the records incline
To add to the number, and make *twenty-nine*.

March has also *thirty-one*,
In which we have more wind than fun.

April, with its sun and showers,
Has *thirty* for its leaves and flowers.

May, with frolic and with fun,
Fills up the number *thirty-one*.

Only *thirty* we have in June;
Its roses and sunshine are gone *so* soon!

July again brings *thirty-one*,
And we toss the hay 'neath the summer sun.

August has *thirty-one* as well;
Hear the harvest chorus swell!

September, with *thirty*, is calm and still,
And does *its* work in the busy mill.
Of days to climb, and jump, and run,
October contributes *thirty-one*.

November is so dreary and cold,
I'm glad *it* has only *thirty* all told.

Hurrah! for Christmas comes in December,
And *it* has *thirty-one*, I remember.

THE MONTHS.

First is the month of January,
When pleasant fires make young folks merry.

Next comes the month of February,
When snow and rain the weather vary.

The month of March comes next, you know,
When cold and strong the breezes blow.

The month of April then comes in,
When warm and pleasant days begin,

Then comes the merry month of May,
When lambs and children love to play.

Next comes the summer month of June,
And then the sun is hot at noon.

Then follows in its turn JULY,
When all the land is hot and dry.

Next sultry AUGUST takes its turn,
And hotter yet the sunbeams burn.

Then comes SEPTEMBER, sweet and mild,
With cooler days to suit a child.

Then ripe OCTOBER comes in suit,
To tempt the taste with pleasant fruit.

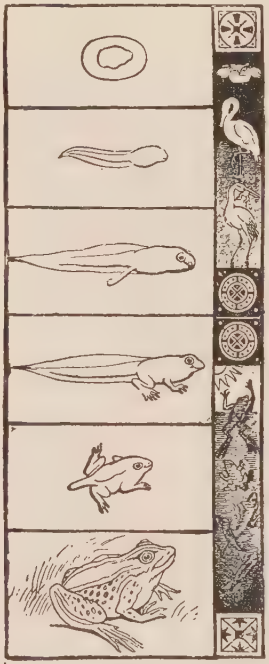
NOVEMBER, next, is bleak and rough,
And every day is cold enough.

Then come the snows of harsh DECEMBER;
But Christmas also comes, remember.

THE MONTHS.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting Leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

ALL ABOUT A FROG.



This is an egg:
Watch it, I beg.

Out of this egg
(no arm or leg)
Comes this
strange thing,

The legs now
spring.

Both front
and rear.
Now this
is queer,
The tail
plays flop,
And goes
off pop!
And soon it
hops about
the bog,
A happy, timid,
little frog.

FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Tea is prepared from the leaf of a tree;
Honey is gathered and made by the bee.
Butter is made from the milk of the cow;
Pork is the flesh of the pig or the sow.
Oil is obtained from fish and from flax;
Candles are made of tallow and wax.
Worsted is made from wool, soft and warm;
Silk is prepared and spun by a worm.

KNITTING SOCKS.

Well-a-day! How queer to say
Our Kitty's knitting socks to-day!
Twirling worsted round about,
Clicking needles in and out,
Spectacles on nose to see,—
Our Kitty is our Busy Bee.

GRANDMA'S UMBRELLA

Twa's a boisterous day, and this foolish little fellow
Went out all alone with his grandma's umbrella.

When he opened it, the wind
Took him up, and sent him flying
Till it soused him in a pond,
Where his father found him crying.

THE LITTLE KINDERGARTEN GIRL.

If I sew, sew, sew, and pull, pull, pull,
The pattern will come, and the card be full;
So it's criss, criss, criss, and it's cross, cross, cross;
If we have some pleasant work to do we're never at a loss.

Oh, dear! I pulled too roughly,—I've
broken through my card.
I feel like throwing all away, and cry-
ing real hard.
But no, no, no,— for we never should
despair,
So I'll rip, rip, rip, and I'll tear, tear,
tear.

THE LITTLE KINDERGARTEN GIRL.

There! you pretty, purple worsted,
I've saved you, every stitch
(Because if we are wasteful we never
can get rich).
Now I'll start another tablet, and I'll
make it perfect yet,
And mother'll say: "Oh, thank you,
my precious little pet!"

QUEER LITTLE STITCHES.

Oh, queer little stitches,
You surely are witches,
To bother me so!
I'm trying to plant you:
Do stay where I want you,
All straight in a row.

Now keep close together!
I never know whether
You'll do as I say.
Why can't you be smaller?
You really grow taller,
Try hard as I may!

There! now my thread's knotted,
My finger is dotted
With sharp needle-pricks!
I mean to stop trying,
I can not help crying;
Oh, dear what a fix!

Yes, yes, little stitches,
I *know* you are witches —
I'm sure of it now —
Because you don't bother
Grown people like mother
When *they* try to sew.

You love to bewilder,
Us poor little "childer"
(As Bridget would say),
By jumping and dancing,
And leaping and prancing,
And losing your way.

Hear the bees in the clover!
Sewing "over and over"
They don't understand.
I wish I was out there,
And playing about there
In that great heap of sand!

The afternoon's going;
I *must* do my sewing
Before I can play.

Now behave, little stitches,
Like good-natured witches,
The rest of the day.

I'd almost forgotten
About waxing my cotton,
As good sewers do;
And — oh, what a memory! —
Here is my emery
To help coax it through.

I'm so nicely provided
I've really decided
To finish the things.
There's nothing like trying;
My needle is flying
As if it had wings.

There, good-bye, little stitches!
You obstinate witches,
You're punished, you know.
You've been very ugly,
But now you sit snugly
Along in a row.

LEARNING TO SEW.

"I am learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
It's over and over—do *you* know
How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief:
Mamma turned in the edge,
And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.
It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;
I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know
And that is the way I learn to hem

With hemming stitches — do *you* know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn,
and back-stitch, too, I guess,
It wouldn't take me long, I know,
if 'twasn't for the thread;
But the knots keep coming, and besides — I shall have to confess—
Sometimes I slip my thimble off,
and use my thumb instead!
When *your* thread knots, what do *you* do?
And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as
much as six feet high;
He's more than forty, and his hair
has grey mixed with the black:
Well, *he* can't sew! he can't *begin* to
sew as well as I.

If he loses off a button, mamma has
to set it back!
You mustn't think me proud, you
know,
But I am seven, and *I* can sew!"

SOW, SEW, AND SO.

Sow, sow, sow,
So the farmers sow!
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Stowing, stowing close away
Baby wheat and rye in bed,
So the children may be fed,
So, so, so.

Sew, sew, sew,
So the mothers sew!

Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Sewing, sewing fast away,
So the children may have frocks,
Trowsers, coats, and pretty socks
So, so, so.

Sow, sew, so,
So they sow and sew!
S, and O, and W,
This is what the farmers do;
Put an E, in place of O,
This is how the mothers sew,—
So they sow and sew for you,
So without the W,
So, so, so.

MY BLOCKS.

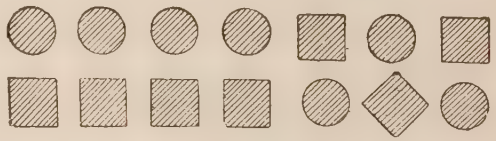
A block which is round like the baby's ball,
I have learned to call a sphere.
I can roll it about and make it stand,
Though a touch will move it, I fear.

A half a sphere is a hemi-sphere,
Like an orange cut for two.
I can slide it on this side, and rock it on that,
And roll it; what else will it do?

This square-faced block which has six sides,
Is a cube,—how easy to say!
It will stand upright and slide about,
If I push it a little way.

A rolling-pin block is a cylinder,
A pencil is called the same.
It will stand, and slide, and roll around,
But it has a long, hard name.

The surface is the part I touch,
It is curved in a marble or ball;
But it's plane in the ceiling, it's plane in the door,
Also in the floor of the hall.



That part of the surface we see at once
Is called the face of the block;
Around it are edges, which may be curved,
Or as straight as the hands of a clock.

The end of an edge is called a point,
This I show on my slate by a dot.
The edges themselves, whether curved or straight,
Are shown by lines,—*that* I nearly forgot.

This is all I have learned about my blocks
To tell you of to-day,
And now, if you'll stay and watch me awhile,
You'll see me make them of clay.

BUILDING CASTLES.

Maidens three with smiling faces,
Seated on the floor,
Fitting blocks into their places,
Windows, roof and door.

Long before it is completed,
The house is sure to fall;
But patiently remain they seated,
Building castles tall.

So we are building, ever building
Structures grand and rare;
And with fond hopes, we're ever gilding,
Castles in the air.

Still we build them high and higher;
And call it not unwise;
Result may not fulfill desire,
But happy he who tries.

STEP BY STEP.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands

In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
Have been patiently achieved.

LEARNING TO WRITE.

Our Frankie has her lessons to learn
and to write,

Though the wind's in the west, and
the sun's shining bright.

Her sister's her teacher, who fondly
guides her hand
And makes her the very best writer
in the land.

ARTHUR'S TALK.

Little Arthur, full of fun,
Sporting in the summer sun;
Now he soils his dainty hand;
Now he fills his shoes with sand.

"Arthur, what do piggies do?"
"Grunt, grunt, grunt; moo, moo, moo;
Bow, wow, wow; peep, peep, peep;
Cock-a-doodle; t'weet, t'weet, t'weet."

Pigs and cows and dogs at once!
Can you call this babe a dunce?
Like a colt he neighs and prances
Then with nimble feet he dances.

"Who loves little Arthur boy?"
"Da, da, da!" he shouts with joy.
Papa clasps him to his breast;
Busy brain and feet will rest.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

IF you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.—*Sydney Smith.*

SCHOOL-DAYS.

SCHOOL TIME.

SCHOOL-TIME.

School time.
Children dear,
Hasten here,
When the lesson-time is near;
Hurry fast,
Don't be last;
Minutes now are flying fast.

HALF-PAST EIGHT, HALF-PAST FOUR.

Half-past eight, half-past eight!
School-bell's ringing—don't be late!
Get your books, and pens, and paper;
Don't be cutting truant capers.
Half-past eight, half-past eight!
School-bell's ringing—don't be late!

Half-past eight, half-past eight!
Who is he for whom we wait?
Lazy Jack!—why this folly!
Why d'ye look so melancholy?
Don't hang back—march out straight,
School-bell's ringing—school won't
wait!

Half-past four, half-past four!
Bell is ringing—school is o'er!
Master Jack is blithe and ready:
Needn't hurry, Jack—march steady.
See the rogue, he runs about;
He's the very first boy out.
Half-past four, half-past four!
Bell is ringing—school is o'er.

EARLY AT SCHOOL.

Through pathways green and very cool
Miss Daisy trips along to school;
She is in haste for she would hate
To stop and play, and be marked "late"
All children should learn well this
rule
And never be late at their school.

NOT READY FOR SCHOOL.

Pray, where is my hat? It is taken
away,
And my shoe-strings are all in a knot,
I can't find a thing where it should be
to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

Do, Rachel, just look for my speller
up-stairs—
My reader is somewhere there, too;
And, sister, just brush down these
troublesome hairs,
And, mother, just fasten my shoe.

And, sister, beg father to write an
excuse;—
But stop! he will only say "No;"
And go on with a smile and keep
reading the news,
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall,
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball.
There's no playing for such a poor chap.

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine;
I think that our Edward must eat pretty fast,
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now Edward and Henry protest they wont wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks;
I suppose they will say *I was dressing too late;*
To-morrow, *I'll be up at six.*

CAROLINE GILMAN.

LESSON IN ARITHMETIC

Four robin redbreasts on the old apple tree,
Whose pink and white blossoms are as thick as can be —
If two of those birds should quick fly away,
How many redbreasts would be left? tell me, pray.

(ANSWER.)

Only two would be left, but *they* would not stay,
For they *never* will — I have watched them to-day.

The town-clock will strike in a minute, I fear,
Then away to the foot I will sink;
There! look at my Carpenter tumbled down here,
And my Worcester covered with ink.

Tom's six frisky kittens are chasing their tails,

As the milkmaid passes with o'er-flowing pails —
If two of the kittens remain at their play
Then how many have followed the milkmaid; say?

(ANSWER.)

Four dear little kittens have followed the maid,
And — the others *will* follow, if they're not afraid.

Eight fleecy white lambkins yonder are seen
Just over the brook, in the pasture green—
If eight of them leap over the low, stone wall,
Then, how many lambkins do not jump at all?

(ANSWER.)

Were they Bo-Peep's lambkins, mamma? O, I know,
If one lamb leaped the wall, all the rest would go.

If out of the water and dark mud below,
Rise ten water lilies as white as the snow,
And five laddies row out to gather the ten,
How many apiece have the brave little men?

(ANSWER.)

They would have two apiece, if Tom had his way.

But Archie'd have more — he's *so* mean, Archie Gray.

Suppose I am forty and you are but five,
In ten sunny years — if we still keep alive —
Winter and summer, in all sorts of weather,—
Pray, how many years can we count together?

(ANSWER, *counting slowly.*)

Why you would be f-f-fifty and I'd be — f-ifteen.

MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION.

There'd be *ever so many* years between.
Count them together? Mamma, wait till I grow!

Then, then, I could count them so
easy, you know.
Would I then wear long dresses, and
you a white cap?
And — couldn't I sit any more on
your lap? O — O dear?

ARITHMETIC.

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

A SUM IN ARITHMETIC.

There came into our school one day
A white-haired man, with pleasant
smile;
He greeted us, and, sitting down,
Said he would like to rest awhile.

'Twas time to have Arithmetic.
The teacher said, "Now all give
heed!
Put up your books, and take your
slates,
And do the sum which I will read."

Our books went in, our slates came
out,
And the teacher read the sum.
We tried and tried, and tried again,
And couldn't make the answer
come.

And then the old man said to us,
With kindness twinkling in his eyes,
"Who gets the answer first shall have
A silver shilling for a prize."

Then Tommy Dole resolved to cheat;
And slyly taking out his book,
When he supposed he was not seen,
A hasty glance inside he took.

At once, the answer Tommy finds,
And, "Now I've got it, sir," he
cries.
The teacher thinks Tom worked the
sum,
And tells him he has won the prize.

But that old man had seen it all,
Those twinkling eyes had watched
the trick.
"Well done, my boy! you seem
To understand arithmetic.

"But now, before I give the prize,
I'll let you try a harder one.
Another shilling you shall have,
If you can tell how that is done."

And then, with kindest voice and look,
He gently said to Tommy Dole,
"What shall it profit you, my lad,
To gain the world, and lose your
soul?"

Then Tommy Dole hung down his
head,
And tears began to fill his eyes;
And all the scholars wondered why
He would not take the silver prize.

THE CARDINAL POINTS.

I'm only a little laddie,
Just learning to read you see,
And something else that *I* think
Is funny as it can be.

And I'm sure you'll think as I do,
For I don't believe you've heard
Of this funny thing I'm learning,
So I'll tell you every word.

O, I love in the early morning
To hear the twitter and trill
Of birds, as the sun comes peeping
O'er the top of the far-off hill.

Big, and round, and golden,
He lifts his shining face;
If I point to where I see him,
Why *East* I must call the place.

And all through the summer morning,
He is climbing the sky's blue hill,
And the air grows hot and drowsy,
And the singing birds grow still.

Till he reaches the highest summit,
Then slowly he goes to rest,
And the place where last I see him,
I must always call the *West*.

Now here is my little right hand,
And it points to the *East* you see:
If I stretch out my tiny left hand,
Then this side *West* must be.

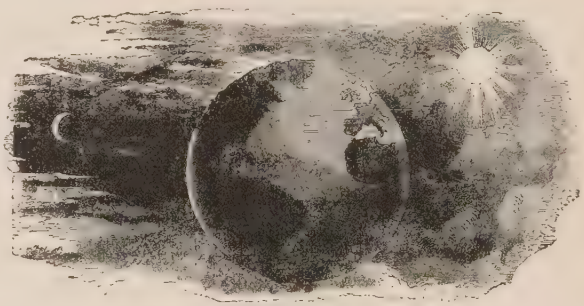
And the *North* will be before me,
While the *South* behind me lies,
Don't you think it queer
That a little girl can be so very wise?

Well, one thing more I will tell you,
And then you have heard it all,
'Tis this, *East*, *West*, and *South*, and *North*,
The *Cardinal Points* we call.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

GEOGRAPHY.

The earth is round, and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air;



The sky extends around it all,
And stars are shining there.

Water and land upon the face
Of this round world we see;
The land is man's safe dwelling place,
But fish swim in the sea.

Two mighty continents there are,
And many islands, too;
And mountains, hills, and valleys there
With level plains we view.

THE AXIS.

Child you ask, "What is the Axis?"
With an apple I will show;
Place your thumb upon the stem-place,
And your finger at the blow;—
Now we'll just suppose the apple
Has a stem that passes through,
And this stem would be the Axis;
Now we'll whirl the apple, true.

Holding fast 'twixt thumb and finger,—
That's the way the Earth goes round
On its Axis, as we call it,
Though no real stem is found.
And the two ends of the Axis
Have been called the Poles, my dear;
Yes, the North Pole and the South Pole,
Where 'tis very cold and drear.

Now we'll hold a bigger apple
At a distance, for the Sun;
Tip the smaller one a little,
And then slowly wheel it round
All around the larger apple,
And it represents the Earth
Circling round the Sun that holds it,
Ceaseless, in its yearly path.

Wondrous is the strong attraction
Of the Sun which holds in place
All the Planets in their turnings,
All the Stars that see his face;
But more wondrous far, the power
That created Sun and us,
And that gave a form and being,
To this mighty Universe.

"The Universe!" now you exclaim;
"By the Universe, what do you mean?"
"'Tis the Sun and the Planets, and everything known,
That we call by this Universe name.

Now the "Planets," you ask,
"What are Planets?" They're globes,
Some larger, some smaller than Earth,—
Which are swinging in space,
And are held in place,
By the God-power that first gave them birth.

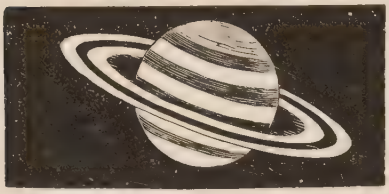
FROM MOTHER TRUTHS' MELODIES.

THE PLANETS.

Mercury is next to the Sun,
While Venus, so bright,
Seen at morning, or night,
Comes *second* to join in the fun.

And *third* in the group is our Earth,
While Mars, with his fire
So warlike and dire,
Swings around to be counted the *fourth*.

While Jupiter's next after Mars,
And his four moons at night
Show the speed of the light;
Next golden-ringed Saturn appears.



After Saturn comes Uranus far;—
And his antics so queer,
Led Astronomers near
To old Neptune, who drives the last *car*.

AMERICA.

A ship sailed over the blue, salt sea
For a man, Columbus called,
Had thought that the world was round, and he
Of the old ideas had palled.

So, in fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
He sailed across from Spain,
And found our continent so new—
The "land beyond the main."

But jealousies and rivalries
And bickerings begun,
And Christopher Columbus now
With grief was overborne.

Americus Vespucius soon
Our shores came sailing round,
And stole the naming of the land
Columbus sought and found;

While he, Columbus, lay in chains,
And died in sore distress;
Yet won for us who tread his land,
A lasting blessedness.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

First stands the lofty Washington,
The noble, great, immortal one.
The elder Adams next we see,
And Jefferson comes number three.

The fourth is Madison, you know,
The fifth one on the list, Monroe.
The sixth an Adams comes again,
And Jackson seventh in the train.
Van Buren is eighth upon the line,
And Harrison is number nine.
The tenth is Tyler in his turn,
And Polk eleventh as we learn.
The twelfth is Taylor that appears;
The thirteenth, Fillmore, fills his years.
Then Pierce comes fourteenth into view,
Buchanan is the fifteenth due.
Now Lincoln comes two terms to fill,
But God o'er-rules the people's will;—
And Johnson fills his appointed time,
Cut short by an assassin's crime.
Next Grant assumes the lofty seat—
The man who never knew defeat.
Two terms to him, then Hayes succeeds,
And quietly the Nation leads.
Heroic Garfield our choice;
But soon ascends a mourning voice
From every hamlet in the land—
A brutal wretch with murderous hand
Strikes low the country's chosen chief;
And anxious millions, plunged in grief,
Implore in vain Almighty aid,
That Death's stern hand might still be stayed.
Then Arthur served the people well,
And Cleveland next as all can tell.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

King George the Third sent out a decree,
In seventeen hundred and seventy-three,
That three pence on every pound of tea
The very moderate tax should be
For the infant American colony.

Though some protested, the King said "Gammon,"
For he was a royal disciple of mammon,
And declared that taxation
Was good for a Nation
That needed some lessons in subjugation.
No tax on snuff! and no tax on tea!
Such a state of things could no longer be!
And those who indulged in such luxuries, must,
Said the loyal monarch, come down with the dust.

So the word went forth, and, in Boston town,
It swept like a hurricane fiercely down;
And men and women were greatly stirred
By this imposition of George the Third.

Trouble was brewing. Their tete-a-tete
Lover and sweetheart abbreviate;
There was hurrying here
And hurrying there,
And ominous mutterings in the air,
The bells were rung in the Old South steeple
To the great alarm of the nervous people,
And a meeting was held, where the proclamation
Was read, that had caused all this perturbation.

Invitations were posted up
For the consignees to take a cup
Of the very best tea—Oolong or Bonea,
At high noon under the Liberty Tree.
And the notice beneath, in every word,
Was a sort of menace to George the Third,
For it said (what an insult to the crown!)
"Show me the man that dare take this down!"
Honor and liberty were at stake!
But the consignees refused to take
Their cup of tea on the terms suggested,
Or do as the council of war requested,
'Twas the only topic of conversation,
Nothing was thought of but this taxation,
And the easiest way of liquidation.
T—A—X

'Twas enough to vex
The souls of the men of Boston town,
To read this under the seal of the crown,
They were loyal subjects of George the Third;
So they believed, and so they averred,
But this bristling, offensive placard set
On the walls, was worse than a bayonet,
For it aimed at a principle dearer than life;
Three pence a pound on tea
Not much of a tax would be!
But it proved the beginning of mighty strife.

And lovers of freedom with dignity broke
Away from the weight of King George's yoke.
A burden of tacks
Upon their backs
They might have borne in an easy way,
But the iron had entered their souls, and they
Declared in a state of great fermentation
'Twas a wantonly cruel, unjust taxation.
What was to be done? There were those indeed,
Who were bound to have the pernicious weed.

Rheumatic old chaps,
Who would sip between naps;
And maidens who'd never agree
To give up an afternoon tea;
And likewise the gossipy dames who were willing
For the sake of such comfort, to spend their last shilling.

And so it was decided to lay an embargo
On vessels that brought over tea as their cargo;
For, if once they were landed, then trouble would follow,
And neither the tax nor the tea would they swallow!
With artful disguise, and grotesque decoration.
Like sons of the forest, a poor imitation
A score or more men on a night in December,
Went forth to a deed the world would remember.

In exhilaration,
They took up their station,
On board the vessels awaiting demurrage,
And no one could question their share of "Dutch Courage."
Soon others joined in with an interest hearty
Increasing the size of the famous tea party,
Declaring with war-whoops of savage delight,
"Boston harbor shall furnish the tea-pot to-night."
They boarded the ships
That were then in their slips,
Indignantly seizing the boxes of tea,
And many a chest of the Chinaman's best
Slipped quickly overboard into the sea.
If any attempted to carry off booty,
Which he might secure without payment of duty,
His thievish endeavors most certainly failed.
Through a summary docket
That cut off the pocket,
Containing the tea, and the coat was curtailed.

King George the Third who made the decree
To relieve the East India Company,
Would have sworn right royally, I opine,
Could he have beheld that fleet in line,
That never had given a countersign!
Four or five hundred boxes of tea
Sailing so jauntily out to sea.

The word the colonists sent, was not
At the mercy of any highwayman's shot:
Nor were there telegraphs to convey
The people's message with less delay;

But tediously slow
The ships must go
On the homeward track,
Only taking back
America's envoy, who on landing, straight
Presented himself at the palace gate.
Demanding an audience there and then;
With the first of English gentlemen,
Who thought he'd a right a tax to impose,
On all his subjects whenever he chose.

He was ready to burst with rage, no doubt,
When the clerk in a loud voice read about
The Boston Tea Party;—for then the King
Perceived he had not done just the thing
To please the American colony,
The injured party who went out to tea
In Seventeen-hundred and seventy-three.

THE CHILD'S CENTENNIAL.

Around the purple clover-flowers,
The butterflies were flitting;
And on a stone beside the road
A little boy was sitting.
The fragrant air his yellow hair
Around his face was blowing,
And down his pretty rosy cheeks,
The great,'round tears were flowing.
His breeches were of coarse, brown cloth;
His frock was made of tow;
For little Ebenezer lived
A hundred years ago.

Along the road, upon a horse,
Two men came, riding double;
And one spoke out, "My pretty lad,
Pray tell me what's the trouble."
But, at his friendly words, the boy
Began to sob the louder:
"O sir!" he said, "my father took
His gun, and horn of powder,
And rode away this very morn
To help to fight the foe!"
For there was war within the land
A hundred years ago.

The foremost man drew in his rein
(His horse was somewhat skittish.)
And said, "My dear, I would not fear:
We hope to beat the British.
And when the Yankees win the day,
And send the Red-coats flying,
And home again your father comes,
You will not feel like crying:
You'll be a happy fellow then."
"Oh, that I shall, I know!"
Poor little Ebenezer said
A hundred years ago.

"But, if he should not come at all,
And we should find, instead, sir,
A musket-ball had shot him down,
A sword cut off his head, sir?"

"Oh, even then," the man replied,
"You'd proudly tell his story,
And say, 'He died for freedom's sake,
And for his country's glory.'
But brave must be the little son
Whose father fights the foe:
We need stout hearts." And so they did,
A hundred years ago.

The man rode on, and home again
Ran little Ebenezer;
"Now I must share my mother's care,"
He said, "and try to please her;
And I must work in every way,—
Rake hay, and feed the cattle,
And hoe the corn, since father's gone
To give the British battle."
Oh! looking backward, let us not
Forget the thanks we owe
To those good little boys who lived
A hundred years ago!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE CHILD'S CENTENNIAL.

NINE PARTS OF SPEECH.

Three little words you often see
Are ARTICLES—*a*, *an*, and *the*.

A NOUN's the name of anything,
As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop*, or *swing*.

ADJECTIVES tell the kind of Noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of Nouns the PRONOUNS stand—
Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.

VERBS tell of something to be done—
To *read*, *count*, *sing*, *laugh*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the ADVERBS tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

CONJUNCTIONS join the words together,
As man *and* woman, wind *or* weather.

The PREPOSITION stands before
Noun, as *at* or *through* the door.

The INTERJECTION shows surprise,
As *Ah!* how pretty, *Oh!* how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

A word of three syllables children, now find,
That holds the whole twenty-six letters combined.*

*Alphabet.

NUMBER.

A noun or name that means but one,
Is called in the *singular number;*
But when it stands for more than one,
'Tis *plural*, child, remember.

GENDER.

A noun that is the name of males,
As ox, or horse, or father,
Is *masculine* in *gender*, dear;
While cow, and mare, and mother,
And all the names of females, child,
Are *feminine*, 'tis true;
Now tell me all the names you know,
And tell their gender, too.
But you will find there's many a noun
Not male, nor female either,
As chair, and book; and such we call
In *neuter gender*—neither.

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

The pipers are not made of pipes,
And cowards are not made of cows;
And lyres are not made of lies,
While bowers are not made of bows.
The wickets are not made of wicks,
And candles are not made of cans;
And tickets are not made of ticks,
While panels are not made of pans.

The cattle are not made of cats,
While willows are not made of wills,
And battles are not made of bats,
And pilgrims are not made of grim pills.
The cornets are not made of corns,
A hotel is not made of a hoe;
And hornets are not made of horns,
While all poets can not be Poe.

ONE LITTLE CHICKEN.

One little chicken, two little chickens, three little chickens, dear;
Don't you see we add *s*, when more than one is here?
And this we do with almost all the nouns that may appear.

One little birdy, two little birdies, three little birdies soar;
The *y* is changed to *i-e-s* for birdies two or more;
And this, when a word shall end in *y* with a *consonant* before.

One little donkey, two little donkeys, three little donkeys bray.

But here the *y* remains unchanged, and *s* is called in play;

And this, when a word shall end in *y*, where a *vowel* leads the way.

REMEMBER.

Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose isn't gooses nor geeses;
And remember, though house in the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice, not mouses.
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice;
But the plural of house should be houses, not hice.
And foot, it is true, in the plural, is feet;
But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

Didn't-think is a heedless lad
And never takes the prize;
Remember-well wins every time,
For he is quick and wise.

A, E, I, O, U.

A, E, I, O, U,
The vowels we may call;
W, Y are vowels, too,
Whenever they chance to fall
To the end of syllable or word.
And this we all may know
That all the rest are CONSONANTS
Just nineteen in a row.

LESSON ON THE BONES.

In my little face, so plainly seen,
If you count the bones, you will find fourteen.

And, beside all these, somebody has said
You will find eight more in my curly head.

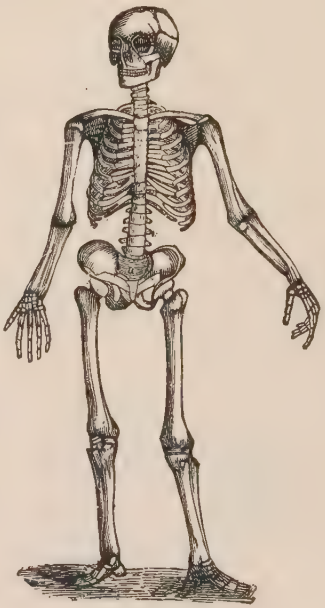
On both sides of my head is a little pink ear
With three bones in each to help me hear.

And locked together, a long white line,
Are the twenty-six bones that make my spine.

If you look at my shoulders, you there will find,
A bone in front, and a bone behind.

While my twenty-four ribs together combine
To make this stout little chest of mine.

The bones of my arms you see are but few,
Here is one in my arm, in each fore-arm, two.



The bones in my wrist are bound snug and tight,
Eight in my left wrist, and eight in my right.

There are five in each hand, and five in each foot,
And twenty-eight in fingers and toes are put.

One bone in my hip, and it looks like a cup,
The end of my thigh-bone will just fill it up.

This bone in my thigh has a very queer name,
Femur or thigh-bone, it means the same.

My knee-pan covers the joint at my knee,
And, from this to my ankle, two bones you see.

The seven short bones in my ankle found
By strong white cords together are bound.
If an apple or pear I wish to bite,
I've thirty-two teeth so strong and white.

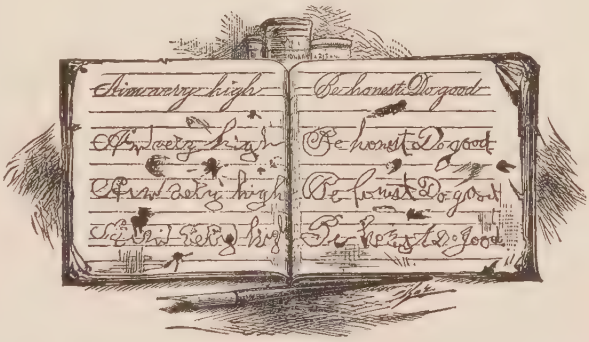
And I'll always remember, in spite of my play,
With water and brush, to cleanse them each day.

Since the way that I sit, my bones must affect,
I'll try, while I'm young, to sit very erect.

And when I grow older, you'll every one see,
What a straight man or woman I then shall be.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I thought when I'd learned my letters,
That all of my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
But my copy book *is* a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shines,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines;
But go up and down and all over
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little, and big.

The tails of the g's are *so* contrary,
The handles get on the wrong side
Of the d's, and the k's, and the h's,
Though I have certainly tried and tried

To make them just right; it is dreadful,
I really don't know what to do,
I'm getting almost distracted —
My teacher says she is, too.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head.
There's the multiplication table,
And cannot bear up all the mists,
And then 'tis foggy, quite;
And grammar, and — oh, dear me,
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain-tops we climb,
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time.
She says that all the scholars,
All the wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so, where's my pen?

But I'd like to know if ever
Any you learned folks,
Had the ink get over your fingers,
Or blots in your copy-books.
If your letters would sort o' straggle,
Wherever they chose to go —
'Twould be a very great comfort,
If some of you'd let me know.

THE WIND.

"What is the wind, mamma?'
"'Tis air in motion, child;"
"Why can I never see the wind
That blows so fierce and wild?"

"Because the gases, dear,
Of which the air is made,
Are quite transparent, that is, we
See through, but see no shade."

"And what are gases, ma?"
"Fluids, which, if we squeeze
In space too small, will burst with force;"—
"And what are *fluids*, please?"

"Fluids are what will flow,
And gases are so light
That when we give them room enough,
They rush with eager flight."

"What gases, dear mamma,
Make up the air or wind?"
"'Tis oxygen and nitrogen
That chiefly there we find;

"And, when the air is full
Of oxygen, we're gay;
But when there is not quite enough
We're dull, or faint away."

"What is the fog, mamma?"
"Sometimes the air is light

"But, when air heavier grows,
The fog is borne above,
And floated off, the cloudy stuff,—
Just see it, graceful, move."

"What makes the rain, mamma?"
"The mists and vapors rise
From land, and stream, and rolling sea,
Up toward the distant skies;

"And there they form the clouds
Which, when they're watery, dear,
Pour all the water down to earth,
And rain afar or near."

"What makes the snow, mamma?"
"When very cold above,
The mists are frozen high in air,
And fall as snow, my love."

"And hail?" "'Tis formed the same;
Cold streams of air have come
And frozen all the water-drops,
And thus the hail-stones form."

TWELVE LITTLE SCHOOL-MATES

The roses had fallen, and the weather was cool,
And twelve little lassies, returning from school,
I thought were so pretty, and tidy, and neat,
To my house I would ask them, just over the street.

They played, and they danced, and they skipped, and they sang,
And the porches and parlors with laughter they rang,
And sweet as a picture the beautiful sight
Of my twelve little ladies so happy and bright.

I called them my lambs, and the garden my fold;
And precious as silver, as good as the gold,
Were the twelve pretty maidens, so tidy and neat,
Whom I asked to my house just over the street;
Though autumn be sad, and winter be wild,
'Tis summer for all in the heart of a child.

"All is not gold that glitters;"
Yet think not, children mine,
That all that glitters is not gold;
The true must ring and shine.

OF WHAT ARE YOUR CLOTHES MADE?

Come here to mamma, and I'll tell you, dear boy—
For I think you never have guessed—

How many poor animals we must employ
Before little George can be dressed.

The pretty sheep gives you the wool from his sides,
To make you a jacket to use;
The goat or the calf must be stripped of their hides,
To give you these nice little shoes.

And then the shy beaver contributes his share,
With the rabbit, to give you a hat,
For this must be made of their delicate hair;
And so you may thank them for that.

All these I have mentioned, and many more, too,
Each willingly gives us a share;
One sends us a hat, and another a shoe,
That we may have plenty to wear.

Then, as the poor creatures thus suffer to give
So much for the comfort of man,
I think 'tis but right that, as long as they live,
We should treat them as kind as we can.

WHY MEN WERE BORN.

Some men were born for great things,
Some men were born for small;
Some, it is not recorded
Why they were born at all.

IDLE JOE.

What do I know? Oh! lots of things;
I'll tell you in a minute
How to carve a boat, and make a top—
a humming-top—and spin it;
How to climb the walls as quick as the
best of all the raccoons,
How to trap the birds, catch eels and
fish, and fly the toy balloons,
And everything like that; why, all the
school and village know
There's not another in the place with
half such wit as Joe.
What is it I DON'T know? you ask. I
don't know—let me see—
Well, I shan't want desks when I
grow up, nor dates, nor Rule of
Three—
And I don't know why some stupid-
heads go learning all that stuff;
Or, if one wants the rubbish—why,
there's always time enough.
But I'll tell you now what puzzles me
—I really DO NOT KNOW
Why, when I sit and fish for hours,
they say, "There's Idle Joe."

THE LAZY BOY.

The lazy lad! and what's his name?
I should not like to tell;
But don't you think it is a shame
That he can't read nor spell?

He'd rather swing upon a gate,
Or paddle in the brook,
Than take his pencil and his slate,
Or try to con his book.

There! see, he's lounging down the
street,
His hat without a rim;
He rather drags than lifts his feet—
His face unwashed and grim.

He's lolling now against a post,
But if you've seen him once,
You'll know the lad amongst a host;
For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's
name,—
I do not choose to tell;
But this you'll know—it is the same
As his who does not blush for
shame that he don't read or spell.

THE DUNCE'S BENCH.

Again we see the dunce's row,
The boys who never try to know;
Who application always shirk,
And never set their wits to work.
Yet George looks grave, his earnest face
Seems fitted for a better place.

Oh, boys! be wise; the precious hours
Are going fast, like fading flowers;
Oh, seek to learn in early days,
Walk carefully in wisdom's ways;
Fill up the moments as they fly,
For soon will come eternity.

GOOD COMPANY.

"I'll Try!" is a soldier;
"I will" is a king;
Be sure they are near
When the school-bells ring.

When school-days are over,
And boys are men,
"I'll Try!" and "I Will!"
Are good things then.

THE SCHOOL.

"Little girl, where do you go to school,
And when do you go, little girl?
Over the grass, from dawn till dark,
Your feet are in a whirl;
You and the cat jump here and there,

You and the robins sing;
But what do you know in the spelling-book?
Have you ever *learned* anything?"

Thus the little girl answered,—
Only stopping to cling
To my fingers a minute,
As a bird on the wing
Catches a twig of sumach,
And stops to twitter and swing,—
"When the daisies' eyes are a-twinkle
With happy tears of dew;
When swallows waken in the eaves,
And the lamb bleats to the ewe;
When the lawns are golden-barred,
And the kiss of the dew is cool;
When morning's breath blows out the stars,—
Then do I go to school!

"My school-roof is the dappled sky;
And the bells that ring for me there
Are all the voices of morning
Afloat in the dewy air.
Kind Nature is the Madame,
And the book whereout I spell

Is dog's-eared by the brooks and glens
Where I know the lesson well."

Thus the little girl answered,
In her musical out-door tone:
She was up to my pocket,
I was a man full-grown;
But the next time that she goes to school,
She will not go alone!

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

OLD AND NEW.

We are passing another mile-stone,
Another school-year's done;
One more chapter of life is written
A few more threads are spun.

Life's a journey, a school, a story,
Our best it doth demand;
'Tis a fabric; it should be woven
With steadfast heart and hand.

But we've faltered, half learned our lessons,
The story who will read?
And we've carelessly marred life's texture,
A record poor indeed.

Yet our errors, our failures shall be
At length our best success;
If we store up their choicest teachings
For future helpfulness.

We have trodden the old year's pathway,
We enter on the new;
God hath brightened them both with mercies,
To Him all praise is due.

Let us study the matchless story,
The life-work of His son,
Till the volume of life is finished,
Until the web is spun.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

WHAT WILLIE SAID.

Hear what a little child would say,
Who comes to school each pleasant day,
And tries to learn his lessons well,
A good report at home to tell.

I love the school, and teacher dear,
And all the scholars gathered here;
To each I say in simple rhyme,
Be careful, and not waste your time.

For moments spent in life's young day,
In useless or in thoughtless play,
Will cast a shade o'er future years,
And cause you many sighs and tears.

BABY LAND.

BABY-LAND.

BABY-LAND.

How many miles to Baby-Land?
Any one can tell;
Up one flight,
To your right—
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads,
Cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?
Dream, and wake, and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Baby-Land?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet.

GEORGE COOPER.

OUR DARLING.

See Frontispiece.

She is fairer than the light,
She is lovelier than the rose,
More precious in my sight
Than any flower that grows.

Her voice is sweeter, far,
Upon my listening ears,
Than the song of morning star,
Than the music of the spheres.

She is worth her weight in gold,
In rubies and in pearls,—
She is only two years old,
With a head of yellow curls.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropped from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.

WINNIE.

Bless me! here's another baby,
Just as cunning as can be,
Eyes as blue as bonnie blue-bells,
Breath as sweet as rosemary.
Smile—a tiny, flashing sunbeam,
Hair of purest, fairest gold,
Hands and shoulders full of dimples,
Little Winnie, eight months old.

Making funny, cooing speeches
Nobody can understand—
Such a quaint and pretty language,
Only spoke in Baby-Land.
Should I sing all day about her,
All her sweetness were not told:
She's a bud, a bird, a fairy,
Little Winnie, eight months old.

ANOTHER LITTLE WAVE.

Another little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save
Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet—
The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes,
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.

LUCY EVELINA ACKERMAN.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her;
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common.
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca
That she was a little Quaker.

Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret;
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?

How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her—
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

NAMING THE BABY.

What shall we name the darling,
  Who came to us one day?
Shall we call her our little Mary,
  Estelle, or Ida, or May?

Mabel, or Saxon Edith,
  Or Margaret, fairest pearl?
Will Isabelle, tall and stately,
  Be fitting our little girl?

Shall we call her gentle Alice,
  Or Madge, for her dark brown hair?
Is she like a Rose just opening,
  Or a Lily pure and fair?

Shall we name her Helen, or Laura,
  Sweet Hope, or darling Grace?
Will Belle, Louise, or Anna
  Match best with the baby's face?

Lottie, or Hattie, or Jennie,
  Winnie, or romping Kate,
Josephine, proud and stately,
  Or Bertha, grave and sedate?

No name that just fits you, dearie.
  Then what shall the little one do?
Must she wander, forlorn and nameless,
  The years of her life all through?

We will call you all sweet names, darling,
  That are found in household lore;

Should they be too small a number,
We will study to make them more.

We will call you our brown Snow-birdie,
Fairy, and Daisy, and Elf,
Darling, and Dottie, and Dimple,
Names fitting your own sweet self.

Some morn or propitious even'
Shall bring you a name to bear;
Some name with a musical cadence
Shall our little baby wear.

MRS. E. C. BATES.

OLD GAELIC LULLABY.

Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep—
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who, for our sakes, came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away to tend the sheep,
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago?

How many pounds, from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "Only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl,

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little Baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight may be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shines beneath this human guise,
Within so small and frail a thing!

O mother, laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget

From baby eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house I know,
'Tis far too nice and clean.
No toys, by careless fingers strewn,
Upon the floors are seen.
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;

No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed;
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed;
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given;
No nicknames — "Dove," and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

BABY BROTHER.

Right into our house one day,
A dear little angel came;
I ran to him, and said softly,
"Little angel, what is your name?"
He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile,
Then I said, "May I go home with you?
Shall you go in a little while?"

But mamma said, "Dear little angel,
Don't leave us! Oh, always stay!
We will all of us love you dearly!
Sweet angel! Oh, don't go away!"

So he staid, and he staid, and we loved him,
As we could not have loved another,

Do you want to know what his name is?
His name is—*My little brother.*

THE KING OF THE NURSERY.

Who is the king of the nursery?
Why, our darling baby boy.
And every one tires to bring him
Blessings of mirth and joy.
Rowland and May are his subjects,
Who are always ready to bring
Homage and smiles and good service
To the darling baby-king.

They will gather the toys he has scattered,
And bring them again to his hand;
And never think of withholding
What the baby-king may demand.

THE BABY'S REVERY.

An exquisite little maiden
With a head like a golden flower,
She soberly stood at the window
In the still, white twilight hour.

"And what are you thinking, sweetheart?"
She was such a little child
She could not answer the question;
She only dimpled and smiled.

But I wondered, as she frolicked,
Her mystic revery o'er,
Was she a rose-shade less a child
Than she had been before?

Was she pausing, as a rosebud
Seems pausing while it grows?
Had I caught the blooming minute
Of a little human rose?

MARY E. WILKINS.

THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky, as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

THE KING OF THE NURSERY.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of *you*, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I'se a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,
For Bidget is 'way down stairs;
My titten has scatched my fin'er,
And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so long ado;
An' I ain't her 'tunninest baby
No londer, for Bidget says so.

Mamma's dot anoder *new baby;*
Dod dived it—he did—yes'erday;
And it kies, it kies—oh, so defful!
I wis' He would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle sister;"
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me, and tiss me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.

I dess my dear papa will bin' me
A 'ittle dood titten some day;

Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;
I wis' she would tate it away.

Oh, oh! what tunnin' red fin'ers!
It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some can'y whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
To play wid 'mos' every day;
And I dess, I dess—Say, Bidget,
Ask Dod not to tate it away.

WE'VE GOT A BABY.

We've got a baby! I should like you to come
Just to see the baby that we have at home:
Oh, it is such a baby! with the bluest little eyes!

And its mouth! you should only see its mouth when it cries!
Then it has such a hand!—like mine, only smaller;
And it cannot walk yet, and our Ponto is taller!

It has the queerest little feet, with the funniest little toes,
And something which papa declares will grow into a nose.
I saw it this morning—how it sucked its little thumb!

Oh, it is such a baby!—now do, Charlie, come.
Mother says you may see it, if you will not make a noise;
Just wait till nurse has gone down stairs; you know she hates us boys.

Did you ever have a baby? we have had ours a week;
Nurse says it soon will talk, but I never heard it speak.
And what is strange, they let it cry and scream just when it pleases,

And the more it cries, it seems to me the less mamma it teases.
I know they make me creep about as quiet as a mouse:
I tell you what, it's something—a baby in the house!

In ma's own room I scarcely dare to run across the floor,
It's "Do be still," or "Harry, hush," or else, "Do shut the door."
I don't like nurse—she's always there, and says, "Now, Harry, go,"

Because I want to kiss mamma; but I should like to know
If she is not as much my ma, now, as a month ago!
She lets the baby have its way—blesses its little eyes—

Coaxes and pets it all the more, the more it screams and cries.

But it is just reversed with me! I know
if I should take
Such airs on me as baby does the
moment it's awake,

I should be sure to find myself in
bed an hour too soon,
Or have my hobby-horse locked up
and kept an afternoon.
You have a brother? What of that?
wait till you have a sister!

I wish you had been at our house the
first time that I kissed her!
Such a warm little mouth! standing
wide open so.
A boy's no great things—I'm one—I
ought to know!

I'm glad she's a girl—I know all my
toys
Would last as long again but for
rough little boys!
But it's well you have one, since you
can't have the other,

Though I would not change my sister
for any little brother.
Perhaps a boy-baby is better than no
baby at all,
But our baby's a girl. Did you hear
father call?

There he is, over yonder—just cross-
ing the street;
We can go up-stairs with him. Oh,
Charlie, wipe your feet!

For nurse looks at footmarks with a
frown as black as thunder,

And mutters to herself, "What are
mats for, I wonder?"
Now you must not make a noise—
please, Charlie, don't forget.
Papa can let us in—I am his boy yet.

ELIZABETH W. TOWNSEND.

SLEEP, BABY MINE.

Sleep, little baby of mine,
Night and the darkness are near;
But Jesus looks down
Through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear.

Shut, little sleepy blue eyes,
Dear little head be at rest;
Jesus, like you,
Was a baby once, too,
And slept on His own mother's
breast.

Sleep, little baby of mine,
Soft on your pillow so white;
Jesus is here
To watch over you, dear,
And nothing can harm you to-night.

O! little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
The comfort I keep,
Awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this?

SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western Sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western Sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his bed in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CRADLE SONG.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats, and drinks,
And chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,

As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never knew
Where the summers go;
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown.
Blind, and wailing, and alone
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

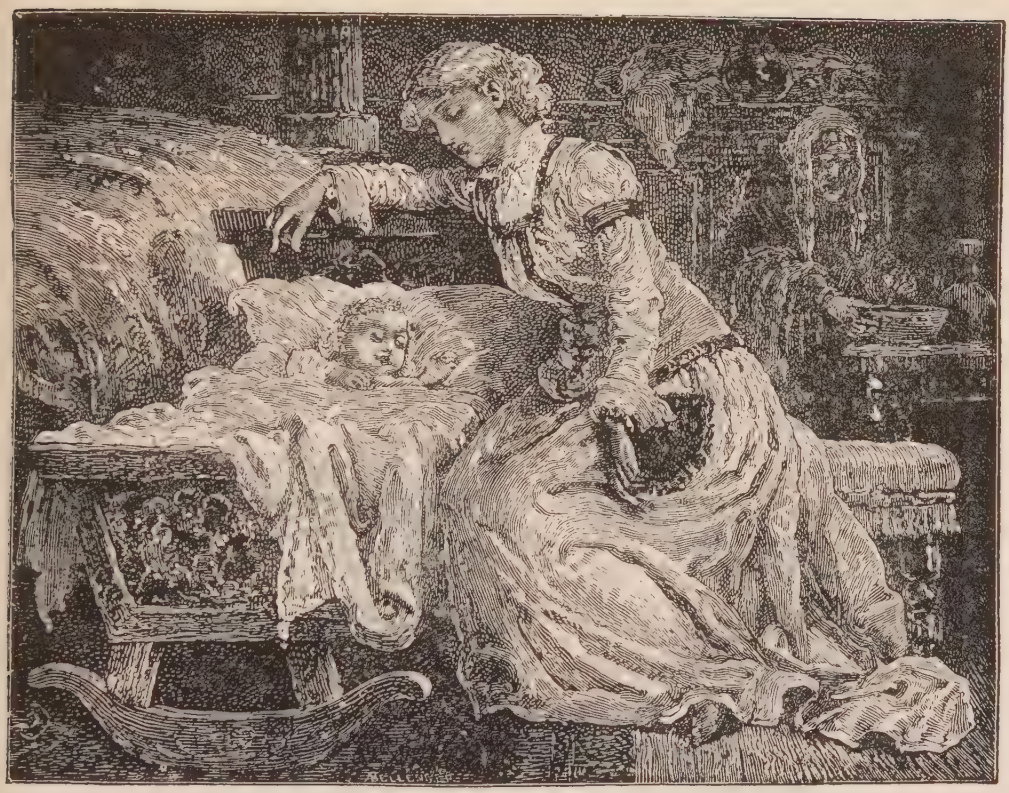
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.



PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities:
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find a queen-hand-maiden,
Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-woo-ing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undo-ing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest, love glorified!—Rule kindly,

Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one heaven-choosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king—

A wreath not of gold, but palm.
One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and grey;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

BABY IS GOING TO BYLO-TOWN.

Baby is going to Bylo-land
Guided by mamma's own loving hand;
He needs no money his fare to pay,
For babies go free to Nod-away.
Cuddle down, darling, cuddle down,
We're going to Bylo-town.

Mamma is holding him snug and warm,
Resting his little head on her arm;
Dimpled white hands still grasping his toy,
Now fold them to rest, my baby boy.
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, gently and slow
While mamma sings to him soft and low;
Dainty white eyelids begin to droop down
Over the laughing eyes, bonny and brown.
Cuddle down, darling, cuddle down,
We're going to Bylo-town.

Lower they droop, and at last they close,
Just like the soft petals of a rose;
Hushed now and quiet, the face so fair,
No trace of sorrow or sin is there.
Now he shall go to his little bed,
Over him gently the soft cover spread;
Cosy and warm in his downy nest,
Sweet be his dreams and quiet his rest.

Cuddle down, darling, cuddle down,
We're going to Bylo-town.

Father in Heaven, so loving and mild,
I pray thee, look down on my little child;
Bless him, and keep him from evil free,
Till at last thou shalt say,
"Come home to me."

CLARA SMITH COLTON.

BABY'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, mother, dear mother, no wonder I cry!
More wonder by far that your baby don't die.
No matter what ails me, no matter who's here,
No matter how hungry the "poor little dear,"
No matter if full or all out of breath,
She trots me, and trots me, and trots me to death!

I love my dear nurse, but I dread that great knee;
I like all her talk, but, woe unto me!
She can't be contented with talking so pretty,
And washing, and dressing, and doing her duty;
And that's very well; I can bear soap and water,
But, mother, she is an unmerciful trotter!

Pretty ladies, I do want to look at your faces;
Pretty cap! pretty fire! let me see how it blazes;
How can I, my head is going bibity-bob?
And she trots me the harder, the harder I sob.
Oh, mother, do stop her; I'm inwardly sore!
I hiccough and cry, and she trots me the more,
And talks about wind, when 'tis she makes me ache;
Wish 'twould blow her away for poor Baby's sake!

Thank goodness, I'm still! Oh blessed be quiet!
I'm glad my dear mother is willing to try it.
Of foolish old customs, my mother's no lover,
And the wisdom of this she can never discover.
I'll rest me a while, and just look about,
And laugh up at Sally, who peeps in and out,
And pick up some notions as soon as I can,
To fill my small noddle before I'm a man.

Oh, dear! is that she? Is she coming so soon?

She's bringing my dinner with tea-cup
and spoon;
She'll hold me with one hand, in
t'other the cup,
And, as fast as it's down, she'll just
shake it up.

And thumpity-thump! with the great-
est delight,
Her head is going from morning to
night;
All over the house you may hear it, I'm
sure,
Trot! Trotting! Just think what I am
to endure!

L. J. H.

'TIS NIGHT.

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Mild dewdrops are kissing
The bloom-covered lea;
Like plumes gently waving,
The soft zephyrs creep;
The birds are all dreaming,
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

'Tis night on the mountain,
'Tis night on the sea,
Away in the distance,
The stars twinkle free;
O'er all of His creatures,
His watch He will keep,
Who guardeth the sparrows—
Then sleep, darling, sleep.

Mary M. Bowen.

HUSH-A-BY BABY.

Hush-a-by, baby, the bees in the
clover—
The red, red clover—have fallen
asleep,
Swaying and swinging, now under,
now over,
In the red, red clover,
So sweet and so deep.

Hush-a-by, baby, the cows from the
meadows—
The green, green meadows—are loiter-
ing home;
Their bells tinkle softly as through
dew and shadows,
From the green, green meadows,
They loitering come.

Hush-a-by, baby, the birds and the
flowers—
The sweet, sweet flowers—have fallen
asleep;
They sway and they swing through
the soft, dewy hours,
The sweet, sweet flowers,
In meadows so deep.

Hush-a-by, baby, 'tis time you were
sleeping,
So sweet, sweetly sleeping in dream-
land afar;
Low over the meadows the night mists
are creeping,
'Tis time you were sleeping.
My baby, my star!

J. K. Ludlum.

LITTLE GOO-GOO.

We have in our house a brave little chap,
Who loves to be in his dear mamma's lap;
He is laughing and singing the whole day long,
And "Goo-goo-goo!" is all of his song.

In his nice little cradle-bed he lies,
Staring about with great, bright eyes;
"Baby, dear! what are you singing about?"
But "Goo-goo-goo" is all I make out.

He shakes his fists, and kicks his feet,
Because he is waiting for something to eat;
And then speaks up, very loud and strong,
And his "Goo-goo" means "I can't wait long."

I catch up the darling and throw him high,
And he reaches his hands to touch the sky;
But all that he says, to show his delight,
Is "Goo-goo-goo!" with his baby might.

"Dear little pitkin! what is your name?"
But all the answer I get is the same.
"Oh! what a name for a boy like you!"
And he giggles and shouts his sweet "Goo-goo!"

He crows "Goo-goo!" before it is light,
And sings "Goo-goo!" in the dead of the night;
It is "Goo-goo-goo!" the whole day long,
And *I* think "Goo-goo!" is a beautiful song.

The little birdies say "Cheep! cheep!"
"Ba! Ba! Ba!" says the baby-sheep;
But the sweetest song, I think—don't you?—
Is our little darling's "Goo-goo-goo!"

Oh, how precious is little Goo-goo!
And, oh, how we love him, little Goo-goo!
I pray that angels will guard him—don't you?
And Father in Heaven bless little Goo-goo!

SCOTT CAMPBELL.

OUR REAL RULER.

This a free country?
Well, may be,
So long as you haven't
A baby.

Young or old, tho' golden
Or gray be
Our heads, we're all ruled by
A baby.

Fond and foolish the words that
We say be
When we bow to that tyrant,
The baby.

The wise man's a fool and
A gaby
And a hobby-horse for his
Own baby.

But, of light in our homes, where'd
A ray be
Without the bright cherub,
The baby?

Then hallowed and blest let
The day be
That brought that dear despot,
The baby!

BABY BELL.

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The Gates of Heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like the dews upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell!
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seem'd bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds
And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours.

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature fill'd her eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:

Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born;
We felt we had a link between
This world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
The love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ*!—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;
And cluster'd apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheek'd peaches blush'd and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace
In soften'd curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripen'd, too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:—
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!
God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things;
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we love her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only cross'd her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours!

THOMAS BAILY ALDRICH.

LULLABY.

A song for the baby, sweet little Bo-peep;
Come, wee Willie Winkie, and sing him to sleep.

Come toss her high up, and trot her low down;
This is the road to Brinklepeeptown.

Come, press down her eyelids, and sing in her ear
The wonderful songs that in Dreamland we hear,

The chime of the waters, the drone of the bees,
The tales that the blossoms are telling the breeze.

For, spite of her crowing and cooing, I see
The baby is sleepy as sleepy can be.

Down flutter the eyelids—dear little Bopeep,
Now whist! Willie Winkie, she's gone fast asleep.

SHIRLEY DARE.

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round, large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catching up of legs and arms,
Throwing back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers — straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kicking up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silence—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations—
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel—seemings

That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty be,
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

BABY FINGERS.

Ten little fat fingers so rosy and sweet!
Ten fat little fingers so taper and neat;
Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,

Now poking your eyes out, and pulling your hair,
Soothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
Then digging your cheek with a mischievous clutch;
Gently waving good-by with infantile grace,
Then dragging your bonnet down over your face.
Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
Then tearing your book at a furious rate;
Gravely holding them out, like a king to be kissed,
Then thumping the window with tightly-closed fist;
Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
On the white cradled pillow, secure from all harm.
O, dear baby hands! how much love you enfold
In the weak, careless sleep of those fingers' soft hold!
Keep spotless as now, through the world's evil ways
And bless with fond care our last weariful days!

MRS. RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

OURS.

Bright in the early morning
His brown eyes open wide,
And there's never a wink more slumber
To be thought of at his side,

LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

I tan't see what our baby boy is dood for anyway;
He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-bil-ly tan,
An' even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestes fan.

He's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, an' gives us awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says his prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin' clothes,
An' once I foun' him hard at work a-pinc'in' Dolly's nose;

An' ze ozzer day zat naughty boy (now what you s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An' 'stead of kyin' dood an' hard, as course he ought to done,
He laughed, and kicked his head 'most off, as zough he zought 't was fun.

He even tries to reach up high, an' pull zings off ze shelf,
An' he's al'ays wantin' *you*, of course, jus' when you wants you'self.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls,

Zey all was made a-purpose for to 'noy
us little dirls;

An' I wish zere wasn't no such zing as
naughty baby boys ——
Why — why, zat's him a-kyin' now;
he makes a drefful noise.
I dess I better run and see, for if he
has — boo-hoo! —
Falled down ze stairs and killed his-
self, *whateverss-s'all I do!*

A MOTHER'S DIARY.

Morning! Baby on the floor,
Making for the fender;
Sunlight seems to make it sneeze;
Baby on a "bender!"

All the spools upset and gone,
Chairs drawn into file,
Harness strings all strung across,
Ought to make one smile.

Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue;
(How these charms will dwindle!)
For I rather think — don't you —
Baby "is a swindle?"

Noon! A tangled silken floss
Getting in blue eyes;
Aprons never will keep clean
If a baby tries!

One blue shoe untied, and one
Underneath the table;
Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys
Well as they are able.

Baby in a high-chair, too,
Waiting for his dinner,
Spoon in mouth; I think — don't you —
Baby "is a sinner?"

Night! Chairs all set back again,
Blocks and spools in order;
One blue shoe beneath a mat
Tells of a marauder;

Apron folded on a chair,
Plaid dress torn and wrinkled;
Two pink feet kicked partly bare,
Little fat knees crinkled;

In his crib, and conquered, too,
By sleep, heaven's best evangel.
Now I surely think — don't you —
"Baby is an angel?"

BABY CLARA.

Baby Clara, dressed so warm,
What cares she for wind and storm?
Sleigh-bells jingling as we go
Skimming o'er the ice and snow.

Baby Clara laughs in glee,
As we glide so merrily.
Jolly fun, she thinks, to ride,
With her brother by her side.

Baby Clara, sister mine,
Whose soft arms my neck entwine,
On my cheeks so lovingly
Sweetest kisses gives to me.

Rosy lips and golden hair,
Dark blue eyes, and cheeks so fair;
To us all her smile brings bliss,
Darling Clara, baby sis.

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms—
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms;
Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from otherwhere;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Rolly-polly shoulders, dimple on your cheek;
Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old—
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Here you come to tell them—what an eager shout!
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know;
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your bag of books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
Yet with tooth for sponge-cake, and for sugar-plums;
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
Waking up to study with the morning light;
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before you, and the world is wide;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

Ah! the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—
Babe and child and maiden, all are with me now.
Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love I know—
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair, and soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,

And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies—
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
Why! you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,
"I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,

And your lashes keep drooping lower
and lower,
And—you've gone to sleep, like a
weary flower,
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

M. E.

BABY'S SKIES.

A Word to Mother.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are Mother's eyes.
Mother's eyes and smile together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mother, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complain-
ing
Lest the baby think 't is raining.

ALL ALONE.

Two pink feet,
Wee chubby toes,
A mouth as sweet
As any rose.

Fat, dimpled cheek,
Twin eyes of gray,
That seem to speak
In helpless way.

Without the power
To tell its need
Which every hour
True love must heed;

'Mid smiles and tears,
And many a mood—
So pass the days
Of babyhood.

JUST AS FAT.

Just as fat
Is my little man,
Who eats and sleeps
And does all that.
With dimpled chin
And cheeks like bubbles,
He knows no care,
And has no troubles.
Yes, he's fat,
Is my little man,
Who winks and blinks
And does all that.
With double chin
And cheeks like bubbles,
He's far too fat
For baby troubles.
Just as fat!
How pretty his cheeks!
So jolly plump,
And pink at that.
Tickle his chin
And touch those bubbles,
And you'll see why
He has no troubles.

Wm. B. Oleson.

THE BABY.

No shoe to hide her tiny toes,
No stockings on her feet;

Her supple ankles white as snow
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;

Her puckered lip and bonnie mouth,
With not one tooth between.

Her eye so like her mother's eye,
Two gentle, liquid things;

Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has no wings.

HUGH MILLER.

BABY'S SHOES.

O!, those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
O!, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue, unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O!, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her forevermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then, O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

Kisses for the lovely dimples,
Two wee lily-cups are they;
Kisses for the mouth so precious,
Sweeter than the new-mown hay.

Kisses for the eyes so merry,
Violet's all dipped in dew;
Kisses for the pink-white fingers,
Prettier the earth ne'er knew.

Kisses for the head so silken,
With its little bird-like ways;
Kisses for the brow so snowy,
Where a shadow never strays.

Kisses,— one wide world of kisses!
Could I have enough, dear, say,
Though I kissed you, kissed you, kissed you,
Yes, forever and a day?

GEORGE COOPER.

ALL ABOARD FOR SHUT-EYE TOWN.

Ho! ho! there,—all aboard for "Shut-Eye-Town!"
The brakes are all up, the signals pulled down;
How silvery and soft the conductor's last note,

As over the ear the sweet syllables
float:
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Oh! a wonderful city is "Shut-Eye-
Town."
Then haste in your dainty white
travelling gown;
No baskets of luncheon or wraps will
you need,
For this train's going through with
lightning-like speed.
Bye-lo! bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Fairies and brownies are waiting us
there,
Jewels and rainbows, and blossoms so
rare,
Soft summer breezes, and bright sing-
ing-birds,
Friends with caresses and sweet, lov-
ing words;
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

Oh! never was city so sunny as this;
Be quick, or its pleasures you surely
will miss,
And never, I know, was conductor so fair
As the one who is waiting to usher us
there.
Bye-lo, bye-lo to "Shut-Eye-Town."

MY NAUGHTY.

Oh dear! oh dear! what have we here?
A very ugly sight!
Mamma's own little baby boy
Kicking with all his might!
In temper doll and bells and toys
Are thrown to left and right.

BABY DAYS

AND

BABY PLAYS.

BABY DAYS AND BABY PLAYS.

BABY'S DAY.

BABY'S DAY.

The reason I call it "Baby's Day" is funny enough to tell;

The first thing she did was give "syrup of squills" to Dolly to make her well;

And then when I told her how wrong
it was, she said, with a quivering
sigh,
"I'm sorry I made her so sticky,
mamma, but I couldn't let dolly
die."

Then comforted wholly she went
away, and was just as still as a
mouse,
And I thought to be sure I should find
her at once in the nursery play-
ing "house";
But, lo! on the way as I started to
look, a queer little piece I found,
Just like a center of snowy lawn that
the scissors had scalloped round.

I cried "O, baby! what have you
done? You have been to some-
body's drawer,
And taken from out of the handker-
chief pile the most beautiful one
that you saw!"
And then the dear little head went
down pathetic as it could be,
While she sobbed, "There was noth-
ing for me to cut, and I thought
I'd take two or three!"

It was only a little later on, that the
water began to splash,
And I jumped and found she was
rubbing away on her sister's holi-
day sash;
But, catching a look of utter dismay,
as she lifted her innocent eyes,
She whispered, "Don't worry, I'll wash
it all *clean*, and hang it up till it
dries."

But the funny mishaps of that won-
derful day I could not begin to
relate;
The boxes of buttons and pins she
spilled, like a cherub pursued by
fate!
And still, all the while, the dear little
dove was fluttering 'round her
nest,
And the only thing I really *could* do
was to smooth out her wings on
my breast.

But the day drifted on till it came to
an end, and the great moon rose
in sight,
And the dear soft lids o'er the dear
soft eyes dropped tenderly their
good night.
And I thought, as I looked on her
lying asleep, I was glad (for once
in a way),
That my beautiful child was human
enough for a mischievous "Baby
Day."

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I have a little sister,
She's only two years old,
But she's a little darling,
And worth her weight in gold.

She often runs to kiss me
When I'm at work or play,
Twining her arms about me
In such a pretty way;

And then she'll say so sweetly,
In innocence and joy,
"Tell me a story, sister dear,
About the little boy."

Sometimes when I am knitting
She'll pull my needles out,
And then she'll skip and dance around
With such a merry shout.

It makes me laugh to see her,
Though I'm not very glad
To have her take my needles out,
And make my work so bad;

But then if I would have her
To see what she has done,
I must be very gentle
While telling her the wrong.

PLAY TIME.

The rain is falling fast to-day,
So we must stay up here and play;
Mamma says we must not go out,
She'll give us all our toys, no doubt,

Our dollies will make one nice game;
We'll play they're ill, one shall be lame,
And you shall be the doctor, Kate,
And carefully shall operate.

Then we will feed the fishes, dear,
Or make us each a little spear,
And play we're in the Northern Sea
Harpooning whales. Do you agree?

Johnnie can have his ball and string,
To play with puss, the cunning thing.
So we shall all be bright and gay,
Though it is such a rainy day.

THE PROPER TIME.

"Will you play with me? Will you
play with me?"
A little girl said to the birds on a tree.
"Oh, we have our nests to build," said
they:
"There's a time for work, and a time
for play."

Then meeting a dog, she cried, "Hal-
loo!
Come play with me, Jip, and do as I
do."

Said he, "I must watch the orchard to-day:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

A boy she saw; and to him she cried,
"Come, play with me, John, by the greenwood side."
"Oh, no!" said John, "I've my lesson to say:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

Then thoughtful a while stood the little miss,
And said, "It is hard, on a day like this,
To go to work; but, from what they all say,
'Tis a time for work, and not for play."

So homeward she went, and took her book,
And first at the pictures began to look;
Then said, "I think I will study to-day:
There's a time for work, and a time for play."

EMILY CARTER.

FATHER AT PLAY.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,
When father was home and helped us play
And made a ship and hoisted sail,
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale!

But we hadn't sailed into London town,
When the captain and crew, and vessel went down,
Down, down in a jolly wreck,
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,
And we on two legs, he on four,
Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,
And freightened mamma and the baby there.

So mamma said she would be p'liceman now,
And tried to 'rest us. She didn't know how.

Then the lion laughed, and forgot to roar,
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;

And then he turned to a pony gay,
And carried us all on his back away.
Whippsty, lickity, kickity, ho!
If we hadn't fun, then I don't know.

Till we tumbled off, and he cantered on,
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he
Which was Charlie and which was me,

Or which was Towser, for, all in a mix,
You'd think three people had turned to six,

Till Towser's tail had caught in the door;
He wouldn't hurrah with us any more;

And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,
And told us a story to break up the riot.

HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A kiss when I awake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is full of kisses,
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with a rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;

MAMMA'S KISSES.

She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell down stairs.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
To her own little baby-boy.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall
"Jim-*my!* Jim-*my!*" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was so dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems,"
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,
Was the one pet name that he liked the best;
"Darling!" —he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

VOYAGE IN THE ARM CHAIR.

Oh, papa! dear papa! we've had such a fine game,
We played at a sail on the sea;
The old arm-chair made such a beautiful ship,
And it sailed, oh, as nice as could be.

We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy
Who cried, "Ease her," and "Back her," and "Slow;"
And Jane was the steersman who stands at the wheel,
And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat,
And as Tom couldn't pay, he went free;
From the fireside we sailed at half-past two o'clock,
And we got to the sideboard at three.

But oh! only think, dear papa, when halfway
Tom overboard jumped to the floor,
And though we cried out, "Tom, come back, don't be drowned,"
He galloped right out of the door.

But papa, dear papa, listen one moment more,
Till I tell you the end of the sail:
From the sideboard we went at five minutes past three,
And at four o'clock saw such a whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa,
Is at least twice as large as our ship;
Our captain called out, "Turn the ship round about!
Oh, I wish we had not come on this trip!"

And we all cried, "Oh yes, let us get away home,
And hide in some corner quite snug;"
So we sailed for the fireside as quick as we could,
And we landed all safe on the rug.

BABY-BOY'S TOYS.

"All tumbled down! my doll, my horse:
So I'm angry about it all, of course;
And how to get them I don't know,

For I'm so high and they're so low.
Look at my socks! I've only one on—
The other the blue knitted one, has gone:
It has dropped on the floor with all my toys;

So I'm going to cry and to make a noise,
Then mother and nurse will run to see
What the matter with baby-boy can be."
So said master baby, and set up a roar
That soon brought mother and nurse to the door.

DOCTOR'S VISIT.

LITTLE MAMMA, WITH A SICK DOLL.

Come and see my baby dear;
Doctor she is ill, I fear.
Yesterday, do what I would,
She would touch no kind of food,
And she tosses, moans, and cries.
Doctor, what do you advise?

DOCTOR.

Hum! ha! Good madam, tell me, pray,
What have you offered her to-day?
Ah yes, I see—a piece of cake;
The worst thing you could make her take.
Just let me taste. Yes, yes, I fear
Too many plums and currants here;
But stop! I will just taste again,
So as to make the matter plain.

LITTLE MAMMA.

But, doctor, pray excuse me; oh,
You've eaten all my cake up now!
I thank you kindly for your care,
But do you think 'twas hardly fair?

DOCTOR.

Oh, dear me! Did I eat the cake?
Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
But keep her in her bed, well warm,
And you will see she'll take no harm.
At night and morning use, once more,
Her drink and powder as before;
And she must not be over-fed,
But may just have a piece of bread.
To-morrow, then, I dare to say,
She'll be quite right. Good-day! good day!

BABY NED.

Never still a minute,
Busy baby Ned;
Brimming full of mischief
Is his curly head.

Once he took his kitten
Out to play with him,
To a stream of water;—
"Dus' to see her 'fim."

"You mus' mind me, Tabby,
What I say to you;
Doin' to teach you somefin'."
Kitty answered, "mew."

"When I frow you over,
You mus' 'fim right out.
Now I's dettin ready,—
O! you's awful 'tout."

Floolish little Neddie,—
Kitty made a dash,
Caught him on his apron,
In they both went,— splash!

Kitty scratched and scrambled;
Baby screamed and cried;
Both were taken dripping
To the fire, and dried.

"Naughty tat," said Neddie,
"I's as'amed of you;
Now, you's dettin' punis'ed."
Kitty answered, "mew."

MY-GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me, if you can—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.

All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for. Now ponder it well."

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
"Good to love you, mamma—good to love you."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

A MOTHER SINGING.

I heard a mother singing,
Music soft and sweet,
'Twas "Father, keep my darling,
Guide his little feet."

DOLL-HOUSE TROUBLES.

My dear sister Nina
You'll find here a letter
From sister Regina:
I wish it were better.

Arabella Anastatia
Is a very naughty doll.
I really can't take care of her—
She won't behave at all.

This morning when I called her
And told her she must dress,
She began to cry for mamma;
You must come back, I guess!

I don't see what possessed her
To act in such a manner,
She nearly drove me crazy;
In fact, I had to fan her!

I couldn't put her shoes on;
She kicked!— The naughty girl,
She woudn't let me wash her,
Or put her hair in curl.

I told her that I loved her;
But she would not mind a bit,
So I put her in the corner,
And there I made her sit.

You know when one is naughty
The others act so, too;
And Mary Ann, Aunt Nancy,
And Pansy cried for you.

Oh, dear! I cannot stand it,
They're making such a noise;
They're tearing up their dresses,
And breaking all the toys.

Don't stay another minute,
But pack your trunk, my dear,
And hasten to your dollies;
They'll all be sick, I fear!

THE RICH LITTLE DOLLY.

Her hair was yellow, her cheeks were red,
But "you mustn't touch her," they always said,
—This rich little dolly.

Over her dress of satin and silk
She wore a necklace as white as milk,
—This rich little dolly.

Her foot (like the foot of a Cinderella)
Was daintily shod, as becomes full well a
Rich little dolly.

But nobody asked her out to dine,
She was by far too fair and fine,
—This rich little dolly.

Nobody sent, to a birthday party,
Invitations old-fashioned and hearty
To this little dolly.

Nobody, when her heart was "b'oke,"
Cuddled close up to it under her cloak,
This rich little dolly.

But up in a mouldy, musty drawer,
Where nobody kissed her and nobody saw her,
Stayed the poor, poor dolly.

ANNA F. BURNHAM.

THE DOLL-BABY SHOW.

Our doll-baby show, it was something quite grand;
You saw there the loveliest doll in the land.

Some came in rich purple, some lilac, some white,
With ribbons and laces — a wonderful sight!

Now, there was one dolly so tall and so proud
She put all the others quite under a cloud;
But one of us hinted, in so many words,
That sometimes fine feathers did not make fine birds.

Each girl brought her own in its prettiest dress;
Three pins bought a ticket, and not a pin less.

For the doll that was choicest we offered a prize;
There were wee mites of dollies, and some of great size;

We sat in a row with our dolls in our laps;
The dolls behaved sweetly, and met no mishaps.

No boys were admitted — for boys will make fun;
Now which do you think was the dolly that won?

Soon all was commotion to hear who would get
The prize; for the dollies' committee had met;
We were the committee; and which do you think
Was the doll we decided on, all in a wink?

Why, each of us said that our own was the best,
The finest, the sweetest, the prettiest drest;
So we *all* got the prize. We'll invite you to go
The next time we girls have our doll-baby show.

GEORGE COOPER.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

Dear Grandma, I will try to write
A very little letter:
If I don't spell the words all right,
Why, next time I'll do better.

My little rabbit is alive,
And likes his milk and clover;
He likes to see me very much,
But is afraid of Rover.

I've got a dove, as white as snow,
I call her "Polly Feather;"
She flies and hops about the yard
In every kind of weather.

I think she likes to see it rain,
For then she smoothes her jacket,
And seems to be so proud and vain,
The turkeys make a racket.

The hens are picking off the grass,
And singing very loudly;
While our old peacock struts about,
And shows his colors proudly.

I guess I'll close my letter now,
I've nothing more to tell;
Please answer soon, and come to see
Your loving little Nell!

WISCONSIN FARMER.

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me—
I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't—
with a crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day;
And then when the man most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!
As if I didn't know better than that!
Why, just suppose it was you?
You might make her *look* all mended—
but what do I care for looks?

Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and
toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh,
but it's the awfullest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the
sound when her poor head went
whack
Against that horrible brass thing that
holds up the little shelf.

Now, Nursey, what makes you remind
me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get
her another head!
What good would forty heads do her?
I tell you my dolly is dead!

And to think I hadn't quite finished
her elegant New Year's hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last
night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that rib-
bon—I was playing out in the
yard—
She said to me most expressly: "Here's
a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and
Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind,
I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and
I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken,
and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish
my head had been hit;
For I've hit it over and over, and it
hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling *is* dead, she'll
want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse,
you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and
we'll put her in this—you see,
This dear little box—and we'll bury
them under the maple tree.

And papa will make a tombstone, like
the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—
Yes, every single word!

I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a
beautiful doll who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a
dreadful crack in her head."

MARGARET VANDERGIFT.

BABY'S DANCING.

Ding, dong, come along,
Here's our baby dancing;
Ding, dong, come along,
Here's our baby dancing.
Play a pretty tune to-day
Mamma plays while darling May,
Mamma plays while darling May
Merrily is dancing.
Ding, dong, come along,
Here's our baby dancing:
When the bass plays brown, brown,
May goes skipping up and down
May goes skipping up and down,
Frocks and curls are flying.
She plays diddle, dum, dee,
Now go lightly, one, two, three,
Now go lightly, one, two, three.
Soft in grasses we're lying;
Ding, dong, come along,
Here's our baby dancing.

JENNIE AND BENNIE.

Oh fie, little Jennie,
And you, too, my Bennie,
To treat your pretty book so.
It will easily tear,
If not handled with care,
And it will not be fit to show.

If you treat your dolly
With such simple folly,
She will not last you a day;
Her dress and her things
Will be all torn to strings,
And your mamma will throw her away.

Your doll and your book
Should all the time look
Just as neat as when they were new;
No good girl or boy
Will ever destroy
Their playthings as bad children do.

PLAYING KING.

Ho! I'm a king, a king! A crown is
on my head,
A sword is at my side, and regal is my
tread;
Ho, slave! proclaim my will to all
the people round;
The schools are hereby closed; hence-
forth must fun abound.

Vacation shall not end; all slates I
order smashed;
The man who says "arithmetic" must
be soundly thrashed;
All grammars shall be burnt, the
spellers we will tear;
Any boy who spells correctly, a fool's
cap he shall wear.

BABY'S DANCING.

No dolls shall be allowed, for dolls are
what I hate;
The girls must give them up, and
learn to swim and skate;
Confectioners must charge only a cent
a pound
For all the plums and candy that in
the shops are found.

That man who asks a dime for any
pear or peach,
I'll have him hung so high that none
his feet can reach;
No baker is allowed hereafter to bake
bread —
He must bake only pies and cake and
ginger snaps instead.

All lecturers must quit our realm
without delay;
The circus-men and clowns, on pain
of death must stay;
All folks who frown on fun, at once
must banished be.
Now, fellow, that you know my will,
to its fulfillment see!

ALFRED SELWYN.

THE BIRD AND ITS MOTHER.

(A Kindergarten Dialogue for Baby to Learn with Mamma.)

MAM-MA. Here we are in our nice warm nest — I and my lit-tle birds. I wonder if they are a-wake? I must list-en.

BA-BY. Peep! peep!

MAM-MA. Oh, yes. They are wide a-wake. What do you want, lit-tle birds?

BA-BY. Peep! peep! peep!

MAM-MA. Oh, you want your break-fast, do you? Well, I must fly a-way and find you some-thing nice.

BA-BY. Peep! peep! peep! peep!

MAM-MA. What! Do you wish to go, too?

BA-BY. Peep!

MAM-MA. Ver-y well. The sky is blue, and it is a nice, bright day. Let me see if your lit-tle wings are strong. (*Mam-ma works Ba-by's arms gent-ly up and down.*) Yes, the wings are strong. Now, come! (*Mam-ma takes hold of Ba-by's hands and lets him skip with her a-cross the room.*)

FIRST LESSON IN WHISTLING.

Our boy is learning to whistle;
It's always something new:
He begins first thing in the morning,

And he stops last thing at bed-time,
And he keeps it up at intervals,
The day through.

And pray who is his teacher?
We haven't decided quite
Whether it is the thrushes,
The bobolinks in the meadow,
Or the swallows round the barn eaves,
Or Bob White.

What is the tune he likes best?
Well, 'tis between a call
And the shriek of the wind in the chimney,
Or a gale in the tops of the pine-trees,
For, in fact (don't tell) it is no
Tune at all!

Go ask the little playmates,
And ask the housemaid, too,
If they like that sort of music,
They'll sigh, "Oh, dear!" "Good gracious!"
Now ask me if I like it —
Yes, I do.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

ANNIE.

I've a sweet litte pet; she is up with the lark,
And at eve she's asleep when the valleys are dark,
And she chatters and dances the blessed day long,
Now laughing in gladness, now singing a song.
She never is silent; the whole summer day
She is off on the green with the blossoms at play,

Now seeking a buttercup, plucking a rose,
Or laughing aloud at the thistle she blows.

She never is still; now at some merry elf
You'll smile as you watch her, in spite of yourself;
You may chide her in vain, for those eyes, full of fun,
Are smiling in mirth at the mischief she's done;
And whatever you do, that same thing, without doubt,
Must the mischievous Annie be busied about.
She's as brown as a nut, but a beauty to me,
And there's nothing her keen little eyes cannot see.

She dances and sings, and has many sweet airs,
And to infant accomplishments adding her prayers.
I have told everything that the darling can do,
For 'twas only last summer her years numbered two.
She's the picture of health, and a Southern-born thing,
Just as ready to weep as she's ready to sing;
And I fain would be foe to lip that hath smiled
At this wee bit of song of the *dear little* child.

GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair climbed upon Grandpapa's knee,
Dear little Golden Hair! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light.
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head:
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell so much things I have done—
Played with my dolly, and feeded my Bun.

"And then I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And then I made, out of some water and soap,
Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

I afterward have readed in my picture-book,
And Bella and I, we went down to look
For smooth little stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home, and I eated my tea,
And then I climbed up on Grandpapa's knee.
And I jes' as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
Until it drooped upon Grandpapa's breast;

Dear little Golden Hair! sweet be thy rest.

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of the baby to the infinite view,
That marks all our weakness, and pities it, too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
It shall find us as guiltless as Golden-Hair's lay.

, oh, when a-weary, may we be so
blest
As to sink, like the innocent child, to
our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the in-
finite breast!

F. BURGE SMITH.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,—
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmash-
es dings
In all barts off der house.
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass ob lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg
cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse.
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart
He kicks oup such a touse;
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as
dese—
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace
out
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der
lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse?
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould have
rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

IN THE SWING.

Up, little Gracie! Swing up high,
As if you were going to touch the sky;
Only take care, my darling pet—
Hold the two ropes, and don't forget.

"Up again, Gracie! there—that's right,
Laughing away, but holding tight;
While little Dottie waits below,
And Harry sends you to and fro.

"Stop, Harry, now, 'tis time for Grace
To yield to little Dot her place.
Be gentle, dear, for Dot's so small—
If you're not careful she may fall."

The children change; for all the three
Are fair in play, and well agree;
And now the youngest laughing pet
Begs for a "little higher yet!"

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

Not long ago I wandered near
A play-ground in the wood;
And there heard words from a youngster's lips
That I never quite understood.

"Now let the old cat die!" he laughed;
I saw him give a push,
Then gayly scamper away as he spied
A face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where he went,
I could not well make out,
On account of the thicket of bending boughs
That bordered the place about.

"The little villain has stoned a cat,
Or hung it upon a limb
And left it to die all alone," I said;
"But I'll play the mischief with *him*."

I forced my way between the boughs,
The poor old cat to seek;

And what did I find but a swinging child,
With her bright hair brushing her cheek!

But the liveliest thing of all, I thought,
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Her bright hair floated to and fro,
Her little red dress flashed by,

Swinging and swaying back and forth
With the rose-light in her face,

She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,
And the wood her native place.

"Steady! I'll send you up my child!"
But she stopped me with a cry:
"Go 'way! go 'way! Don't touch me, please;
I'm letting the old cat die!"

"*You* letting him die!" I cried, aghast;
"Why, where is the cat, my dear?"
And lo! the laughter that filled the woods
Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the little maid,
The flitting, beautiful elf,
"That we call it 'letting the old cat die'
When the swing stops all itself?"

Then floating and swinging, and looking back
With merriment in her eye,
She bade me "good-day," and I left her alone,
A-letting the old cat die.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

GRANDPA'S PET.

A bundle of sweetness rolled up in blue—
A round curly head that was golden,
Two wee, chubby hands that came peeping through

And ne'er to one thing could be holden.
Such a lump of fun as eyes never met,
And the whole went by the name of grandpa's pet.

He's up in the morning when daylight breaks,

And every one knows all about it;
The day begins just when Roger awakes,
And none are so hardy as doubt it.
An autocrat he, whose wish must be met.
All must bow to the reign of grandpa's pet.

Does he want a crown? He'll have grandpa's hat—
The coal-scuttle serves him to fish in.
When he chooses to ride he'll ride the cat,
And pussy must bend in submission.
He cannot do wrong—he never did yet—
Why the whole world was made just for grandpa's pet.

When he makes a crow's nest of grandpa's wig,
Then the old man is ready to kiss him.
He draws his snuff-box about for a gig,
And the worst word that's said is God bless him.
All clocks in the house to his time are set—
Well, there's nobody there but grandpa's pet.

What pity we cannot be always young
And rule like a king in his glory;
What pity that Time, with his iron tongue,
Must change the sweet tune of life's story.
Alas! that we lose in flurry and fret
The dream of the time we were grandpa's pet!

WILLIAM LYLE

THE SLEEPY LITTLE SISTER.

I sat, one evening, watching
A little golden head
That was nodding o'er a picture-book,
And pretty soon I said,
"Come, darling, you are sleepy,
Don't you want to go to bed?"
"No," she said, "I isn't sleepy,
But I can't hold up my head.

"Just now it feels so heavy
There isn't any use;
Do let me lay it down to rest
On dear old Mother Goose.
I shan't shut up my eyes at all.
And so you need not fear;
I'll keep them open all the while,
To see this picture here."

And then, as I said nothing,
She settled for a nap;
One curl was resting on the frill
Of the old lady's cap;
Her arms embraced the children small
Inhabiting the shoe;
"Oh deary" thought I, "what shall I say?
For this will never do."

I sat a while in silence,
Till the clock struck its "ding, ding,"
And then I went around and kissed
The cunning little thing.
The violets unfolded
As I kissed her, and she said,
"I isn't sleepy, sister,
But I guess I'll go to bed."

GEORGIANA MCNIELL.

THE FORTUNE.

Let's tell our fortune,
And then we will see
Whom Tot is to marry;
Or, will it be me?

I'll toss it three times
Just over my head,
Then I'll send it flying,
And see if it's Ned.

"N" stands for the "Ned,"
And that's me, you know;
But what a strange letter,
It must be an O.

O stands for Olive,
Our own mother dear;
That's whom we'll marry
On every New Year.

A LITTLE GOOSE.

The chill November day was done,
The working-world home faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets,
And set the gas-lights flaring,
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying,
When, mingled with the soughing wind,
I heard a small voice crying;

And shivering on the corner stood
A child of four, or over;
No cloak or hat her small, soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover;
Her dimpled face was stained with tears,

Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee, cold hand
A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other,
Half scared, half confidential, said,
"Oh, please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet.
Don't cry! I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget!
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's step,
The monkey took the money;
I followed down the street because
That monkey was so funny,
I've walked about a hundred hours,
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone; I've spoiled my flowers;
Oh, please, I want my mother!"

"But what's your mother's name, and what
The street? Now think a minute,"
"My mother's name is Mother Dear.
The street—I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new— not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle-bed—
Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers—
He's such a baby, he forgets,
And we are both such players!
And there's a bar between to keep
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep;
Oh dear! I want my mother!"

The sky grew stormy; people passed,
All muffled, homeward faring.
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said, at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck:
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name,
My eyes astonished met it.
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might some time forget it,
And so I wear a little thing
What tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

HIDE AND SEEK.

Hide, hide, hide! under the great oak tree —
Little Mary, Isabel, Tom and Willie and me,
And baby, grave as a judge, and still as a bumble-bee.

Peep, peep, peep! but let not a sound be heard,
Except the buzz of flies in the leaves, or the flutter of startled birds—
They'd find us out in a minute if anybody stirred.

Hush, hush, hush! they are seeking us every-where:
And Tray will wag his wicked old tail and leap up high in the air—
If you don't lie down, like a good dumb dog, I will shoot you, I declare!

Hide, hide, hide! creep lower, close to the ground—
Tom, pull Tray into the hollow tree, and — there they come with a bound,
"All six at once! ho! ho! ha! ha! so the game's up — we're found!

GAME AT MARBLES.

"Just have a game at marbles, there's plenty of time to spare;
Here's a capital bit of ground, by the railings of the square.
There's no policeman near, and very few people about,
And no one will interfere;" and Bob turned his marbles out.

Then the idle school-boys began to play, and all about school forgot;
And the butcher's lad and the baker's boy came sauntering up to the spot.
And the butcher's boy forgot his meat, and the baker's boy his bread;
And there they stayed to watch the game:
"There's plenty of time," they said.

But time fled fast, although they took
of it no heed;
And when they heard eleven strike,
they were surprised indeed.

UP AND DOWN.

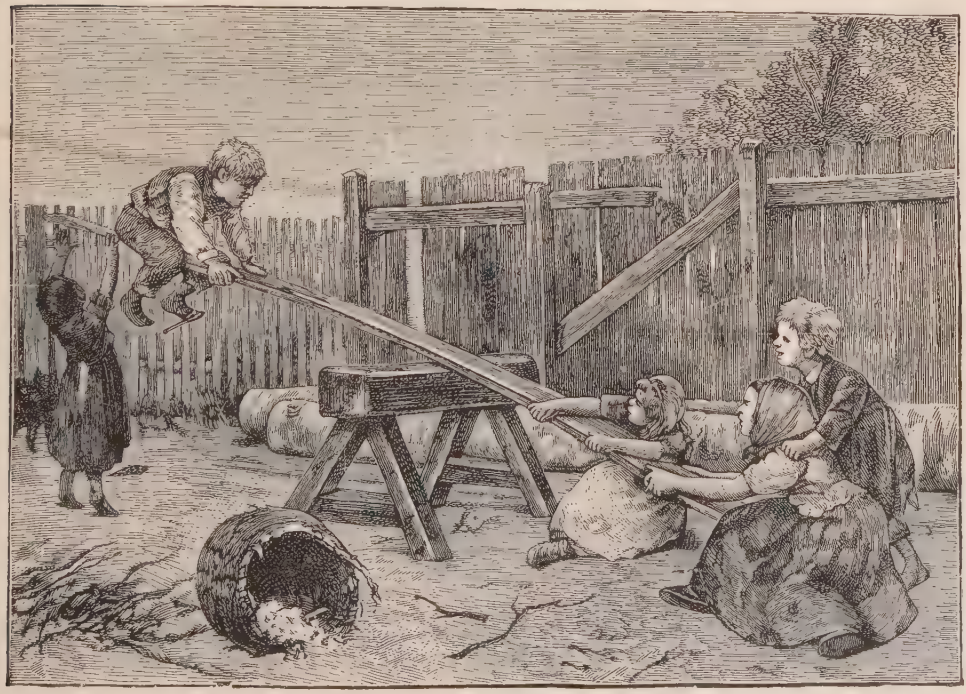
See-saw!
Don't be afraid;
Up and down
In the nice cool shade.

See-saw!
On the old tree;
See, the apple
Will fall to me.

See-saw!
High, then low;
There, little brother.
Up you go!

LITTLE GAMES.

"Ring—a—round—a—rosy!"
Cheeks just like a posy;
Eyes that twinkle with delight,
Could there be a fairer sight?
Little feet that dance in glee;
Voices singing merrily.
Won't you stop a little while?
At my questions you will smile:



UP AND DOWN.

"Rosy I have never seen,—
Tell me, is she some fair queen?
Have your lily hands now crowned her,
While you form a ring around her?

"Why draw 'buckets of water
For my lady's daughter'?
Has she spoiled her pretty dress?
Ah! to wash her face, I guess!
Very hard 'tis to unravel
What is meant, dears, by 'green gravel.'
Then you say, 'How barley grows
You, nor I, nor nobody knows;'
Oats, peas, beans, too, you include;
If the question be not rude
Darlings, tell me why this is done."
Ha! Ha! laugh they "It's such fun!"

GEORGE COOPER.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

"I can't sit still any more to-day,
And I'm much too tired for quiet play;
How can I possibly keep alive
Till nurse comes in with the tea at five?"

"I want you all for a game of play,
This terrible rainy winter's day;
Something that's sure to keep you alive
Till nurse comes in with the tea at five."

"Dolls and visiting?" "Oh, dear, no.
That would, indeed, be dreadfully slow."
"Football?" "P'raps that's a little rough;
But what do you say to Blind-man's Buff?"

Every one shouted directly "Yes!"
And "Blind me first," begged sister Bess.
Such a splendid game of play as they had,
Poor nurse thought her flock must have all gone mad.

BE ACTIVE.

Be active, be active, find something to do
In digging a clam-bank or tapping a shoe,
Dont stop at the corner to drag out the day,
Be active, be active and work while you may.

A MERRY BAND.

"Oh, we're a merry band, sir, as ever
you shall see;
Our tunes are all quite foreign, and
sweet as sweet can be!
Oh, we're a happy band, sir, as ever
you shall see,
And please, if you've a penny, you
may give it, sir, to me!"

DON'T WAKE THE BABY.

Baby sleeps, so we must tread
Softly round her little bed,
And be careful that our toys
Do not fall and make a noise.

Play and talk, but whisper low:
Mother wants to work, we know,
That when father comes to tea
All may neat and cheerful be.

SNAP THE WHIP.

Off we go
In a row,
Gallant Tom's our leader;
Now hold fast;
Lily's last,
Strength and courage speed her!
Lightly skip,
Do not trip;
Snip, snap, goes the whip!

Lily's down!
Do not frown,
Let us all be jolly!
Lend a hand,
She can stand;
Next in turn comes Molly.
Lightly skip,
Do not trip:
Snip, snap, goes the whip!

Jo and Ben,
Little men,

They can foot it faster;
Off they dash,
Like a flash,
Fearing no disaster;
Lightly skip,
Do not trip,
Snip, snap, goes the whip!

Try again!
Now and then
Some one gets a tumble;
Never mind,
We shall find
It's to make us humble;
Lightly skip,
Do not trip;
Snip, snap, goes the whip!

EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES.

Oh, mamma, what will grandpa do?
He's gone away to heaven,
Without the silver spectacles
That Uncle John had given:
How can he read the papers there,
Or find his hickory staff?
He'll put his coat on wrong side out,
And make the people laugh.

And when he takes the Bible down,
And wipes the dusty lid,
He'll never find his spectacles
Within its cover hid;
There won't be any little girl
He likes as well as me,
To run and hunt them up for him
And put them on his knee.

Oh dear! he'll never find the place
About "the wicked flee,"
And how the bears ate children up,
(That used to frighten me;)
So, mamma, if you'll dress me up,
Just like an angel bright,
I'll fix our ladder 'gainst the sky,
And take them up to-night.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

THE MORNING RIDE.

Before nurse was awake, Claude slipped out of bed,
And then, with a paper cocked hat on his head,
He got on the stool which stood by its side,
And mounted his horse to take a nice ride:
And thought he was galloping up and down hill,
Although all the time he was standing quite still.

SEE SAW.

See Saw, up and down,
I can see all over town.

TRUE LOVE.

"How much I love you, mother dear!"
A little prattler said:
"I love you in the morning bright,
And when I go to bed."

"I love you when I'm near to you,
And when I'm far away:
I love you when I am at work,
And when I am at play."

And then she slyly, sweetly raised
Her lovely eyes of blue:
"I love you when you love me best,
And when you scold me, too."

The mother kissed her darling child,
And stooped a tear to hide:
"My precious one, I love you most
When I am forced to chide."

"I could not let my darling child
In sin and folly go,
And this is why I sometimes chide,
Because I love you so."

A LITTLE ROGUE.

Grandma was nodding, I rather think:
Harry was sly and quick as wink:
He climbed on the back of her great armchair,
And nestled himself very snugly there.
Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
And quick this little fact came to his sight:

A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
And awoke to find Harry there.

"Why, what are you doing, my child?" she said.
He answered: "I's pulling a basting thread!"

COULDN'T YOU, MAMMA?

"Dear mamma, if you just could be
A tiny little girl like me,
And I your mamma, you would see
How nice I'd be to you.

I'd always let you have your way;
I'd never frown at you, and say:
'You are behaving ill to-day;
Such conduct will not do.'

"I'd always give you jelly-cake
For breakfast, and I'd never shake
My head, and say: 'My dear, I trust
You will not make me say you *must*

Eat up your oat-meal'; or 'The crust
You'll find is very nice.'

"I'd buy you candy every day;
I'd go down-town with you, and say:
'What would my darling like? You
may
Have anything you see.'
I'd never say: 'My pet, you know
'Tis bad for health and teeth, and so
I cannot let you have it. No;
It would be wrong in me.'

"And every day I'd let you wear
Your nicest dress, and never care
If it should get a great big tear;
I'd only say to you:
'My precious treasure, never mind,
For little clothes *will* tear, I find.'
Now, mamma, wouldn't that be kind?
That's just what *I* should do.

"I'd never say: 'Well just *a few!*'
I'd let you stop your lessons, too;
I'd say: 'they are too hard for you,
Poor child, to understand.'
I'd put the books and slates away;
You shouldn't do a thing but play,
And have a party every day.
Oh-h-h, wouldn't that be grand!

"But, mamma dear, you cannot grow
Into a little girl, you know,
And I can't be your mamma; so
The only thing to do,
Is just for you to try and see
How very, *very* nice 'twould be
For *you* to do all this for *me*.
Now, mamma, *couldn't you?*"

GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES.

Grandpapa's spectacles cannot be found;
He has searched all the rooms, high and low, round and round;
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he say?
"Ten cents to the child who will find them to-day."

Then Henry, and Nelly, and Edward all ran,
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began,
And dear little Nell, in her generous way,
Said, "I'll look for them, grandpa, without any pay."

All through the big Bible she searches with care,
That lies on the table by grandpapa's chair;
They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,
They pull out the sofa, they shake out the mat.

Then down on all-fours, like two good-natured bears,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,

Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard
to declare
He believes that those glasses are *not*
anywhere.

But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa's
knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where
they *could* be,
Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded
eyes,
And her own shining brown ones grew
big with surprise.

She clapped both her hands—all her
dimples came out,—
She turned to the boys with a bright,
roguish shout:
"You may leave off your looking, both
Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on grand-
papa's head!"

ELIZABETH SILL.

THE PROPOSAL.

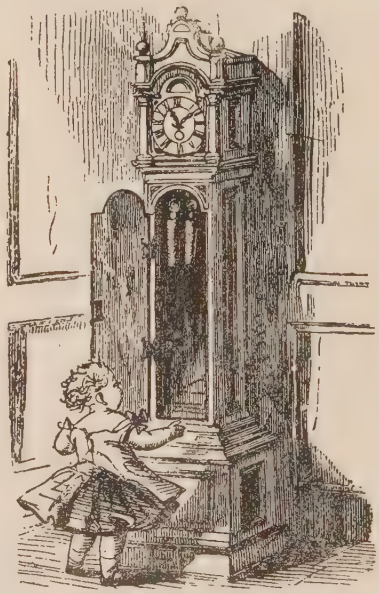
"Oh, will you be my little wife?
My little wife?" he said.
She only pulled the rose to bits,
And gravely shook her head.

"I'll give you my tops and balls,
My beautiful new kite."
But still she pulled the rose to bits,
So the butterflies took flight.

"I'll buy a great big waxen doll,
With real eyes and hair."
But still she pulled the rose to bits,
And said she did not care.

"Oh, look how even doggie begs
He cannot talk, and so
He sits upon his hinder legs,
And thinks he's quite a beau!"

Then Lawrence said "Good-bye," and
went
And left her sitting there.
The moon was watching all the time,
Then she began to care.



PUSS IN THE CLOCK.

It's dickory, dickory, dock!
Some one has stopped the clock!
Why here's pussy inside,
As though trying to hide!
Dickory, dickory, dock!
It is puss who has stopped the clock!

GRAN'MA AL'US DOES.

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails;
Jus' two, free will be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob fences,
We're makin' ever was;

I wis' you'd help us find 'em.
Gran'ma al'us does.

My horse's name is Betsy;
She jumped and broked her head,
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
We didn't make no muss—
I wis' you'd let us stay there,
Gran'ma al'us does.

I's goin' to the corn-field,
To ride on Charlie's plow;
I 'spect he'd like to have me;
I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I gee up awful,
And whoa like Charlie whoas?
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer;
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter:
I's hungry, worstest kind:
But Taddie mustn't have none,
'Cause he wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it:
I tell you what, I knows
It's *right* to put on sugar:
Gran'ma al'us does.

MAKING MUD-PIES.

Under the apple tree, spreading and thick,
Happy with only a pan and a stick,
On the soft grass in the shadow that lies,
Our little Fanny is making mud-pies.

On her brown apron and bright drooping head
Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed;
Tied to a branch that seems meant just for that,
Dances and flutters her little straw hat.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day,
Zealously chases the robins away,
Barks at the squirrels or snaps at the flies,
All the while Fanny is making mud-pies.

Sunshine and soft summer breezes astir
While she is busy are busy with her;
Cheeks rosy glowing and bright sparkling eyes
Bring they to Fanny while making mud-pies.

Dollies and playthings are all laid away,
Not to come out till the next rainy day;
Under the blue of these sweet summer skies
Nothing's so pleasant as making mud-pies.

Gravely she stirs, with a serious look
"Making believe" she's a true pastry cook;
Sundry brown splashes on forehead and eyes
Show that our Fanny is making mud-pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play
Soap and clean water will soon wash away;
Many a pleasure in daintier guise
Leaves darker traces than Fanny's mud-pies.

WHAT.

What was it that Charlie saw, to-day,
Down in the pool where the cattle lie?
A shoal of the spotted trout at play?
Or a sheeny dragon-fly?

The fly and the fish were there indeed;
But as for the puzzle,—guess again!
It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor reed,
Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's bed;—
Who knows but a bee had fallen down?
Or a spider, swung from his broken thread,
Was learning the way to drown?

You have not read me the riddle yet,
Not even the wing of a wounded bee,
Nor the web of a spider, torn and wet,
Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you who have grown so wise,—
What could the wonderful sight have been,
But the dimpled face and great blue eyes
Of the rogue who was looking in?

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book
All bound with velvet and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said, "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said, just as plain as words could say,
"The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For "Little children must love each other."

"I'm sorry he's naughty, and will play;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus, when I kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
And say, 'Little children love one another.'"

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes:

His heart was full, he could not speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on that happy mother
Whose little children loved each other.

THE RABBIT ON THE WALL.

The cottage work is over,
The evening meal is done;
Hark! through the starlit stillness
You hear the river run;
The cotter's children whisper,
Then speak out one and all:
"Come, father, make for Johnny
A rabbit on the wall."

He smilingly assenting,
They gather round his chair:
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny;
Don't let the candle flare."
So speaking, from his fingers
He throws a shadow tall,
That seems the moment after
A rabbit on the wall,

The children shout with laughter,
The uproar louder grows,
E'en grandma chuckles faintly,
And Johnny chirps and crows.
There ne'er was gilded painting
Hung up in lordly hall,
Gave half the simple pleasure,
As this rabbit on the wall.

Ah! who does not remember
When humble sports like these,
Than many a costlier pastime,
Had greater power to please?
When o'er life's autumn pathway,
The sere leaves thickly fall,
How oft we sigh, recalling
The rabbit on the wall.

NOTHING TO DO.

I have sailed my boat, and spun my top,
And handled my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And I swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through;
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,
And now—I have nothing to do.

The Tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks—
I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I have raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys. I'm tired to death
Because I have nothing to do.

I can see where the boys have gone to fish;

They bothered me, too, to go,
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty "slow"
To sit all day at the end of a rod
For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod:
I'd rather have nothing to do.

"I was thinking you'd relish a canter," said he,
"Because you have nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,
And Lucy and Rose are away
After berries. I'm sure they've been out for hours;
I wonder what makes them stay?
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new;

With his little half hour of play;
He neither has books nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through;
But then he is never tired at all
Because he has nothing to do.

A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy-chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother dead
Had sat in the selfsame place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay:
Fast asleep were they both that summer day!

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:

I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;

The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O, moon, in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright—ah bright! but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O, brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O, columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O, cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me the nests with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away:
I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle,
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call on the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

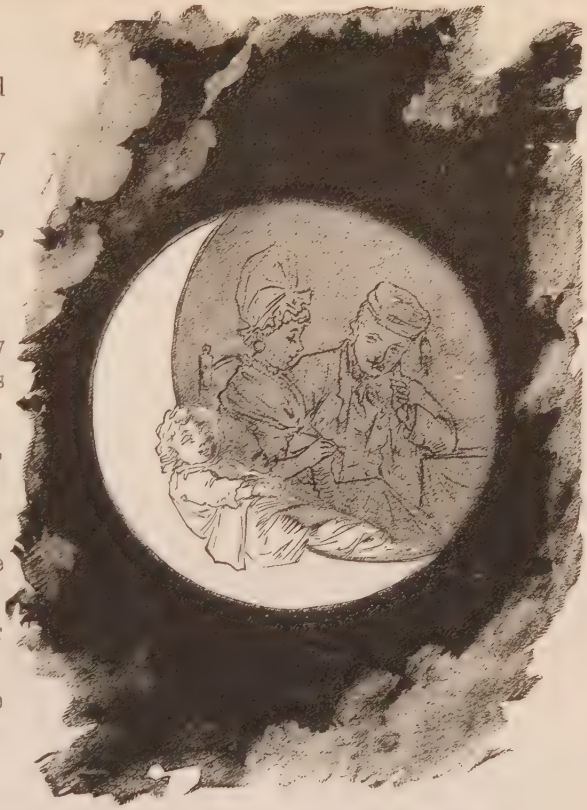
MRS. FOLLEN.

THE SHADOWS.

My little boy with pale, round cheeks,
And large, brown, dreamy eyes,
Not often, little wise head, speaks,
But yet will make replies.

His sister, always glad to show
Her knowledge, for its praise,
Said yesterday: "God's here, you know;
He's everywhere, always."

"He's in this room." His large brown eyes
Went wandering round for God;
In vain he looks, in vain he tries,
His wits are all abroad.



"He is not here, mamma? No, no;
I do not see Him at all,
He's not the shadows, is he? So
His doubtful accents fall.

Fall on my heart, like precious seed,
Grow up to flowers of love;
For as my child, in love and need,
Am I to Him above.

How oft before the vapors break,
And day begins to be,
In our dim-lighted rooms we take
The shadows, Lord, for Thee;—
While every shadow lying there,
Slow remnant of the night,
Is but an aching, longing prayer,
For Thee, O Lord, the Light,

GEORGE MACDONALD.

AMUSEMENT.

"'Tis well to be amused;
But when amusement does instruction bring,
'Tis better.—"

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

A SLICE OF THE MOON.

'Where are you going, my little man?"
"Going to the moon, sir, if I can."
"When you get there, what will you do?"
"With my big knife I'll cut him in two."

"How will you get there, my little man?"
"By bean-stalk train, sir, if I can,
I'll take to the rail, and keep to the track
Securely laid down by the world-renowned Jack."

"I wish you success, then, my little man;
Pray bring me a moonbeam, if you can,
A slice of the cheese so rich and so green,
The best and the biggest that ever was seen."

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

Where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window-pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play
And they won't let me go
Out-of-doors at all to-day.

They put away my plaything
Because I broke them all,
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
Is that the way you play—
Pitter patter, pitter patter
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window:
I should like to play with you.

The little rain-drops cannot speak;
But "pitter patter pat"
Means, "We can play on *this* side,
Why can't you play on that?"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

PLAYING BO-PEEP WITH THE STAR.

"Who are you winking at, bright little star?
Hanging alone, 'way up ever so far;
Trembling and flashing aloft in the blue—
Answer my question, and answer me true."

"Or else you would answer my question to-night.
We whisper and talk to each other down here;
I think you could speak, if you chose to, my dear."

What do you think the little star did?
It willfully slipped out of sight, and was hid

She stood by the window, all ready for bed,
Yet lingered to hear what the little star said;
But naught would it do but wink its bright eye,
Alone by itself in the depths of the sky.

"I fear you are dumb," said the wee little sprite,
By a snip of a cloud that floated close by,
And never vouchsafed her a wink or reply.

But after a while, when she woke in the night,
The first thing she saw was that little star's light;
It twinkled and twinkled, and roused her from sleep.

"Aha!" laughed the child, "we can
both play bo-peep!"

GOING INTO BREECHES.

Joy to Philip! he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Puts the manly breeches on.

Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state,
Or the pride (yet free from sin),
Of my little manikin:
Never was there pride, or bliss,
Half so rational as his.

Sashes, frocks, to those that need
'em—
Philip's limbs have got their freedom.
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade:
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners,
He must leave his former manners,
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names—
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste-the-bear he now may play at;
Leap-frog, foot-ball sport away at;
Show his strength and skill at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket:
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart.
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come;
And his grief must only speak
From the color in his cheek.
This and more he must endure—
Hero he in miniature!
This and more must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

MARY LAMB.

TWINKLE! TWINKLE! LITTLE STAR!

Twinkle! twinkle! little star!
How I wonder what you are:
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon;
Then you show your little light;
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

The poor traveler in the dark
Thanks God for your tiny spark,
Could he tell which way to go
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Sweetly through my curtain peep;
And you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle! twinkle! little star!

JANE TAYLOR.

THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise?
What can be the matter?
Willie's coming up the stairs
With unusual clatter.
Now he bursts into the room,
Noisy as a rocket:
"Auntie! I am five years old—
And I've got a pocket!"

Eyes as round and bright as stars;
Cheeks like apples glowing;
Heart that this new treasure fills
Quite to overflowing.
"Jack may have his squeaking boots;
Kate may have her locket:
I've got something better yet,—
I have got a pocket!"

All too fresh the joy to make
Emptiness a sorrow:
Little hand is plump enough
To fill it—till to-morrow.
And e'er many days were o'er,
Strangest things did stock it:
Nothing ever came amiss
To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,
Licorice-sticks and candy,
Stones, a ball, his pennies too:
It was always handy.
And, when Willie's snug in bed,
Should you chance to knock it,
Sundry treasures rattle out
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife
Found a place within it:
He forgot that he had said,
"I want it *just a minute.*"
Once the closet-key was lost;
No one could unlock it:
Where do you suppose it was?—
Down in Willie's pocket.

ELIZABETH SILL.

THE FIRST PAIR OF BREECHES.

Iv'e got a pair of breeches now,
And I'll have to be a man,
I know I can if just I try,
My mamma says I can!

I'm going to school now very soon,
And learn my A, B, C;
My mamma says I'm too young yet,
But I am way past three.

And I've got pockets in my pants,
To put my pencil in;
For mamma says that I must write
In school when I begin.

I'll soon be tall as papa—now
I'll grow fast as I can,
And don't you think that very soon
I'll be a full-grown man?

THE FIRST RUBBER BOOTS.

That precious pair of rubber boots,
So tall, so black, so shining!
They're just the things, the very things,
For which our Ned's been pining.

And now he calls them all his own,
A happy thought comes o'er him,
And when he kneels to say his prayers,
He sets the boots before him.

Then into bed our darling goes,
His treasures near him keeping;
For on the pillow one small head
Between two boots is sleeping.

Through snow, through slush, and in the rain,
—O never mind the weather!
The rubber boots, the little Ned,
They trudge along together.

His feet go dabbling in the brook,
Just like two little fishes,

And then he runs to tell mamma
The funniest of wishes.

"I wish I was a puss-tat, ma,
Just like our old gray Molly,
Then I could wear *four* rubber boots,
Oh, wouldn't that be jolly!"

HERE SITS THE LORD MAYOR.

Here sits the Lord Mayor. *Forehead.*
Here sits his two men.. *Eyes.*
Here sits the cock..... *Right cheek*
Here sits the hen..... *Left cheek.*
Here sit the little chickens *Tip of nose.*
Here they run in..... *Mouth.*
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin-chopper,
chin!..... *Chuck the chin.*

TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

Ten true friends you have,
Who, five in a row,
Upon each side of you
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,
They help you to bed;
Suppose you are hungry,
They see that you are fed.

They wake up your dolly
And put on your clothes,
And trundle her carriage
Wherever she goes.

And these ten tiny fellows,
They serve you with ease;
And they ask nothing from you,
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants
So trusty and true,
Pray who would be lazy
Or idle—would you?

LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
Everywhere they go,
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know!

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding!

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
Full of mischief looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses
Keeping off a scolding.

Daring little fingers,
Never, never still!
Make them, Heavenly Father,
Always do Thy will.

COUNTING BABY'S TOES

Dear little bare feet,
  Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
  Wrapped for the night,
Come, let me count all
  Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
  Of a shell or a rose.
One is a lady
  That sits in the sun ;
Two is a baby,
  And three is a nun ;
Four is a lily
  With innocent breast;

And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.

THE FIVE PIGS.

1. This pig went to market;
2. This pig stayed at home;
3. This pig had a bit of meat;
4. And this pig had none;
5. This pig said, wee, wee, wee!
   I can't find my way home.

TEN LITTLE TOES.

Baby is clad in his night-gown white,
Pussy-cat purrs a soft good-night,
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam
Into the cupboard after the jam;
This little toe said, "O no! no!"
This little toe was anxious to go;
This little toe said, "'Tisn't quite right;"
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed;
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;
This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears!"
This little timid toe, "Run up stairs!"
Down came a jar with a loud slam! slam!
This little tiny toe got all the jam!

CLARA G. DOLLINER.

SKIPPING.

Airily, airily, skip away:
Set to work, all of you, trip away!
Over your head, and under your toes,
That's the way the merry rope goes!
Aprons flap in the breezy air;
Fly away, lessons, this holiday fair!

THE FIRST OF IT'S KIND.

"Oh, 'tis time we're up and doing!" it said,
"Come out of your lazy beds!
I'm going to see what the world is like;
I'm tired of you, sleepy heads!"

"Who knows what's going on there above?
There's many a laugh and shout,
Somewhere they're having a jolly good time,
I'll find what's it's all about."

"Come with me, don't sleep any more,
There's nothing at all to fear,
I'm sure there's room enough up there,
And I'm awfully crowded here."

So up in the world it flashed its way,
And stood there dainty and white,
While its comrades prepared to leave their beds,
And follow it up to the light.

What was it? was it a snowdrop fair?
Not quite; for to tell you the truth,
It wasn't a brave little flower at all,
It was just the baby's first tooth!

BESSIE CHANDLER.

TWO.

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best.
Two little ponies must go to a span;
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in;
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,

Two little legs running all day long.
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day—
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down—
And two little angels guard him in bed,
"One at the foot, and one at the head."

"MAMMA CAN'T FIND ME!'

No little step do I hear in the hall,
Only a sweet little laugh, that is all;
No dimpled arms 'round my neck hold me tight;
I've but a glimpse of two eyes very bright,
Two little hands a wee face try to screen,
Baby is hiding, that's plain to be seen.
"Where is my precious, I've missed so all day?"
"Mamma can't find me!" the pretty lips say.

"Dear me, I wonder where baby can be?"
Then I go by and pretend not to see.
"Not in the parlor, and not on the stairs,
Then I must peep under sofa and chairs."
The dear little rogue is now laughing outright,
Two little arms 'round my neck clasp me tight.
Home will, indeed, be sad, weary and lone,
When mamma can't find you, my darling, my own.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

She is cunning, she is tricky,
I am greatly grieved to tell,
And her hands are always sticky
With chocolate caramel;
Her dolly's battered features
Tell of many a frantic hurl,
She's the terror of her teachers—
That naughty little girl!

She dotes upon bananas,
And she smears them on my knees,
And she peppers my havanas,
And she laughs to hear me sneeze;
And she steals into my study
And she turns my books a-whirl,
And her boots are always muddy—
This naughty little girl!

When she looks as she were dreaming
Of the angels in the air,
I know she's only scheming

How to slyly pull my hair;
Yet—why, I can't discover—
Spite of every tangled curl,
She's a darling, and I love her—
That naughty little girl!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

A VERY GOOD GIRL.

Our merry little daughter
Was climbing out of bed—
"Don't you think that I'm a good girl?"
Our little daughter said,
"For all day long this lovely day,
And all day long to-morrow,
I havn't done a single thing,
To give my mother sorrow!"

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Thou art so very sweet and fair,
With such a heaven in thine eyes,
It almost seems an over-care
To ask thee to be good or wise;

As if a little bird were blamed
Because its song, unthinking flows;
As if a rose should be ashamed
Of being nothing but a rose.

BEDLAM TOWN.

Do you want to peep into Bedlam town?
Then come with me as the day swings down.

Into the cradle, whose rocker's rim
Some people call the horizon dim.

All the mischief of all the fates
Seems to center in four little pates.

Just an hour before we say
"It is time for bed now, stop your play."

Oh the racket and noise and roar,
As they prance like a caravan over the floor.

With never a thought of the head that aches,
And never a heed to the "mercy sakes,"

And "pity save us," and "Oh, dear, dear,"
That all the culprits plainly hear.

A monkey, a parrot, a guinea hen,
Warriors, elephants, Indian men,

A salvation army, a grizzly bear,
Are all at once in the nursery there.

And when the clock in the hall strikes seven,
It sounds to us like a voice from Heaven.

And each of the elves in a warm night-gown,
Marches away out of Bedlam Town.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE PATTER OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun in the morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleeping blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes.

Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.

No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair,
No pearly sea-shell is fairer

Than his slender ankles bare.
And watches the "poor man's blessing"
I cannot envy his lot.

He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains, and noble trees,
Rare store of blossoming roses,

Birds from beyond the seas.
Nor the rosiest stem of coral,
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flash that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor,
Looks down on our little cot,
But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet;
His stately halls ne'er echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "sparkling picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub,
(Our other one has wings).

His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harpstring holds such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God—

Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed,
To guide his footsteps aright;
So to live that I may be ready
To walk in sandals of light—
And hear, amid songs of welcome,
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven,
The patter of little feet.

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

Down the dimpled greensward dancing
Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy,—
Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,
Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,
How they glimmer, how they quiver!
Sparkling one another after,
Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.

GEORGE DARL.

LITTLE JIM.

Our little Jim
Was such a limb
His mother scarce could master him;
His eyes were blue
And looked you through,
And seemed to say:
"I'll have my way!"
His age was six,
His saucy tricks
But made you smile,

Though all the while
You said: "You limb,
You wicked Jim,
Be quiet, do!"
Poor little Jim!
Our eyes are dim
When soft and low we speak of him.
No clattering shoe
Goes running through
The silent room,
Now wrapped in gloom.
So still he lies,
With fast shut eyes,
No need to say:
Alas! to-day:
"You little limb.
You baby Jim,
Be quiet, do!"

GEORGE R. SIMS.

WISHING.

Where the grass grows sweet and tall,
And the shallow waters fall
Over pebbles, smooth and bright,
Once I saw a lovely sight.—

Seven little ones at play,
Telling what they'd *do* some day,
When "grown up." What they'd *be*,
What they'd *have*. Oh, fair to see,

Was rollicking Teddy and blue-eyed Joe,
Close where the tallest grasses grow;

Rosy-cheeked Jennie, and dimple-cheeked Nan,
Listening to Teddy's "When I'm a man."

There were "two and two, and then three,"
They counted themselves in glee,
And the "three" were Katie and Nell,
And Johnny, poor wee Johnny Bell.

Jennie wished for a house so fine,
And Nan in a silk dress to shine;
While Ted "a ship, its captain to be,"
And Joe said low, "while you're at sea.

I'll build big houses on the land,
A home for Jennie, tall and grand."
They laughed at this right merrily,
The children four and the children three.

"An artist I'll be," said Nellie then,
"When Teddy and Joe are grown to men,

I'll paint this bank and grasses fair,
And the moon a-rising over there."

Poor little Johnny I could not see,
But he made the kindest wish to me;
"I'll work, I'll work, as hard as I can,
To help my mother, when I'm a man."

Katie had listened to all the rest,
With brave thoughts battling in her breast,
"When I'm a woman, I'd rather be
Useful, than anything else," said she.

THE CHILDREN'S BED TIME.

The clock strikes seven in the hall,
The curfew of the children's day,
That calls each little pattering foot
From dance and song and lively play;
Their day that in a wider light
Floats like a silver day-moon white,
Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,
But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift
Of children's kisses through the house,
And cuckoo notes of sweet "Good night,"
That thoughts of heaven and home arouse
And a soft stir to sense and heart,
As when the bee and blossom part;
And little feet that patter slower,
Like the last droppings of a shower.

And in the children's room aloft,
What blossom shapes do gaily slip
Their daily sheaths, and rosy run
From clasping hand and kissing lip,
A naked sweetness to the eye—
Blossom and babe and butterfly
In witching one, so dear a sight!
An ecstasy of life and light.

Then lily-drest, in angel white,
To mother's knee they trooping come.
The soft palms fold like kissing shells,
And they and we go singing home—
Their bright heads bowed and worshiping,
As though some glory of the spring,
Some daffodil that mocks the day,
Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of paradise swing wide
A moment's space in soft accord,
And those dread angels, Life and Death,
A moment veil the flaming sword,
As o'er this weary world forlorn
From Eden's secret heart is borne
That breath of Paradise most fair,
Which mothers call "the children's prayer."

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,
As fragrant white as clover'd sod,
And all the upper floors grow hushed
With children's sleep, and dews of God.

And as our stars their beams do hide,
The stars of twilight, opening wide,
Take up the heavenly tale at even,
And light us on to God and heaven.

I could cry; but I'm really ashamed to,
Since you haven't cried,—not a wink;

POOR DOLLY.

O baby, my beautiful baby!
My own little, dear little Sue!
It is dreadful, just perfectly dreadful,
To think what has happened to you!

But I know in my heart, precious baby,
What very sad thoughts you must think.

And break your poor arm, dear, and hurt you,

And scratch your sweet rose-cheeks
and all.
I'm 'fraid you will never believe me,
But I truly did not mean to fall.
I've torn a big hole in my stocking,
And got a deep scratch in my arm;
But I don't care for anything, dolly,
Except that I've done you such
harm.

Oh, dear! it has spoiled all your
beauty,
And you were so handsome before!
I'm 'fraid—please excuse me, my
darling—
You'll be "Queen of Beauty" no
more.
But oh, I shall love my poor baby
Far better than ever, I know,
If she weren't 'most an angel, she
never
Would lie here and smile at me so.

MARY D. BRINE.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
That all trouble magnify;

Not the watchword of "I can't."
But the nobler one "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task;
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

In the counting-house or store,
Wheresoever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

A GOOD NAME.

Children, choose it,
Don't refuse it,
'Tis a precious diadem;
Highly prize it,
Don't despise it,
You will need it when you're men.

Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish,
'Tis more precious far than gold;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it,
You will need it when you're old.

I CAN'T AND I CAN.

"I can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work;
From duty he srinks, every task he will shirk;
No bread on his board, and no meal in his bag,
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"I can" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,
And digs from the earth all the wealth that it yields;
The hum of his spindles begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

W. A. BUTLER.

A BOY'S BIRTHDAY.

Once upon a winter night,
When the snow lay cold and white,

Dropped a baby from the skies
With a pair of big brown eyes;

Without clothes, or food, or name,
Right into our hearts it came,
And we loved it from that minute
As if there were "millions in it."

Soon a happy year had flown;
He could creep and stand alone,
Now mamma and Rob and Fritz,
Do a hundred pretty tricks;
He was sweet, but still a tartar,
So we called him little Arthur,
"Pet" and "Darling," "Love," and
"Pride,"
And a hundred names beside.

When another year went by,
Could I tell if I should try
Half how lovely he had grown?—
Walking, like a man, alone;
Talking with such babbling words,
Like the cooing of the birds,
With a tangled crop of curls
Hanging round him—like a girl's.

Three years old; now look for squalls,
Trials, troubles, cries and falls!
Up and down like any rocket!
In his dress a little pocket
Filled with tops and nails and strings,
And some fifty other things;
Three feet tall, or taller maybe—
Can this be my little baby?

Still another birthday, dear,
What a four-year colt is here!
Leaping, running, skipping, prancing,
In and out on swift feet dancing,
Handling marbles, spinning tops,
Spending cents in candy-shops;
In kilted skirt and buttoned jacket,
Always ripe for fun and racket!

Now as sure as I'm alive,
That outrageous boy is five!
Send him off to school at once—
We don't want to own a dunce!
Full of tricks as any marten—
Get him to a kindergarten;
There he'll learn to use his wits,
Without any ugly fits.

Six and what do I behold!
No more waving curls of gold,
But a little wig of brown,
Closely cropped about the crown.
No more skirts, but little breeches.

Full of many seams and stitches;
Growing, every single day,
In the most surprising way.

Seven to-day: a boy at last!
Time and tide have traveled fast;
There he lies so fine and tall,
Jacket, trousers, boots and all;
He can spell, and read, and write,
He is good and gay and bright,
And his life goes bravely on,
But where is my baby gone!

So now I hope—what *do* I hope? Oh,
scores and scores of things:
I hope he'll learn to comb his hair,
and tie his own shoe strings;
I hope he'll never catch a cold in hail
or snow or rain,
And grow to be full six feet high
without one growing pain.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood
fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift ad-
vance
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slum-
bered

MAIDENHOOD.

Birds and blossoms many numbered;
Age that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass can not withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal!

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying,
That is altogether true;
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And gray—so deep and bright—
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether fields or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labor's hum,
Entice your feet to stay,
Some one is always watching you;
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Someone is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave, and true;
And, watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels pure and white,
In gladness or in sorrowing,
Are keeping you in sight.

O, bear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high!
You do whatever thing you do,
Beneath some seeing eye.
O, bear in mind, my little ones,
And keep your good name bright,
No child upon this round, round earth
Is ever out of sight.

HIS WISH.

My seven-year-old by the window stood,
When the rain was falling the other day,—
A perfect picture of boyish mirth,
A dainty breath of life's early May;
His eyes as blue as the azure skies,
His mouth like an angel's when he smiled:

And I said, "What beautiful thoughts arise
In the sinless mind of a little child?"

Does he hear the sound of spirit wings?
Does he see a vision of heaven's own joy?
Is he listening while the angels sing?
"What are you thinking about my boy?"
I felt presumptuous to break the spell,
He seemed so perfect—my tiny bud—
But he said: "Mamma, I'd just as lief tell:
I wish I was digging out in the mud."

MARIE L. RITTER.

LITTLE THINGS.

A cup of water timely brought,
An offered easy chair,
A turning of the window-blind,
That all may feel the air;
An early flower bestowed unasked,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to softest whispers hushed
To spare an aching head—
Oh, things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose.

A LITTLE BUILDER.

I'm a little builder,
And I mean to try
Hard, to build a mansion
'Way up in the sky.

Not like that big tower
Mr. Babel made,
'Cause he was so wicked,
And so awful 'fraid.

But when I feel naughty,
I am going to say

Little prayers that mamma
Taught me how to pray.

And when baby's fretful,
I shall let him see
What a patient sister
Susie's learned to be.

That's the way I'll build it,
Mamma told me how;
Guess I'll stop my talking,
And begin it now.

LITTLE MOMENTS.

Little moments make an hour;
Little thoughts, a book;
Little seeds, a tree or flower;
Water drops, a brook;
Little deeds of faith and love,
Make a home for you above.

PERSEVERANCE.

The boy who does a stroke, and stops—
Will ne'er a great man be;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams
Its gold above the gray,
It takes a thousand little beams
To make the day the day

The farmer needs must sow and till
And wait the wheaten head,
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,
Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the *patient holding out*
That makes the winner win.

WORK WHILE YOU WORK.

Work while you work,
And play while you play,
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.
All that you do,
Do with your might,
Things done by halves
Are never done right;
One thing at once,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As wise men tell.
Moments are useless,
Trifled away—
Work while you work,
And play while you play.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

Two children stood at their father's gate.
Two girls with golden hair,
And their eyes were bright, and their voices glad,
Because the morn was fair;

For they said, "We will take that long, long walk
To the hawthorn copse to-day,
And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
From off the scented way;
And oh! we shall be so happy there,
'Twill be sorrow to come away!"

As the children spoke a little cloud
Passed slowly across the sky,
And one looked up in her sister's face
With a tear-drop in her eye.
But the other said, "Oh! heed it not,
'Tis far too fair to rain,
That little cloud may search the sky
For other clouds in vain."
And soon the children's voices rose
In merriment again.

But ere the morning hours had waned
The sky had changed its hue,
And that one cloud had chased away
The whole great heaven of blue.
The rain fell down in heavy drops,
The wind began to blow,
And the children, in their nice, warm room.
Went fretting to and fro;
For they said, "When we have aught in store,
It always happens so!"

Now these two fair-haired sisters
Had a brother out at sea,
A little midshipman, aboard
The gallant *Victory*;
And on that self-same morning
When they stood beside the gate
His ship was wrecked, and on a raft
He stood all desolate,
With the other sailors round him,
Prepared to meet their fate.

Beyond, they saw the cool, green land,
The land with the waving trees,
And her little brooks, that rise and fall
Like butterflies to the breeze.
But above them the burning noontide sun,
With scorching stillness shone;
Their throat were parched with bitter thirst,
And they knelt down one by one,
And prayed to God for a drop of rain,
And a gale to waft them on.

And then that little cloud was sent,
That shower in mercy given,
And as a bird before the breeze
Their bark was landward driven.
And some few mornings after,
When the children met once more,
And their brother told the story,
They knew it was the hour
When they had wished for sunshine,
And God had sent the shower!

THE NARROW PATH.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wings of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

A BIT OF POTTERY.

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground,
The other with never-slacking speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
"No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks—
The one that stands gets tired."

DO IT NOW.

Whene'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once, and do it.

For Sloth says falsely, "By and by
Is just as well to do it;"

But present strength is surest strength;
Begin at once, and do it.

And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee to it.

NEVER PUT OFF.

"Never put off till to-morrow,
What should be done to-day;"
This is a motto for those who work,
Not more than for those who play!

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I know a little girl
(You? O, no!)
Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she does begin:—
"Oh, dear me! I don't see why—
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
With curly pate,
Who says: "When I'm a great big girl,
I'll sit up late;
But mamma says 'twill make me grow
To be an early bird."
So she and dolly trot away
Without another word.
Oh, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue!
And—and—why, yes, now I think of it,
She looks like you!

GET UP EARLY.

The sun is uprising, the flowers are upspringing,
And the birds are so happy that they cannot help singing:
So wake, little children, you've had enough slumber;
Out of doors you will find there are joys without number.

The trees and the grass in the sunshine are gleaming;
In the fresh morning air the bright waters are streaming:
Oh! waste not in sleep all these beautiful hours:
Early rising is health; ask the birds and the flowers!

WHICH LOVED BEST.

"I love you, mother," said little John.
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed:
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

JOY ALLISON.

DARE TO SAY NO.

Dear children, you are sometimes led
To sorrow, sin, and woe,
Because you have not courage quite,
And dare not answer, No.

When playmates tell you this, or that
Is "very nice to do,"
See first what mamma says, or if
You think 'tis wrong, say No.

Be always gentle, but be firm,
And wheresoe'er you go,
If you are asked to do what's wrong,
Don't fear to answer, No.

False friends may laugh and sneer at you,
Temptations round you flow,
But prove yourself both brave and true,
And firmly tell them, No.

Sometimes a thing that's not a sin,
You might be asked to do,—
But when you think it is not best,
Don't yield, but answer, No.

True friends will honor you the more,
Ah, yes, and false ones too,
When they have learned you're not afraid
To stand and answer, No.

And when temptations rise within,
And plead to "come," or "go,"
And do a wrong for "*just this once*,"
Be sure you answer, No.

For when you once have done a Wrong,
The Right receives a blow,—
And Wrong will triumph easier now,
So haste and answer, No.

There's many a little boy and girl,
And man and woman too,
Have gone to ruin and to death
For want of saying, No!

So, young or old, or great or small,
Don't fail, whate'er you do,
To stand for Right and nobly dare
To speak an honest No.

THE SISTERS AT WORK.

LAURA. I want to be out in the garden so pleasant;
There's no time for play, sister mine, like the present.

EDITH. The best time for play and for healthy enjoyment,
Believe me, dear Laura, is after employment.

LAURA. Where the sunshine is smiling on trees and on flowers,
Let us go far away from this dull room of ours.

EDITH. As for flowers, see those I have put in the pitcher:
In flowers I'm sure that we need not be richer.

LAURA. Ah! stupid it is, when the soft breeze is blowing,
Shut up in the house, to be kept at our sewing.

EDITH. But after our sewing, my dear, is well ended,
A walk in the garden and grove will be splendid.

LAURA. By the way you keep on with your stitching and stitching,
One would say you must find it a task quite bewitching.

EDITH. So I do; and I'll tell you the rule I'm pursuing,—
'Tis to put my best work into what I am doing.

FUNNY UNCLE PHIL.

I Heard the grown folks talking, last night when I lay abed,
So I shut my eyes and listened to everything they said;
And first they said that Polly and Phil were coming here,
And a good, good soul was Polly, but Phil was always queer;

And they never, never, never in all their lives could see
How Polly came to marry him, nor how they could agree;
For she was just as bright and sweet as any flower in May,
But he was tight as a drum-head, and as black as a stormy day.

And his nose was always poking into other folk's affairs,
And he was altogether too fond of splitting hairs;

And he had so many corners you
never could come near
Without your hitting some of them,
or being in constant fear.

Well, I listened very hard, and I
'membered every word,

. . . . *He took me gently on his knee,*
And wound my longest curl about his finger carefully.

And I thought it was the queerest
thing a body ever heard:
And in the evening, when I heard the
chaise come down the hill,
I almost couldn't wait to see my funny
Uncle Phil.

But Oh! what stories grown folks tell!
He wasn't black at all!
And he hadn't any corners, but was
plump and fair and small;
His nose turned up a little, but then
it was so wee,
How it could poke so very much I
really couldn't see.

And when he saw me staring
he nodded hard, and
smiled;
And then he asked them
softly if I was Elsie's
child;
And when grandma said I
was he took me gently
on his knee,
And wound my longest curl
about his finger care-
fully.

And he told 'bout my
mamma when she was
a little girl,
And all the time he talked
he kept his fingers on
that curl;
Till at last I couldn't stand
it, and I slipped down
by his chair.
And asked him how he came to be so
fond of splitting hair.

My! how he stared! and Jimmy
laughed, and grandma shook her
head,

And grandpa had his awful look, and
Uncle Sam turned red;
And then the clock ticked very loud,
the kitchen was so still,
And I knew 'twas something dreadful
I had said to Uncle Phil.

But I couldn't help it then, so I told
him every word,
And he listened very quietly; he
never spoke nor stirred,
Till I told him 'bout the corners, and
said I didn't know
How he could have so many when
there didn't any show;

And then he laughed and laughed, till
the kitchen fairly shook·
And he gave the frightened grown
folks such a bright and funny
look,
And said, "'Tis true, my little girl,
when Polly married me
I was full of ugly corners, but she's
smoothed them down, you see."

And then they all shook hands again,
and Jimmy gave three cheers,
And Uncle Sam said little pitchers
had most monstrous ears;
And grandma kissed Aunt Polly; but
then she looked at me,
And said I'd better "meditate" while
she was getting tea,

That means that I must sit and think
what naughty things I've done;
It must be 'cause I'm little yet,—they
seemed to think 'twas fun.
I don't quite understand it all; well,
by and by I will
Creep softly up to him, and ask my
funny Uncle Phil.

AN APRIL JOKE.

Master Ned on the doorstep sat,
Busily thinking away;
"Now, what shall I plan for a clever
trick,
For an April-fool to play?
There's Tom, he's mean as a boy can
be,
And he never can pass me by
Without a word that is rude and cross,
And maybe a punch on the sly."

"Some trick I'll find that'll pay him
off,
And teach him a lesson too."
So Master Ned he pondered a while,
Till the dimples grew and grew;
And he laughed at last as away he ran,
"I'll make him sorry," thought he,
"For the many times he has done his
best
To tease and to trouble me."

On April first, with the early dawn,
Was found at Tommy's door
A package tied, and "Master Tom"
Was the only address it bore.

"Tis only a trick of Ned's," said Tom,
"He owes me many a one;
But I'll match him yet—he'd better beware—
Before the day is done."

Then Tom peeped in at his package.
Oh, what a shamefaced fellow was he!
A handsome book, and a line which read,
"Accept this, Tom, from me."
And this is the way in which Tom was "fooled;"
And afterward, meeting Ned,
"Your trick has beaten all mine for good:
Forgive me, old fellow," he said.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses, glass,
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man,
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
We may, perhaps, for ought we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure,

Before of others tell;
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
To those we little know;
Remember curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of other's faults until
We have none of our own.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

O many things are beautiful!
The bird that sings and flies;
The setting sun
When day is done;
The rainbow in the skies.

The gentle lamb, so innocent,
The dove, so tender, true,
The violets,
With dew drops wet,
So sweet and fair to view.

But there is one more beautiful,
More tender, sweet and mild:—
The girl or boy,
A parent's joy,—
The loved and loving child.

AT THE PUMP.

Pump away, pump away, sister of ours!
Water's the thing for us and the flowers;
Roses and children would droop, day by day,
Had they no water: so Jane, pump away.

Water for washing, and water for drinking;
There's nothing like water, fresh water, I'm thinking:

Put nothing but water in cup and in pitcher,
And then, merry men, you'll be wiser and richer.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,—
This restless curling head from off your breast,—
This lisping that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more,—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head,
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

JOY SHARED.

Ripe, red apples,—Oh, how nice!
Buttered bread,—a precious slice!
Little Nelly, good and fair,
Will her joy with Johnny share.

BE TRUE, BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys!
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light;
Be open, above board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys!
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greeting" and "cramming;"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

BEGINNING OF VICE.

A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often leads to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet
As through an open door.
Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

LITTLE ACTS OF KINDNESS.

Little acts of kindness
Trifling though they are,
How they serve to brighten
This dark world of care!
Little acts of kindness,
Oh, how potent they,
To dispel the shadows
Of life's cloudy day!

Little acts of kindness,
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness,
Will a smile impart!
How a gentle accent
Calms the troubled soul,
When the waves of passion
O'er it wildly roll!

You may have around you
Sunshine if you will,
Or a host of shadows,
Gloomy, dreary, chill.
If you want the sunshine,
Smile, though sad at heart;
To the poor and needy
Kindly aid impart.

To the soul-despairing
Breathe a hopeful word;
From your lips be only
Tones of kindness heard.
Even give for *anger*
Love and tenderness;
And in blessing others
You yourself will bless.

Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost;
Yet, when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

SORROW SHARED.

Every joy must have an end:
Tears will not a pitcher mend;
Yet, while fast they overflow,
Nelly shares in Johnny's woe.

TEDDY'S CHOICE.

I'd like to be a fish, dear mother,
And go swimming all the time.
I'd like to be a squirrel, mother,
The tallest trees to climb.
I think, though I'm not sure, dear mother,

I'd like to be a whale;
I shouldn't care to be a peacock;
I *wouldn't* be a snail.

I know I'd like to be a lion;
Just fancy how I'd roar!
How nice to be an ant, dear mother,
And never shut the door.

I'd like to be a meadow lily,
To freckle all I please;
Among those copy-books and papers,
What fun to be a breeze!

I'd like to be a brook, dear mother,
A noisy one you know;
With rush and leap and splash and tumble
Upon my way I'd go.

And yet the best and brightest
Of fun and life and joy,
I think, if I must choose, dear mother,
I'd like to be a boy.

RUTH MARINER.

A STORY.

Little Ann and her mother were walking one day
Through London's wide city so fair,
And business obliged them to go by the way
That led them through Cavendish Square.

And as they passed by the great house of a lord,
A beautiful chariot came
To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straightway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were seen,
The chariot was painted all o'er;
The footmen behind were in silver and green,
And fine horses trotted before.

Little Ann by her mother walked silent and sad,
A tear trickled down from her eye;
Then her mother said, "Ann, I should be very glad
To know what it is makes you cry."

"Ah look!" said the child, "at that carriage, mamma,
All covered with varnish and gold·
Those ladies are riding so charmingly there,
While we have to walk in the cold.

"You say, 'God is kind to the folks that are good,'
But surely it cannot be true;
Or else I am certain, almost, that He would
Give such a fine carriage to you."

"Look there, little girl," said her mother, "and see
What stands at the very coach-door;
A poor ragged beggar, and listen how she
A halfpenny stands to implore.

"All pale is her face, and deep sunk is her eye;
Her hands look like skeleton bones;
She has got a few rags just about her to tie,
And her naked feet bleed on the stones.

" 'Dear ladies' she cries—and tears trickle down—
'Relieve a poor beggar, I pray;
I've wandered all hungry about this wide town,
And not ate a morsel to-day.

" 'My father and mother are long ago dead,
My brother sails over the sea;
And I've not a rag nor a morsel of bread,
As plainly, I'm sure, you may see.

" 'A fever I caught which was terribly bad,
But no nurse nor physic had I;
An old dirty shed was the house that I had,
And only on straw could I lie.

" 'And now that I'm better, yet feeble and faint,
And famished, naked, and cold,
I wander about with my grievous complaint,
And seldom get aught but a scold.

"'Some will not attend to my pitiful call;
Some think me a vagabond cheat,
And scarcely a creature believes me, of all
The thousands that traverse the street.

"'Then ladies, dear ladies, your pity bestow!"
Just then a tall footman came round,
And, asking the ladies which way they would go,
The chariot turned off with a bound.

"Ah see, little girl!" then her mother replied,
"How foolish it was to complain!
If you would have looked at the contrary side,
Your tears would have dried up again.

"Your house, and your friends, and your victuals, and bed,
'Twas God in His mercy that gave:
You did not deserve to be covered and and fed,
And yet all these blessings you have.

"This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
No father nor mother has she;
And while you can daily such objects behold,
You ought quite contented to be.
"A coach and a footman, and gaudy attire,
Can't give true delight to the breast;
To be good is the thing you should chiefly desire,
And then leave to God all the rest."

ANN TAYLOR.

TRUST YOUR MOTHER.

Trust your mother, little one!
In life's morning just begun,
You will find some grief, some fears,
Which perhaps may cause you tears;
But a mother's kiss can heal
Many griefs that children feel.
Trust your mother; seek to prove
Grateful for her thoughtful love.

Trust your mother, noble youth,
Turn not from the path of truth;
In temptation's evil hour,
Seek her, ere it gains new power.
She will never guide you wrong;
Faith in her will make you strong.
Trust your mother; aim to prove
Worthy of her fondest love.

Trust your mother, maiden fair!
Love will guide your steps with care,
Let no cloud e'er come between—
Let no shadow e'er be seen
Hiding from your mother's heart
What may prove a poisoned dart.
Trust your mother; seek to prove
Worthy of her faithful love.

Trust your mother to the end,
She will prove your constant friend;

If 'tis gladness wings the hour,
Share with her the joyful shower;
Or if sorrow should oppress,
She will smile and she will bless.
Oh! be trustful, loving, true,
That she may confide in you.

GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks,
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do what he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I am sure I can't see it at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their 'specs
And say, "Ah, boys will be boys!

"Life is only short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and where they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last—
For grandmothers all have to die.

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.

I love, when the evenings are balmy and still,
And summer is smiling on valley and hill,
To see in the garden the little ones there,
All happy and smiling round grandfather's chair.

Such stories he tells them,—such tales of delight,—
Such wonders to dream of by day and by night,
It's little they're thinking of sorrow and care,
Their bright faces beaming round grandfather's chair.

And words, too, of wisdom, fall oft from his tongue;
Dear lessons to cherish and treasure while young;
Bright things to remember when white is their hair,
And some of them sit in a grandfather's chair.

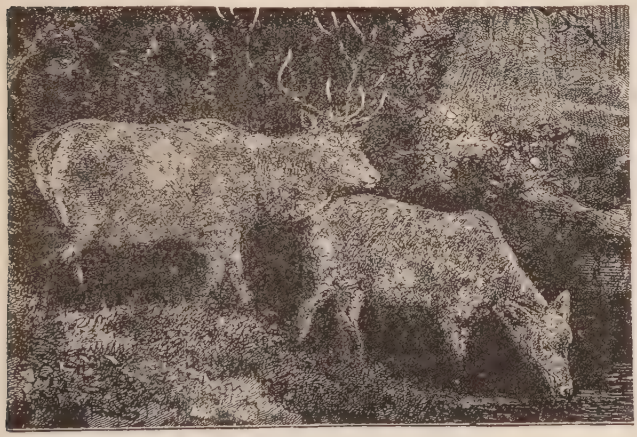
Ah! little ones, love him, be kind while you may,
For swiftly the moments are speeding away;
Not long the kind looks and the love you may share,
That beam on you now from grandfather's chair.

MATTHIAS BARR.

CRUEL FUN.

Can any one say what fun there is
In the thoughtless use of a gun?
Which takes its aim at an innocent life
And lo! that life is done.

When I was a boy I banged away
With no thought of the pain I gave—
At many a deer whose life I now
Would make an effort to save.



Oh, boys, be kind to the little birds,
Nor use your brand-new gun
To take the life of bird or beast,
Only for cruel "fun."

HOW WE CAN MAKE OURSELVES FAIR.

Here is a question the maidens are asking:
How can we make ourselves fair?
One thinks that her cheeks are a little too red;
Another is puzzling her pretty head
To know how to curl her straight hair.

This lassie's cheeks are a little too pale;
How can she make them red?
And this little lady's hands are not quite
As smooth and slender and soft and white
"As a lady's hand should be," she said.
And this one thinks she's a trifle too plump;
Another one thinks she's too small;
Her teeth are not quite as pretty as pearls!
And what shall we do for these poor, poor girls
That cannot be happy at all?

And I, who look at them, cannot see
Why they are dissatisfied,
They look like a garden of roses in bloom,
Yet over them all there is resting the gloom
Of some fancied beauty denied.

The mystical secret is mine to impart;
Listen, all who covet the power
Of beauty's magic. The wonderful art
Lies down in the depths of a gentle heart
And shines from the eyes every hour.

The hands that do charity's gentle deeds,
Are white as the angels above;
And whether the cheeks be rosy or fair,
If innocent blushes and health be there,
They are pretty enough to love.

If over the beautiful lips, dear girls,
But gentle words are said;
And whether the form be plump or slight,
If only your heart be pure and bright,
You are pretty enough to wed.

ABBE KINNIE.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"Mother, mother! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Here's a great dog barking so!

Come, come quickly; don't you see
We're as frightened as can be!

Now he's growling—snapping too!
Mother dear, oh, where are you?

We're alone, and he can swim!
Come let's join and sing to him.

It may calm him—touch his heart,
Now begin, each do her part.

Why! He smiles! He's gentle now!
Form in line and make a bow.

Now this dog and little we
Are firm friends because you see,

When he growled we growled not back,
But sang sweetly *quack-quack-quack.*

Learn from this, our simple tale,
Gentle actions never fail

To bring smiles to any face
On which frowns have held a place.

We small ducks have found this true,
Little readers, so will you.

JEANNETTE AND JO.

Two girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,
And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—
I saw them stand together;
Their whole day's sport, 'twas very plain,
Depended on the weather.

"'Twill storm!" cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low,
"Yes, but 'twill soon be over."

And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came beating down the clover.

"I told you so!" cried angry Jo;
"It always is a-raining!"
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet—
I tell it to her honor—

Looked up and waited till the sun
Came streaming in upon her.

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds
Across a sea of glory.
Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
The hopeful are the gladdest;
And doubt and dread, dear girls, believe,
Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light let youth be bright,
Take in the sunshine tender;
Then, at the close, shall life's decline
Be full of sunset splendor.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,
To shun all weak complaining;
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon,
"It always *is* a-raining!"

MARY MAPES DODGE.

A STORY FOR A CHILD.

Little one, come to my knee;
Hark, how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the winds in the woods a-roaring.

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is.

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated,

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There from the blowing and raining
Crouching, I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man were brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring!
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

A poor boy went by with his raiment all torn;
He looked, too, so dirty and very forlorn;

His coat was in tatters, no shoes on his feet,
And they ached with the cold on the stones of the street.

Poor boy! no kind father or mother has he,
Nor has he a nice house at home as have we;

He begs all the day for a morsel of bread,
And perhaps sleeps at night in a comfortless shed.

He has no kind friends to instruct him and guide,
And he hears what is sinful, and sees it beside;

Oh, how good and how thankful I then ought to be
To the God who has given these good things to me!

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

There's a poor beggar going by;
I see her looking in;
She's just about as big as I,
Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,
She is so very poor;
And hardly anything to eat;
I pity her, I'm sure.

But I have got nice clothes, you know,
And meat and bread and fire;
And dear mamma, that loves me so,
And all that I desire.

If I was forced to stroll so far,
Oh dear! what should I do?
I wish she had a kind mamma,
Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,
And hold that ragged hat,
And I will put a penny in;
There! buy some bread with that.

THE CHILD-JUDGE.

Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweetheart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?

The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

"Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
Or scorched with the midday glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?"

"No pleasant garden-toils were mine!
I have sat on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve and calls
The children around his feet."

"How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart? who set thee there?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care."

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
I have sat there alone all day;
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed;
They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

"And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart? what didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden mend for thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me more! I called and I cried,
But they left me there forlorn,
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn."

"Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine!
And the eyes which adjudge the praise and the blame
See further than thine or mine.

"The voice that shall sound at eve, sweetheart,
Will not raise its tones to be heard:
It will hush the earth and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word."

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The stores that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
And not be grieved sore?"

"Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart,—

Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

"But how fared thy garden-plot, sweet-heart,
Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment-seat?

Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?"

"Nay that is the saddest of all to me!
That is the saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall."

"Go back to thy garden-plot, sweet-heart,
Go back till the evening falls!
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

"Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

"And the next may copy his, sweet-heart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet.

"Then shall thy joy be full, sweet-heart,
In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of his own for thee."

KEYS.

Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease,
To very, very little keys.

WHICH IS YOUR LOT.

Some children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks, and dance and play,
While others drudge their lives away;
Some glow with health and bound with song,
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon.
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened child to play.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

Around the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t'implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;

My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed."

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor, half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiff'ning hand in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er,
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

LUCY AIKEN.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

"And wherefore do the poor complain?"

The rich man asked of me;
"Come walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bareheaded man,
His locks were thin and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

The cold was keen indeed, he said—
But at home no fire had he;
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick abed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still—

Then told us that her husband served
A soldier, far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl—her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye—
Who with a wanton's hollow voice
Addressed the passers-by.

I asked her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse;
She answered she was poor.

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he:
"You asked me why the poor complain;
And these have answered thee!"

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A BRIGHT NEW CENT.

It is a bright and shining thing,
That some good things 'twill buy;
I'll therefore not despise the coin,
This birthday gift—not I.

'Twould buy a pen, wherewith to write
A volume for the press;
'Twould buy a tract, with truth enough
Some erring soul to bless,

'Twould buy a pencil, to work out
Great problems on the slate;
'Twould buy an egg, wherewith a boy
Might make a fortune great.

'Twould buy a nail to stop a leak
And save a sinking boat;
'Twould buy a stick, by grasping which
Some drowning boy might float,

'Twould buy a piece of wholesome bread
Some starving child to bless;
'Twould buy a pin, wherewith to save
Some article of dress.

'Twould buy, 'twould buy, I cannot say
How many things 'twould buy;
I'll therefore not despise the gift
Of a bright new cent—not I.

POOR LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child,
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grow dim.
It was a collier's wife and child; they called him little Jim;
And oh, to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer in thought she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life,
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,

And prays that He would spare her
boy, and take herself instead.
She gets her answer from her child;
soft fall the words from him:
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and
beckon little Jim.
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but
oh, I am so dry!
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again,
and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held
the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her as he took
each little, tiny sip.
"Tell father, when he comes from
work, I said good-night to him;
And mother, now I'll go to sleep."
Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying—that the
child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words she might
ever hope to hear.

The cottage-door is opened, the collier's
step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet
neither speaks a word.
He felt that all was over, he knew his
child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand and
walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the
the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the
stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sadness
they humbly ask of Him
In heaven once more to meet again
their own poor little Jim.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

O world, how sad and lonely thou!
How cold and dim thou shin'st, O sun!

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

The leaves of hope are dead and gone;
No peace, even when in prayer I bow.

My father and my mother lie
In the still churchyard's holy soil;
Their child must turn to weary toil,
Whose heart was glad when they were by.

No friend is near my hand to take
My dark and troubled soul to raise;
Only the distance meets my gaze,
And the low clouds above the lake.

O God! be gracious to thy child,
Let the soft beams of hope appear,
And in the zephyr let me hear
The evening bells so clear and mild.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale;
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
To see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to hear my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"*Rejoice!* REJOICE!" still cried the crowd,—
My mother answered with her tears.

"Oh, why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"
She kissed me, and in accents weak
She called me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed! I shrieked for aid,
But ah! her eyes were closed in death.
My hardships since I will not tell;
But now, no more a parent's joy,
Ah, lady, I have learned *too* well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep; what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

AMELIA OPIE.

THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view—
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
"Say, do you see him in his joy?
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see!

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward; there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, *He's so good to me,*
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

REV. DR. HAWKS.

THE BLIND BOY.

Oh, tell me of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair;
It breathes on my lips and it fans my warm cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I've no sight.

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell,
While thrilled to my heart with the deep-going strain,
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.

Now, what the bright colors of music may be
Will any one tell me, for I cannot see?

The odors of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?

Are these shining angels, who come to delight
A poor little child that knows nothing of sight?
The face of the sun never comes to my mind—
Oh, tell me what light is, because I am blind.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE SAILOR BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

Hark to the thunder!
List to the rain!
See the fierce lightning
Flashing again!

See, at yon window,
Gleaming afar,
Shines a pale taper,
Like a lone star!

There a lone mother,
Bending the knee,
Prays for her darling,
Far, far at sea.

O God in heaven,
Hear Thou her prayer!
Still Thou the tempest,
Calm her despair!

Out on the waters,
Where the winds roar,
Tossed by the billows,
Miles from the shore,

In his rude hammock,
Rocked by the deep,
Lies a young sailor
Buried in sleep.

Sweetly he's smiling,
Dreaming of home,
Far in green England,
Over the foam.

She who is praying
Stands by him now,
Parting his tresses,
Kissing his brow.

God send him safely
To her again!
God grant her watching
Be not in vain!

OVER THE HILL.

Traveler, what lies over the hill?
Traveler, tell to me:
I am only a child — from the window-sill
Over I cannot see."

"Child, there's a valley over there,
Pretty and wooded and shy,
And a little brook that says, 'Take care,
Or I'll drown you by and by.'"

"And what comes next?" "A little town,

And a towering hill again;
Those hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next?" "A lonely moor
Without a beaten way;
And gray clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand,
And a moaning sea beside."
"And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "O, rock and mountain and vale,
Rivers and fields and men,
Over and over — a weary tale —
And round to your home again,"

"And that is all? Have you told the best?"
"No, neither the best nor the end.
On summer eves, away in the west,
You will see a stair ascend.

"Built of all colors of lovely stones, —
A stair up into the sky,
Where no one is weary, and no one morose,
Or wants to be laid by."

"I will go." "But the steps are very steep;
If you would climb up there,
You must lie at the foot, as still as sleep,
A very step of the stair."

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder!

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember, the old proverbs say
That pretty is that pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty or splendor.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner;
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

THE DEAR OLD DAYS.

I remember, I remember
The dear old sunny days,
When beside the bright old fountain
I remember, I remember
The games we used to plan:
How Jenny played the fairy,
And Tom the blind old man.

We had our merry plays;
Around it grew the bushes,
While the water pure and white
Streamed down to fill our pitchers,
It was a pleasant sight!

And once a giant took us,
And dragged us to his den;
But while the rogue was sleeping,
We all ran home again.

I remember, I remember
How we'd play at keeping shop;
And one would come to buy a doll,
And one to buy a top.
What piles of money we took in!
Ah! shall we ever be
As rich again as we were then
Beneath that old oak tree!

I remember, I remember
The fields of new-mown hay,
The strawberries we used to pick
In childhood's jocund day;
Ah! will there come another time
As blithesome and as bright?
Yes! Youth and all its joy, be sure,
Shall never perish quite.

—Emily Carter.

WHAT MAKES ME HAPPIEST.

What is it makes me happiest?
Is it my last new play?
Is it pussy, ball, or hoop?
Can you, dear mamma, say?

Is it my puzzles or my blocks,
My pleasant solitaire,
My dolls, my kittens, or my books,
Or flowers fresh and fair?

What it is makes me happiest?
It is not one of these,
Yet they are pretty things I love,
And never fail to please.

Oh, it is looks and tones of love,
From those I love the best,
That follow me when I do right—
These makes me happiest.

MOTHER KNOWS.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years:
Nobody knows—but mother.

H. C. Dodge.

THE MUSIC LESSON.

Touch the keys *lightly*,
Nellie, my dear:
The noise makes Johnnie
Impatient, I fear.

He looks very cross,
I am sorry to see—

Not looking at all
As a brother should be.

Whatever you're doing,
Bear this always in mind:
In all *little things*
Be both *thoughtful* and *kind*.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee as fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen:
Oh, well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,

If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to your brother, wherever you
are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament, purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the
sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may
know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms
below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many
sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown,
Affection shall weave thee a garland
of flowers,
More precious than wealth or re-
nown.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

I MEANT TO.

"I did not rise at the breakfast bell,
But why so sleepy—I can't tell—
I meant to.

"The wood's not carried in, I know;
But there's the school-bell, I must go.
I meant to.

"My lesson I forgot to write,
But nuts and apples were so nice.
I meant to.

"I forgot to walk on tiptoe,
Oh, how the baby cries, Oh! Oh!
I meant to.

"There, I forgot to shut the gate,
And put away my book and slate.
I meant to.

"The cattle trampled down the corn,
My slate is broken, book is torn.
I meant to."

Thus drawls poor idle Jimmy White,
From morn till noon, from noon till
night.
"I meant to."

And when he grows to be a man
He'll heedlessly mar every plan
With that poor plea,
"I meant to."

LITTLE MARIAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

In a large house, with two kind aunts,
The little Marian dwelt,
And a happy child she was, I ween,
For though at times she felt

That playmates would be better far
Than either birds or flowers,
Yet with kind aunts and story-books
She passed few lonely hours.

Her favorite haunt in summer time
Was a large old apple tree,
And oft amid its boughs she sat,
With her pet book on her knee.

The "Prilgrim's Progress" it was called,
And Marian loved it much;
It is indeed a wondrous book:
There are not many such.

She read it in her little bed,
And by the winter fire,
And in the large old apple tree,
As if she ne'er would tire.

But, unexplained, 'tis just the book
To puzzle a young brain,
And this poor child had no kind friend
Its meaning to explain.

For though her aunts were very kind,
They were not very wise;
They only said, "Don't read so, child,
For sure you'll hurt your eyes."

But Marian still went reading on;
And visions strange and wild
Began to fill the little head
Of the lonely, dreaming child.

For she thought that Christian and his wife,
And all his children too,
Had left behind their pleasant home;
And so she too must do.

"I'll take my Bible," said the child,
"And seek the road to heaven;
I'll try to find the wicket-gate,
And have my sins forgiven.

"I wish my aunts would go with me,
But 'tis in vain to ask:
They are so old and deaf and lame,
They'd think it quite a task.

"No, I must go alone, I see;
And I'll not let them know,
Or, like poor Christian's friends, they'll say,
'My dear, you must not go.'

"But I must wait till some great thing
Shall all their thoughts engage,
And then I'll leave my pleasant home,
And go on pilgrimage."

She had not waited long before,
One fine, autumnal day,
She saw the large old coach arrive
To take her aunts away.

"We're going out to spend the day,"
The two old ladies said;
"We mean to visit Mrs. Blair:
She's very sick in bed.

"But, Marian, you must stay at home,
And happy you will be,
To have your book and dinner too
In the large old apple tree.

"And in the garden you may play
While you can be content."
A few more parting words were said,
And off the aunties went.

The servants, too, were now engaged.
"The day is come at last,"
Said Marian; "but oh! how I wish
My pilgrimage were past!"

Kneeling beneath her apple tree,
For God's kind help she prayed;
Then, with her basket in her hand,
Went forth the little maid.

Behind the house where Marian dwelt,
At a long, long distance, lay
A high, steep hill, which morning suns
Tinged with their earliest ray.

That "Difficulty" was its name
The child had often thought,
And toward that hill she turned her head,
With hopeful visions fraught.

All nature seemed to welcome her
In that bright autumnal morn;
The joyous lark sang merrily
Above the waving corn.

Ah! little lark, you sing," she said,
"On your early pilgrimage;
I too will sing, for pleasant thoughts
Shall now my mind engage."

In sweet, clear strains she sang a hymn,
Then tripped along her way,
Till to a miry pool she came
Through which her pathway lay.

"This is the 'Slough Despond," she cried;
And, bravely venturing through,
She safely reached the other side,
Leaving behind a shoe.

On a moss-clad stone she sat her down,
And ate some fruit and bread;
Then took her little Bible out,
And a cheering Psalm she read.

Now with fresh hope she wandered on
For many miles away,
And reached the bottom of a hill
Before the close of day.

She clambered up the steep ascent,
Though faint and weary too,

But firmly did our Marian keep
Her purpose still in view.

"I'm glad to find the Arbor's gone,"
Said the little tired soul;
"I'm sure I should have laid me down,
And maybe, lost my roll."

On the high hill-top she stands at last,
And our weary pilgrim sees
A porter's lodge of ample size,
Half hid by sheltering trees.

She clapped her hands with joy, and cried,
"Oh! there's the 'Wicket-Gate!'
And I must seek admittance now,
Before it is too late."

Gently she knocks, 'tis answered soon,
And at the open door
Stands a tall man. Poor Marian felt
As she never felt before.

With tearful eyes and trembling heart,
Flushed cheek and anxious brow,
She said, "I hope your'e *Watchful*, sir;
I want *Discretion* now."

"Oh yes, I'm watchful," said the man,
"As a porter ought to be;
I fear you've lost your way, young miss;
You've lost your shoe, I see."

"Mistress," cried he to his wife within,
"Here's a queer child at our door;
You'll never see the like again,
If you live to be fourscore.

"She wants *discretion*, as she says;
And indeed I think 'tis so,
Though I know of some who want it more,
And seek it less, I trow."

"Go to the Hall," his wife replied,
"And take the child with you;
The ladies there are all so wise,
They'll soon know what to do."

The man complied, and led the child
Through many a flowery glade,
"Is this the *Palace Beautiful?*"
The little wanderer said.

"There, to the left, among the trees?
Why, miss, 'tis very grand;
Call it a palace, if you please;
'Tis the finest in the land.

"But here we are at the grand old porch
And the famous marble hall;
Here, little lady, you must wait,
While I the servants call."

With heavy heart he left the child,
But quickly reappeared,
And with him came a lady too,
And Marian's heart was cheered.

"My little girl," the lady said,
In accents soft and kind,

"I'm sure you need your limbs to rest,
And rest you soon shall find."

To a room where three young ladies sat
The child was quickly led;
"*Piety, Prudence, Charity,*"
To herself she softly said.

"What is your name, my little dear?"
Said the eldest of the three,
Whom Marian, in her secret thought,
Had marked for *Piety*.

"We'll send a servant to your friends,
And tell them you are here;
Your absence from your happy home
Will fill their hearts with fear."

Around her bright and lovely face
Fell waves of auburn hair,
And modestly she told her name,
With whom she lived, and where.

"How did you lose your way, my love?"
She gently raised her head,
"I do not think I've lost my way,"
The little Pilgrim said.

"This is the Palace Beautiful;
May I stay here to-night?"
They smiled and said, "We're glad our home
Is pleasant in your sight.

"Yes, gladly we will lodge you here,
For many nights to come."
"Thank you," she said, "but I must soon
Go toward my heavenly home.

"The Valley of the Shade of Death
Is near your house, I know."
Surprised, she saw her artless words
Had caused their tears to flow.

She knew not that her new-found friends
A little while before
Had buried one they dearly loved,
But could love, on earth, no more.

Their brother had been called away
In the unseen world to dwell,
But why her words should grief excite
Poor Marian could not tell.

Sobs only for a while were heard;
At length the mother said,
"My child, your words reminded us
Of our loved and early dead.

"But this you could not know, my dear;
And it indeed is true—
We all are near to death's dark door—
Even little girls like you."

"Yes," said the timid, trembling child,
"I know it must be so;
But, ma'am, I hope that *Piety*
May be with me when I go.

"And I will see your Armory,
When you have time to spare;
I hope you have some small enough
For a little girl to wear."

No more she said, for *Piety*
(As Marian called her) threw
Her arms around the Pilgrim's neck,
Whose secret now she knew.

"Your words and ways were strange," said she,
"But now 'tis plain you've read
That wondrous book, which, unexplained,
Has turned your little head.

"How dearly, when a little child,
I loved that Pilgrim's tale!
But then 'twas all explained to me;
And if we can prevail.

"On your kind aunts to let you stay
Some time with us, my dear,
We'll talk about that precious book,
And try to make it clear."

And now we'll turn to Marian's home,
And see what's passing there.
The servants all had company,
And a merry group there were.

They had not miss'd our Pilgrim long,
For they knew she oft would play
In that old garden with a book
The livelong summer day.

At last said one, with wondering eyes,
"Where can Miss Marian be?
Dinner was in her basket packed,
But sure she'll come to tea."

They sought her here, they sought her there,
But could not find the child:
And her old aunts, when they came home,
With grief were nearly wild.

The servants, and the neighbors too,
In different ways were sent,
But *none* thought of the *narrow way*
By which our Pilgrim went.

"Perhaps she followed us to town,"
One of her aunts then said;
"I wish we had not left our home;
I fear the child is dead."

So to the town some one was sent,
For they knew not what to do;
And night came on, when a country boy
Brought Marian's little shoe.

Taking the shoe, the housekeeper
Into the parlor ran:
"Oh, mistress, this is all that's left
Of poor Miss Marian!

" 'Twas found in that deep miry slough
Just above Harlan's Chase—
Poor child! I fear she's smothered
For 'tis a frightful place."

Then louder grew the general grief;
But soon their hearts were cheered,
For a footman now with note in hand
From the distant Hall appeared.

One aunt then read the note, and cried,
"Oh, sister, all is well—
The child is safe at Brooklawn Hall,
With Lady Arundel.

"She wants to keep her for a month,
And sure I think she may;
A friend like Lady Arundel
Is not found every day.

"Our compliments and thanks to her
When you return, young man;
We'll call to-morrow at the Hall,
And see Miss Marian."

Then came a burst of grateful joy,
Which could not be suppressed;
With thankful hearts and many tears
They went that night to rest.

Oh, that happy month at Brooklawn Hall!
How soon it passed away!
Faithful and kind were Marian's friends,
And well she loved to stay.

With earnest diligence and prayer
They daily sought to bring
The little lamb to that safe fold
Where dwells the Shepherd King.

Yes, many a lesson, ne'er forgot,
The little Marian learned;
A thoughtful and a happy child
She to her home returned.

Years rolled away. The scene is changed;
A wife and mother now,
Marian has found the Wicket-gate—
Herself and children too.

And oh! how pleasant 'tis to see
This little Pilgrim band,
As on, toward their heavenly home,
They travel hand in hand.

When cloudy days fall to their lot,
They see a light afar—
The light that shone on Bethlehem's plain,
The *Pilgrim's* guiding star.

And now, dear reader, ponder well
This tale—though strange, yet true,
And let our Pilgrim's history
Its lesson read to you.

If to your young and trustful hearts
The grace of God is given,
Be earnest, as our Marian was,
To seek the road to heaven.

TRUTH.

Boy, at all times tell the truth,
Let no lie defile thy mouth;
If thou'rt wrong, be still the same—
Speak the truth and bear the blame.

Truth is honest, truth is sure;
Truth is strong and must endure;

Falsehood lasts a single day,
Then it vanishes away.

Boy, at all times tell the truth,
Let no lie defile thy mouth;
Truth is steadfast, sure and fast —
Certain to prevail at last.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?

And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without.

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Would be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

PHŒBE CARY.

AT SET OF SUN.

If we set down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That felt like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if, through all the live-long day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,

Then count that day as worse than lost.

BE POLITE.

Good boys and girls should never say
"*I will*," and "*Give me these!*"
Oh, no; that never is the way,
But, "*Mother, if you please.*"

And, "*If you please*," to sister Ann,
Good boys to say are ready;
And "*Yes, sir*," to a gentleman,
And "*Yes, ma'am*," to a lady.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil?
Make your mark.

In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving swift or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark.

DARE.

Dare to be honest, good and sincere,
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.

Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.

Dare to be loving and patient each day,
Dare speak the truth, whatever you say.

Dare to be gentle, and orderly too,
Dare shun the evil, whatever you do.

Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true,
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way through.

DENTON.

KATIE'S WAY OF WORKING.

Little Katie sought to do
Something for the Savior, too.

"Old folks work for him," she thought;
"So can I, and so I ought.

"I have heard my teacher say,
'Where there's a will there's a way.'

"Surely I have got the will,
Yet the way I see not still.

"I'm so small, I don't know how
I can do very much now.

"Perhaps I better wait a while;"
Then o'er her face broke a smile.

"Satan whispered that," she said;
"He put that thought in my head;

"But I'll not heed him; ah, no!
I'll in prayer to Jesus go,

"And ask him to teach me how
I may show my love just now;

"And not till I am older wait,
Lest it then should be too late."

Next Sabbath in the Sabbath school
Katie learned how by rule,

The Jews of old, with hearts glad,
Gave one-tenth of all they had.

Into her mind the thought came:
"Why can not I do the same?"

The prayer was heard; from that day
Katie knew she'd found the way.

Of toys, and books, and pennies, too,
She laid aside not a few.

When was formed the mission band,
Katie lent a helping hand.

When the Christmas-time came round,
To her great delight she found

She had a store, small, but sure,
Out of which to cheer the poor.

Thus she worked and thus she gave,
In hope thereby some soul to save.

PERSEVERANCE.

Here's a lesson all should heed—
Try, try, try again.
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Let your courage well appear;
If you only persevere,
You will conquer, never fear—
Try, try, try again.
Twice or thrice though you should fail,
Try again.
If at last you would prevail,
Try again.
When you strive, there's no disgrace,
Though you fail to win the race;
Bravely then, in such a case,
Try, try, try again.
Let the thing be e'er so hard,
Try again.

Time will surely bring reward—
Try again.

That which other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Why, with patience, may not you?
TRY, TRY, TRY AGAIN.

BE GLAD AND THANKFUL.

Little children, are you tempted,
Sometimes, to be cross and fret,
Just because you cannot always
Have your selfish wishes met?

Did you ever for a moment,
Think how very rich you are,
In that little hand so clever,
Full of grace and beauty rare?

Close those eyes so full of sunshine;
Let them never see the light;
Grope your way here ever after;
Let your life be one long night.

Or let sickness touch your body;
Lay you on a bed of pain;
Bid those little feet so active,
Never run and play again.

Now, dear children, tell me truly,
For your hands, or eyes, or health,
Shall I give you gold or silver,
Till you are increased in wealth?

Shall it be ten million dollars,
In your coffers I will pay,
And from out this three-fold blessing,
You will give one strand away?

O, no, no! not for one moment,
Would you hesitate to choose;
You would quickly spurn my offer
Rather than these blessings lose.

Learn then to be glad and thankful,
And with all things be content;
For behind each little trial
Is a needful lesson sent.

IDLE ANNA.

On, Anna, this will never do;
This work is sadly done, my dear,
And then so little of it, too!
You have not taken pains, I fear.

Oh, no, your task has been forgotten;
Indeed, you hardly thought of that:
I saw you roll your spool of cotton
About the floor to please the cat.

See, here are stitches straggling wide;
And others stretching down so far;
I'm very sure you have not tried
In this, at least, to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew
Must neither be allowed to play;
And now I hope, my love, that you
Will take more pains another day.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

If I were only big enough,
And mamma would go to,
I'd like to visit India-land
And tell the bad Hindoo

That it is very wrong
To treat the babies so,

And throw them to the crocodile;
Then they would stop, I know.

But if they didn't I'd run so quick
Oh, wouldn't it be fun!
And catch them all and bring them home,
Yes, every single one.

Then next I'd go to China-land,
And I would make them take
Those bindings off the children's feet,
And stop that pain and ache.

And I would burn those dreadful things
To which they kneel and pray,
And tell them that the road to heaven is by another way.

Then I would go to that dark land,
Where they make people slaves;
I'd break the chains right off their feet,
And tell them, Jesus saves.

And that he loves them all, and died
For them as well as me;
But they must be, O, very good,
If Jesus they would see.

It almost makes me cry sometimes,
To think these things are so,
And see big people stay at home;
Why don't they want to go?

When I ask mamma, she just says,
"O, you're the oddest fairy;"
But don't you think I'm big enough
to be a missionary?

Keep a watch on your words, my darling,
For words are wonderful things;

THE SHADOW.

The candles are lighted, the fire blazes bright,
The curtains are drawn to keep out the cold air;
"What makes you so grave, little darling, to-night?
And where is your smile, little quiet one, where?"

"Mamma, I see something so dark on the wall;
It moves up and down, and it looks very strange;
Sometimes it is large, and sometimes it is small;
Pray tell me what is it, and why does it change?"

"It's only my shadow that puzzles you so;
And there is your own close beside it, my love:
Now run round the room, it will go where you go;
When you sit 't will be still, when you rise it will move.

"These wonderful shadows are caused by the light,
From fire and from candles, upon us that falls;
Were we not sitting here all that place would be bright,
But the light can't shine through us, you know, on the walls.

"And when you are out some fine day in the sun,
I'll take you where shadows of apple trees lie;
And houses and cottages, too, every one
Casts a shade when the sun's shining bright in the sky.

"Now hold up your mouth and give me a sweet kiss —
Our shadows kiss too! don't you see it quite plain?"
"Oh, yes; and I thank you for telling me this:
I'll not be afraid of a shadow again."

M. L. DUNCAN.

LEARN YOUR LESSON.

You'll not learn your lesson by crying, my man,
You'll never come at it by crying, my man;
Not a word can you spy
For the tear in your eye;
Then set your heart to it, for surely you can.

If you like your lesson, it's sure to like you,
The words then so glibly would jump into view;
Each one to its place
All the others would chase,
Till the laddie would wonder how clever he grew.

You'll cry till you make yourself
stupid and blind,
And then not a word can you keep in
your mind;
But cheer up your heart,
And you'll soon have your part,
For all things grow easy when bairns
are inclined.

ALEXANDER SMART.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till
night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend, said good
King Hal—
"As wrong as wrong can be—
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee;
And tell me now, what makes thee
sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the
corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed
the while,
"Farewell and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee:
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's
boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

PATIENT JOE;

Or, The Newcastle Collier.

Have you heard of a collier of honest
renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcas-
tle town?
His name it was Joseph—you better
may know
If I tell you he always was called Pa-
tient Joe.

Whatever betided, he thought it was
right,
And Providence still he kept ever in
sight;

To those who love God, let things turn as they would,
He was certain that all worked together for good.

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph expressed!
How warm the compassion that glowed in his breast!
Thus events, great and small, if aright understood,
Will be found to be working together for good.

"When my meat," Joseph cried, "was just stolen away,
And I had no prospect of eating to-day,
How could it appear to a short-sighted sinner
That my life would be saved by the loss of my dinner?"

HANNAH MORE.

THE MILKMAID.

A milkmaid who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life. it is said:
"Let's see — I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

"Well, then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean;
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen.
Seventeen? not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.
"But then there's their barley; how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed;
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let us see
At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six;
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;
Now what will that make? fifty chickens I said;
Fifty times three-and-six-pence—I'll ask brother Ned.

"Oh! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now, then, let us tell 'em;

A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pairs of fowls—now, how tiresome it is
That I cannot reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, and it cannot be less.

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys, eight pigs and a sow:
Now, if these turn out well, at the end of the year
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas for her prospects!—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached:
Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

THE CHATTERBOX.

From morning till night it was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a-dropping.

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'Twas vain to endeavor to still her;
Nor once did she lack to continue her clack,
Till again she lay down on her pillow.

You'll think now, perhaps, there would have been gaps
If she hadn't been wonderful clever—
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate,
That it would be forthcoming forever;

But that's quite absurd! for have you not heard
That much tongue and few brains are connected?—
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?

JANE TAYLOR.

ALL HAVE WORK TO DO.

A child went wandering through a wood
Upon a summer day;
She hoped to meet some pretty thing
To join her in her play.

The cloudless sky above was blue,
The grass beneath was green,
And all around were lovely flowers,
The brightest ever seen.

A honey-bee went humming by—
"Stay, little bee!" she cried,
"Oh, do come back and play with me."
And thus the bee replied:

"I cannot stay, I must away,
And gather in my store,
For winter drear will soon be here,
When I can work no more."

She heard a pigeon cooing soft
High in the bough above—
"Come down, and play a while with me,
My pretty, gentle dove."

"I cannot come and play with thee,
For I must guard my nest,
And keep my sleeping children warm
Beneath my downy breast."

She saw a squirrel gathering nuts
Upon a tall beech tree—

"I love to see you bound and leap;
Come down and play with me."

"I dare not play, I must away,
And quickly homeward hie;
Were I to stay, my little ones
For want of food must die."

She came unto a stream that leaped
Between its rocky banks—
"Stay, pretty stream, and play with me,
And you shall have my thanks."

The stream replied, while in the pool
A moment it stood still,
"I cannot play, I must away
And drive the village mill."

The child sat down upon a stone,
And hung her little head:
She wept a while, and sobbed a while,
Then to herself she said:
"The stream, the squirrel, dove and bee
Have all got work to do;
I must not play my hours away—
I must be busy too."

A BOY THAT TOLD A LIE.

The mother looked pale, and her face was sad;
She seemed to have nothing to make her glad;
She silently sat with the tears in her eye,
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a gentle, affectionate child;
His ways were winning, his temper was mild;
There was love and joy in the soft blue eye,
But the dear little boy had told a lie.

He stood alone by the window within,
For he felt that his soul was stained with sin;
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and stood by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she denied;
While he promised with many a penitent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

So she bade him before her kneel gently down,
And took his soft hands within her own,
And she kissed his cheek as he looked on high
And prayed to be pardoned for telling that lie.

THE APPLE TREE.

Old John had an apple tree, healthy and green,
Which bore the best Baldwins that ever were seen,
So juicy, and mellow, and red;
And when they were ripe, as Johnny was poor,
He sold them to children that passed by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbor, one often might see
With longing eye viewing this nice apple tree,
And wishing an apple would fall.
One day, as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he looked over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, "Oh, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day!
The tree is so full, and I'd only take one;
And old John won't see, for he is not at home,
And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy; take your hand from the bough;
Remember, though old John can't see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is ONE who by night, just as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From His glorious throne in the sky.

Oh, then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Content, hot or weary, or thirsty to be,
Or anything rather than steal!
For the great God, who even through darkness can look,
Writes down every crime we commit in His book.
However we think to conceal.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE STOLEN TOP.

"Edward, come here; how pale you are!
What makes you look so wild?
And you've been crying sadly too;
What's happened to my child?"

"You know, mamma, you sent me down
To neighbor Brightman's shop
With ninepence in my hand, to buy
A little humming-top.

"Well, neighbor Brightman handed down
A dozen tops or more,

For me to make a choice of one;
Then stepped toward the door.

"So then I caught one slyly up,
And in my pocket slid it;
And no one would suspect the thing,
So cunningly I hid it.

"And so I bought another top
And laid my ninepence down,
Then laughed to think I owned them both,
But paid for only one.

"But when I turned and left the shop
I felt most dreadfully,
For all the time I was in fear
That he would follow me.

"Surely, thought I, he'll find it out;
The angry man will come,
And I shall never see mamma,
And never more go home.

"He'll tie a rope around my neck,
And hang me up on high;
And leave the little wicked thief
To hang there till he die.

"And then I screamed, and ran so fast
Adown the nearest lane;
And then I turned and looked behind,
Then screamed and ran again.

"Trembling, at last I reached my home,
And straight I went to bed,
But oh, in such a shocking fright
That I was almost dead.

"No rest, nor comfort could I get,
And not a wink of sleep;
All I could do was toss and turn
From side to side, and weep.

"And what was worst of all, mamma,
I could not say my prayers;
And then I thought my heart would burst
And I was drowned in tears.

"'No, no,' I cried; 'God will not hear
A child so wicked pray;
I dare not hope He'll let me live
To see another day.'

"Thus did I mourn till morning's dawn,
And yet found no relief;
For oh, what comfort can there be,
Or pleasure, for a thief?"

"Go, my poor, wretched, guilty child—
Go, take the top you stole,
And give it to the man you've wronged,
And own to him the whole.

"Then on your knees before your God
Confess how wrong you've been;
Beg Him to save you, and forgive
This great and dreadful sin.

"And never, while you live, again
To such a deed consent,
Lest He should take away your life
Before you can repent."

"LULLABIES AND DITTIES."

WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old;
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right!

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day;'
I shouldn't have thought—now they're hanging so low—
When I asked for just one, he should answer me 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low mournful strain
Came wandering dreamingly over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played.

And he sung, "Little Willie, beware, oh, beware!
Your father has gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day'!"

Then Willie turned round, and, as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him and please not to say,
"Little Willie *almost* stole an apple to-day."

COMFORT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,

With a ribbon and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled, proved to be a work of time;
So, when it was fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head;
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross
That she gave her little mouth a twist and her head a little toss,
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it.

And she did not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair.

'Till she'd reached her little bureau,
and in a bandbox on it
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her
foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that
each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo
of your mind;
And the little head that's filled with
silly airs
Will never get a blessing from sermons
or from prayers.

ALICE C. HAMMOND.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

Once, as many German princes
Feasting sat at knightly board,
Each began to boast the treasures
He within his lands had stored.

Cried the Saxon: "Great and mighty
Is the wealth, the power I wield,
For within my Saxon mountains
Sparkling silver lies concealed."

"Mine's the land that glows with
beauty!"
Cried the ruler of the Rhine;
"In the valleys yellow corn fields,
On the mountains noble wine!"

"Wealthy cities, spacious castles,"
Lewis said, Bavaria's lord,
"Make my land to yield me treasures
Great as those your fields afford."

Wurtemberg's beloved ruler,
Everard, called "the Bearded,"
cries,
"I can boast no splendid cities,
In my hills no silver lies;

"But I still can boast one jewel:
Through my forests, wandering on,
All my subjects know me—love me—
I am safe with every one."

Then the princes, all together,
Rose within that lofty hall:
"Bearded count, thou'rt rich," they
shouted,
"Thou art wealthiest of us all!"

THE PLUM CAKE.

"Oh, I've got a plum cake, and a rare
feast I'll make;
I'll eat, and I'll stuff, and I'll cram;
Morning, noontime, and night, it shall
be my delight;
What a happy young fellow I am!"

Thus said little George, and, beginning to gorge,
With zeal to his cake he applied;
While fingers and thumbs, for the
sweetmeats and plums,
Were hunting and digging beside.

But, woeful to tell, a misfortune befell,
Which ruined his capital fun;

After eating his fill, he was taken so ill,
That he trembled for what he had done.

As he grew worse and worse, the doctor and nurse

To cure his disorder were sent,
And rightly, you'll think, he had physic to drink,
Which made him his folly repent.

And while on his bed he rolled his hot head,
Impatient with sickness and pain,
He could not but take this reproof for his cake:
"Don't be such a glutton again."

ANN TAYLOR.

ANOTHER PLUM CAKE.

"Oh, I've got a plum cake, and a feast let us make;
Come, school-fellows, come at my call;
I assure you 'tis nice, and we'll each have a slice—
Here's more than enough for us all."

Thus said little Jack, as he gave it a smack,
And sharpened his knife for the job;
While round him a troop formed a clamorous group,
And hailed him the king of the mob.

With masterly strength he cut through it at length,
And gave to each playmate a share;
Dick, William, and James, and many more names,
And a blind man partook of his care.

And when it was done, and they'd finished their fun,
To marbles or hoops they went back,
And each little boy felt it always a joy
To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book his best pleasure he took,

And as he thus wisely began,
Since he's been a man grown he has
constantly shown
That a good boy will make a good
man.

ANN TAYLOR.

THE TRIPLE PLEDGE.

We will not buy,
We will not make,
We will not use;
We will not take
Wine, cider, beer,
Rum, whiskey, gin;
Because they lead
Mankind to sin.

We will not smoke
The smoker's pets,
Those little things
Called cigarettes.
We will not chew;
We will not snuff,
Or waste our time
In playing puff.

We will not curse,
Though many dare
Open their lips
To curse and swear.
Our words shall be
Both pure and plain;
We will not take
God's name in vain.

THEY SAY.

The subject of my speech is one
We hear of every day—
'Tis simply all about the fear
We have of what "*they say!*"

How happy all of us could be,
If—as we go our way—
We did not stop to think and care
So much for what "*they say.*"

We never dress to go outside,
To church, to ball, to play,
But everything we wear or do
Is ruled by what "*they say.*"

Half of the struggles we each make
To keep up a display,
Might be avoided, were it not
For dread of what "*they say.*"

The half of those who leave their homes
For Long Branch and Cape May
Would never go, if it were not
For fear of what "*they say.*"

One reason why I'm now so scared
(Pardon the weakness, pray!)
Is that I'm thinking all the while,
"Of *me* what will '*they say*'?"

But so 't will be, I judge, as long
As on the earth folks stay—
There'll always be, with wise and fools,
That dread of what "*they say.*"

DON'T.

Don't worry nor fret
About what people think
Of your ways or your means,
Of your food or your drink.
If you know you're doing
Your best every day,
With the right on your side,
Never mind what "they" say.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
If spoken out in kindness.

Simple love far more hath wrought,
Although by childhood muttered,
Than all the battles ever fought,
Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,
And quarrels be prevented,
If little words were let go past,
Forgiven—not resented.

Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
For angry thoughts reveal them;
Rather drown them all in tears,
Than let another feel them.

HOW DO THEY GROW.

This is only a blade of grass;
But how does it grow?
Does any one know?
The seasons come, and the seasons pass,
And with every year
The grass we have here,
So green and bright in the sun and rain;
And then it is brown
When the snow comes down,
But young and fresh in the Spring again.

This is only a little girl;
But how does she grow?
Does any one know?
With her hair of gold and her teeth of pearl?
From a baby so wee
She will grow to be

A maiden as fair as a blooming rose;
But no one can say,
As day follows day,
How a blade of grass or a little girl grows.

WHERE DO THE WRINKLES COME FROM?

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
And joyous little Grace
Looked gravely in the mirror
At her rose-tinted face.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?
Why first, dear, I suppose,
The heart lets in a sorrow,
And then a wrinkle grows.

"Then anger comes a-tapping,
And the heart's door opens wide;
Then hasten naughty envy
And discontent and pride.

"And the wrinkles follow slowly;
For the face has for its part
To tell just what is doing
Down in the secret heart.

"And the red lips lose their sweetness,
And draw down so," said Grace,
"And the lovely youthful angel
Goes slowly from the face.

"Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,

For the heart is the dwelling-place
Of the magical angel of beauty,
Whose smile is seen in the face."

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Speak the truth!
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth.

TWO PICTURES.

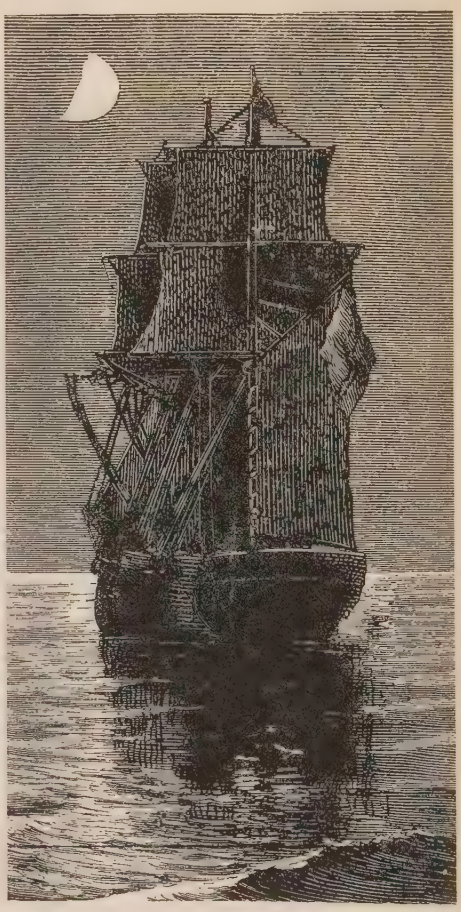
An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door, with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long,
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

MARIAN DOUGLASS.

SAILING TO-NIGHT.

There's a ship on the sea. It is sailing to-night—



Sailing to-night;—
And father's aboard, and the moon is all bright—
Shining and bright.

Dear Moon, he'll be sailing for many
a night—
Sailing from mother and me;
Oh, follow the ship with your silvery
light,
As father sails over the sea!

BUSY LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.

I'm a little husbandman,
Work and labor hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day
At my work as if 'twere play;
Though I've nothing fine to wear,
Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song,
With my wallet on my back,
And my wagon-whip to crack,
Oh, I'm thrice as happy then
As the idle gentleman.

I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie content, and say
I've been useful all the day;
I'd rather be a ploughboy than
A useless little gentleman.

DON'T BE CONTENT TO RUST.

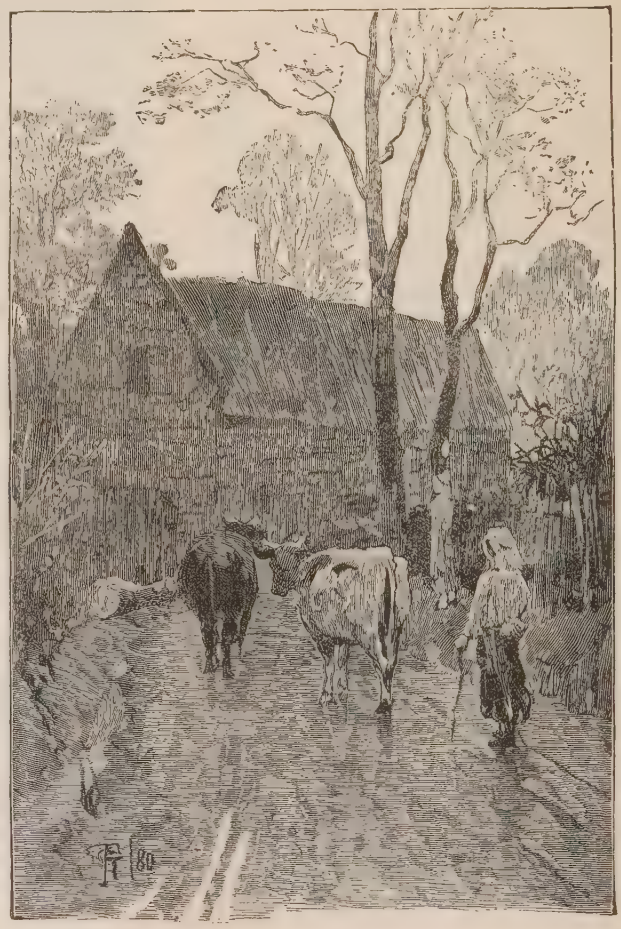
Come, rouse and shake yourself, my
friend!
Shake off the sluggard's dust;
Unfold your hands and wake your
eyes;
Don't be content to rust.

Away with indolence, and rise
Above the brutish sloth,
And health and ease will come if thou
Be not to labor loth.

Come out, and show your better self,
Nor lag while others run;
There's not an hour, or day, but hath
Something that may be done—
Something, my friend, that you can do,
If but to earn a crust,
And better that than sit and mope,
And be content to rust.

FARM-YARD SONG.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink,
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland by the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,—
"Co', boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,—
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'!"



Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;

In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling:—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through, the
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,—
"So boss! so boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long:
The heavy dews are falling,—
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,—
"Co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And the milkmaid in her dreams
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So boss! so!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

GRANDMOTHER'S FARM.

My grandmother lives on a farm
Just twenty miles from town;
She's sixty-five years old, she says;
Her name is Grandma Brown.

Her farm is very large and fine;
There's meadow, wood and field.
And orchards which all kinds of fruits
Most plentifully yield.

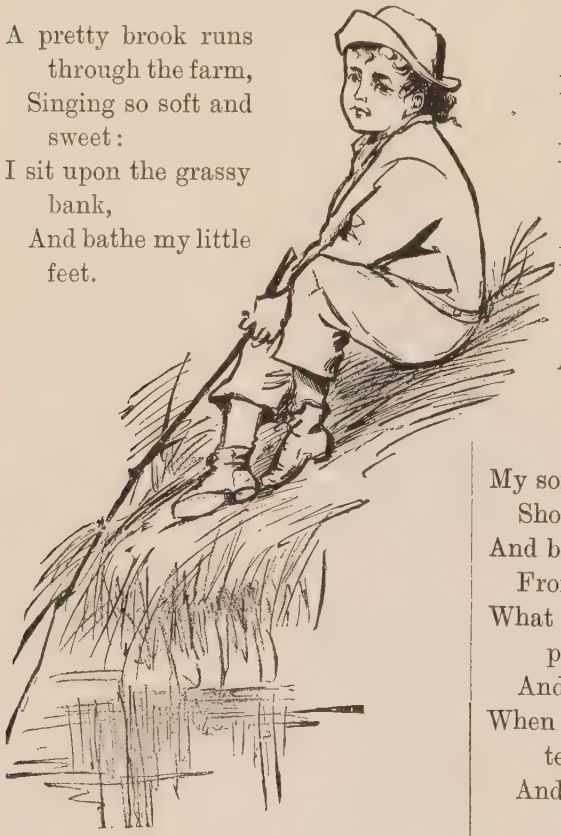
Butter she churns, and makes nice cheese;
They are so busy there,
If mother should stay with me too,
I'd like to do my share.

I go out with the haymakers,
And tumble on the hay;

They put me up upon the load,
And home we drive away.

I go into the pleasant fields
And gather berries bright;
They've many, many thousands there,
All fresh and sweet and ripe.

A pretty brook runs through the farm,
Singing so soft and sweet:
I sit upon the grassy bank,
And bathe my little feet.



A farmer I would like to be,
They live so pleasantly;
They must be happy while they work,
Singing so cheerfully.

I think I'll save all that I get,
And earn all that I can
And buy me such a pleasant farm
When I grow up a man.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATIONS.

JOHN.

I mean to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too:
I would go amid the battle,
With my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears,
And her orphans' cry of woe?

WILLIAM.

I mean to be a President,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week
For all the gay and great;

I'll be a king, except a crown—
For that they won't allow—
And I'll find out what the Tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son, my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart
And rob him of his rest;
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust,
For he knows how little they are worth,
How faithless is their trust.

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage-girl,
And sit behind a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill;
And I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage-door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear, a humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see,
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind from me;
But ah! remember pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine's shade,
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage-hearth invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours;
Music and sport and joy shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

Oh, children! sad it makes my soul
To hear your playful strain;
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain;
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
And, like His own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

[This poem is a "gem of the purest ray serene." It recounts an incident of the late civil war. A little orphan child, a war waif, adopted by a battery of the Southern troops, is so distressed by the failure of the tobacco supplies of her whilom guardians, that she escapes from her tent, and, crossing to the enemy's entrenchment, begs a supply from the Yankee soldiers. The latter send her back well supplied with the weed so dear to the soldier's heart, and during the rest of the engagement the gunners on the Yankee side refuse to direct their shells in the vicinity of the child's detachment. This poem has enjoyed remarkable popularity, and has been widely copied in England and elsewhere.]

South Mountain towered on our right,
far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height we
held their lines at bay.
At last the mutt'ring guns were
stilled; the day died slow and
wan;

At last the gunners' pipes were filled, the Sergeant's yarns began.
When,—as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised,—within our view a little maiden stood.
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed
(Of such a little one in heaven *one* soldier often dreamed).
And, as we stared, her little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute: "And who are you?" at length the Sergeant said.
"And where's your home?" he growled again. She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Battery 'B.'
My home? Why, that was burned away, and pa and ma are dead,
And so, so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers, too,
And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review;
But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross—why, even Ned won't play with me and joke,
And the big Colonel said to-day—I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yanks had over there
And so I thought when beat the drum and the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill,
And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me some tobac;
Please do—when we get some again I'll surely bring it back.
Indeed I will, for Ned—says he—if I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay."
We brimmed her tiny apron o'er; you should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,
Until the Sergeant's husky voice said "'Tention, squad;" and then
We gave her escort, till good night the pretty waif we bid.
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else 'twas tears that hid
Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a word,
'Till after while a far, hoarse shout upon the wind was heard!
We sent it back—then cast sad eye upon the scene around,
A baby's hand had touched the tie that brothers once had bound.
That's all—save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell;
Our General often rubbed his glass and marveled much to see

Not a single shell that whole day fell in the lines of Battery "B"

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy arise;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him, with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"Kind Fate, thou hast blest me! I ask for no more."

Ah! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky,
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell;
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!

Oh, sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' soft pressure and love's honeyed kiss?

Oh, sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye!
Oh, sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing at night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,

And thrice ere the morning I dreamt
it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dread-
ful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate
track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on
the way
To the home of fathers, that wel-
comed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed
so oft
In life's morning march, when my
bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleat-
ing aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the
corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and
fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping
friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand
times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her
fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us! rest; thou art
weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken sol-
dier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning
of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear
melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

'Tis of a little drummer
The story I shall tell—
Of how he marched to battle,
And all that there befell,
Out in the West with Lyon
(For once that name was true),
For whom the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too.*

Our army rose at midnight,
Ten thousand men as one,
Each slinging on his knapsack
And snatching up his gun;
"*Forward!*" and off they started,
As all good soldiers do,
When the little drummer beats for
them
The *rat-tat-too.*

Across a rolling country,
Where the mist began to rise,
Past many a blackened farm-house,
Till the sun was in the skies;
Then we met the rebel pickets,
Who skirmished and withdrew,
While the little drummer beat and
beat
The *rat-tat-too.*

Along the wooded hollows
The line of battle ran;

Our centre poured a volley,
And the fight at once began;
For the rebels answered, shouting,
And a shower of bullets flew;
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too.*

He stood among his comrades,
As they quickly formed in line,
And when they raised their muskets
He watched the barrels shine.
When the volley broke, he started,
For war to him was new;
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too.*

It was a sight to see them,
That early autumn day—
Our soldiers in their blue coats,
And the rebel ranks in gray,
The smoke that rolled between them,
The balls that whistled through,
And the little drummer as he beat
His *rat-tat-too.*

His comrades dropped around him—
By fives and tens they fell—
Some pierced by Minnie bullets,
Some torn by shot and shell.
They played against our cannon,
And a caisson's splinters flew,
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too.*

The right, the left, the centre—
The fight was everywhere;
They pushed us here—we wavered;
We drove and broke them there.
The gray-backs fixed their bayonets,
And charged the coats of blue,
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too.*

"Where is our little drummer?"
His nearest comrades say
When the dreadful fight is over
And the smoke has cleared away.
As the rebel corps were scattering,
He urged them to pursue,
So furiously he beat and beat
The *rat-tat-too.*

He stood no more among them;
A bullet, as it sped,
Had glanced and struck his ankle,
And stretched him with the dead.
He crawled behind a cannon,
And pale and paler grew,
But still the little drummer beat
His *rat-tat-too.*

They bore him to the surgeon—
A busy man was he;
"A drummer boy? what ails him?"
His comrades answered, "See!"
As they took him from the stretcher
A heavy breath he drew
And his little fingers strove to beat
The *rat-tat-too.*

The ball had spent its fury;
"A scratch," the surgeon said
As he wound the snowy bandage
Which the lint was staining red;

"Oh, take me back with you,
For I know the men are missing me
And the *rat-tat-too*!"

Upon his comrade's shoulder
They lifted him so grand,
With his dusty drum before him
And his drumsticks in his hand,
To the fiery front of battle,
That nearer, nearer drew,
And evermore he beat and beat
His *rat-tat-too*.

The wounded, as he passed them,
Looked up and gave a cheer,
And one in dying blessed him,
Betweon a smile and tear.
And the gray-backs, they are flying
Before the coats of blue,
For whom the little drummer beats
His *rat-tat-too*.

When the West was red with sunset
The last pursuit was o'er;
Bráve Lyon rode the foremost,
And looked the name he bore;
And before him on his saddle,
As a weary child would do,
Sat the little drummer fast asleep,
With his *rat-tat-too*.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

BE A HERO.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy, my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"
"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy, John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down!"

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor?
"I must leave you now, old fellow"

I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
  Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
  Every man aboard her,"
"How's my boy—my boy?
  What care I for the men, sailor?
  I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
  Tell me of him, and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

SIDNEY DOBELL.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
  No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
  For every day:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
  Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
  One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

On The Wing.

ON THE WING.

THE MAGPIE'S LESSON.

In early times, the story says,
When birds could talk and lecture,
A Magpie called her feathered friends
To teach them architecture:

"To build a nest, my courteous friends,"—
They all began to chatter:
"No need to teach us that, good 'Mag,'
'Tis such an easy matter!"

"To build a nest,"—Professor "Mag"
Resumed her speech demurely,—
"First choose a well-forked bough, wherein
The nest may sit securely."

"Of course," said Jenny Wren. "Now cross
Two sticks for the foundation."
"Oh, all know that," quoth Mr. "Rook,"
"Without this long oration."

"Now bend some slender twigs to form
The round sides of the dwelling."
"A fool knows that," exclaimed the thrush,
"Without a Magpie's telling."

"Next take some wool and line the nest,
And bind it well together."
"Why, that's as clear," exclaimed the owl,
"As stars in frosty weather!"

While thus they talked, Professor "Mag"
Her nest had half completed!
And, growing quite indignant now,
To see how she was treated,

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said,
"I see you are all so clever,
My lessons are superfluous,—
I leave you then forever."

Away she flew, and left the birds
Their folly to discover,
Who now can build but half a nest,
And cannot roof it over.

The magpie sits beneath her roof,
No rain nor hail can pelt her;
The others, brooding o'er their young,
Themselves enjoy no shelter.

No better fate do men deserve,
When self-conceit can lead them
Friendly instructions to despise,
And think they do not need them.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush, say "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

THE TRADES-BIRDS.

THE swallow is a mason;
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest, and plasters it
With mud, and, hay and leaves.

The woodpecker is hard at work:
A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
His house high up a tree.

The bullfinch knows and practices
The basketmaker's trade:
See what a cradle for his young
The little thing has made!

Of all the weavers
that I know,
The chaffinch is the
best:
High on the apple-
tree he weaves
A cosy little nest.

The goldfinch is a
fuller:
A skillful workman
he!
Of wool and threads
he makes a nest
That you would like
to see.

The cuckoo laughs
to see them work:
"Not so," he says,
"we do:
My wife and I take
others' nests,
And live at ease—cuckoo!"

JULIUS STURM.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

A thousand and twenty singing birds
Are chanting a matin-song,
In the happy tones and the unknown
words
That to Swiss little birds belong.

Yet, shutting our eyes, we never would
know
If the woods of this far-away land
Were other than ours, while musical so
With a rapturous singing band.

We'd never imagine a foreign tongue
Is sounding such clear, sweet notes;
But rather be sure that the strains
are sung
By our own little songsters' throats.

You wouldn't suspect that the meadow-
lark,
With his wings to the heavens set,
Would only give heed to your voice,
and hark
If you called him an *alouette*.

That the *rossignol's* song in the Switz-
er's vale,
With its melody pure and free,
Would faint in the speech of the night-
ingale;
You wouldn't believe it could be!

Nor would it, my darlings. You're
right! you're right!
One language the birds have—*one;*
They use it by day, and they use it
by night,
They use it in shadow and sun.

'Tis the language of love, the same,
the same,
Wherever its harmony grows;
The language of music that hasn't a
name
Save that which the whole world
knows!

So we'll listen together, with wonted ear,
To the spring that is fully awake;
And our souls shall be wafted now there, now here—
At home, or on Leman's Lake.

THE SINGING-LESSON.

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,

She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"Oh, Nightingale," cooed a dove—
"Oh, Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best—
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE EAGLE.

The tawny Eagle seats his
callow brood
High on the cliff, and feasts his young
with blood:
On Snowdon rocks, or Orkney's wide
domain,
Whose beetling cliffs o'er hang the
Western main,
The royal bird his lonely kingdom
forms,

Amidst the gathering clouds and sullen storms;
Through the wide waste of air he darts his sight,
And holds his sounding pinions poised for flight;
With cruel eye premeditates the war,
And marks his destined victim from afar:
Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,
His pinions like the rush of waters sound:
The fairest of the fold he bears away,
And to his nest compels the struggling prey;
He scorns the game by meaner hunters tore,
And dips his talons in no vulgar gore.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE THRUSH.

Songster of the russet coat,
Full and liquid is thy note;
Plain thy dress, but great thy skill,
Captivating at thy will.

Small musician of the field,
Near my bower thy tribute yield,
Little servant of the ear,
Ply thy task, and never fear.

I will learn from thee to praise
God, the Author of my days;
I will learn from thee to sing,

Christ, my Saviour and my King;
Learn to labor with my voice,
Make the sinking heart rejoice.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

"What is that, mother?"
The lark, my child.
The morn has but just looked out and smiled
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

"What is that, mother?"
The dove my son;
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,

Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

"What is that, mother?"
The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course with joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine—
Onward and upward, and true to the line!

"What is that, mother?"
The swan, my love;
He is floating down from his native grove.
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
Swanlike and sweet it may waft thee home.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

ROBIN-REDBREASTS.

Two robin-redbreasts built their nest
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,

The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said,
"Wee-wee! wee-wee! wee-wee!"

One day the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky;
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learned to fly."
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try! I'll try! I'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by-and-by,
When mamma says "Do this" or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say, "I'll try."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

COME HERE, LITTLE ROBIN.

Come here, little Robin, and don't be afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come here, little Robin, and pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor little thing;
And Pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty, and put down your wing,
And pick up the crumbs, and don't mind me:

Cold winter is come, but it will not last long,
And summer we soon shall be greeting;
Then remember, sweet Robin, to sing me a song
In return for the breakfast you're eating.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sung in the apple tree over the way,
What it was he was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long while, and could not find out.

"Why, I'm sure," he replied, "you cannot guess wrong;
Don't ye know I am singing a temperance song?
'Teetotal,' oh! that's the first word of my lay;
And then don't you see how I twitter away?

"'Tis because I have just dipped my back in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing;
Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long!"

THE BOY AND THE ROBIN.

So now, pretty Robin, you've come to my door,
I wonder you never have ventured before!
'Tis likely you thought I would do you some harm,
But pray, sir, what cause could there be for alarm?

You seem to be timid—I'd like to know why;
Did I ever hurt you? what makes you so shy?
You shrewd little rogue! I've a mind, ere you go,
To tell you a thing it concerns you to know.

You think I have never discovered your nest;
'Tis hid pretty snugly, that must be confessed;
Ha! ha! how the boughs are entwined all around!
No wonder you thought it would never be found.

You're as cunning a rogue as ever I knew;
And yet—ha! ha! ha!—I'm as cunning as you?
I know all about your nice home on the tree—
'Twas nonsense to try and conceal it from me.

Go home, where your mate and your little ones dwell;
Though I know where they are, yet I never will tell;
Nobody shall injure the leaf-covered nest,
For sacred to me is the place of your rest.

Adieu! for you want to be flying away,
And it would be too cruel to ask you to stay;
But come in the morning—come early, and sing;
You shall see what I'll give you, sweet warbler of spring.

REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN AND THE LITTLE BIRD.

"Little bird! little bird! come to me!
I have a green cage ready for thee;
Beauty-bright flowers I'll bring anew,
And fresh, ripe cherries all wet with dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care,
But I love dearly the clear, cool air,
And my snug little nest in the old oak tree."
"Little bird! little bird! stay with me."

"Nay, little damsel; away I'll fly
To greener fields and warmer sky;

When spring returns with pattering rain,
You'll hear my merry song again."

"Little bird! little bird! who'll guide thee
Over the hills and over the sea?

Foolish one! come in the house to stay,
For I'm very sure you'll lose your way."

"Ah no, little maiden! God guides me
Over the hills and over the sea;
I will be free as the rushing air,
And sing of sunshine everywhere."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE BIRD AND THE MAID.

There sat a bird on the elder-bush
One beauteous morn in May,
And a little girl 'neath the elder-bush
That beauteous morn in May.

The bird was still, while the maiden sang,
And when she had done his song out-rang;
And thus in the rays of the bright spring sun
The bird and the maid sang on and on,
That beauteous morn in May.

And what, I pray, sang the bright bird there,
That beauteous morn in May?
And what was the song of the maiden fair,
That beauteous morn in May?

They were singing their thanks to God above
For the bounteous gifts of His priceless love.
Oh, such songs of praise
Should be sung always,
Each bounteous morning in May.

DUMPLING AND SPECKLE.

Two downy little chickens, beneath their mother's wing,
In Farmer Thrifty's barnyard came out one day in spring;

Golden, fluffy Dumpling minded well her mother,
And if she found a dainty, shared it with her brother.

She never ran away beyond her mother's call,
And she never chased the flies, where she knew the grass was tall.

When slanting shadows fell she scampered home to bed,
And safe beneath her mother's wing, she hid her little head.

Speckle, greedy Speckle, ate all that he could find;
His mother warned and warned him, but that he didn't mind,
Each night he stayed out late, nor sought his home until
He heard afar off in the woods, the call of Whip-poor-will.

One night he ate so much, he scarce could move at all,
With slow and painful steps he walked beside the orchard wall.
A rush—a bound—a snap! and Speckle—where was he?
Ask of the yellow pussy, who ate him up for tea!

ANNABEL C. ANDREWS.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Come ye, come ye, to the green, green wood;
Loudly the blackbird is singing,
The squirrel is feasting on blossom and bud,

And the curling fern is springing:
Here ye may sleep
In the moss so deep,
While the moon is so warm and so weary,

And sweetly awake,
As the sun through the brake
Bids the fauvette and white-throat sing cheery.
The quicken is tufted with blossom of snow,
And is throwing its perfume around it;
The wryneck replies to the cuckoo's halloo,
For joy that again she has found it;
The jay's red breast
Peeps over her nest,
In the midst of the crab-blossoms blushing;
And the call of the pheasant
Is frequent and pleasant,
When all other calls are hushing.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHY BIRDIE BUILT HIGH.

A wee little nest you could hold in your hand,
Why so high, so dizzy a height was chosen,
Is just the question for baby and me.
Baby thinks 'twas the safest place that could be,
Away from the dreadful things of the night,
And the limbs are too weak for pussy to dare
Risk her fat little self, so downy and white;
And at times in the dark, when the wind parts the leaves
That like curtains hang above o'er the nest,

The birdies can see all the stars in the sky
As they, shining, pass from the east to the west.

And was not that the happiest baby of all,
Who rocked on the top of the lofty tree?
And the birds have no fear that the bough will break,
With only a nestful of birdies wee.

But I see the danger of tempest and blast,
Of slight brittle limbs, and the deep fearful fall
Those birdies may get when the little wings grow,
And they all get too large and the nest is too small.

So I think that the mother-bird wanted to hold
Her own little cares close up to God's eye.
High up in the limbs as we would a prayer,
And this is the reason and this is the why

That she builded her nest in the high tree-top
Not knowing He's everywhere over the land,
And holdeth the stars and the lives of men
And her own wee nest in the palm of His hand.

THE EMPTY NEST.

We found it under the apple-tree,
Torn from the bough where it used to swing,
Softly rocking its babies three,
Nestled under the mother's wing.

This is a leaf, all shrivelled and dry,
That once was a canopy overhead;
Doesn't it almost make you cry
To look at the poor, little, empty bed?

All the birdies have flown away:
Birds must fly, or they wouldn't have wings;
Don't you hope they'll come back some day?—
Nests without birdies are lonesome things.

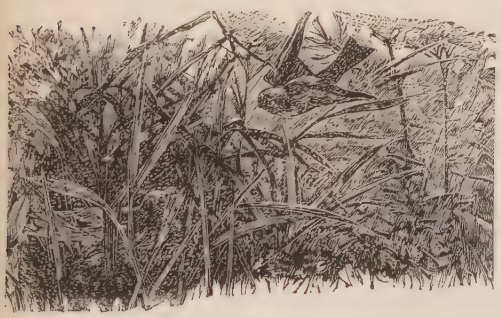
Deep in the mother's listening heart
Drops the prattle with sudden sting,
For lips may quiver and tears may start;
But birds must fly, or they wouldn't have wings.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING.

"Little sparrow, come here and say
What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, I fly over hedges and ditches to find
A fat little worm or a fly to my mind;
And I carry it back to my own pretty nest
For the dear little pets that I warm with my breast;
For until I can teach them the way how to fly,



If I did not feed them my darlings would die.
How glad they all are when they see me come home!
And each of them chirps, "Give me some! give me some!"

"Little lamb, come here and say
What you're doing all the day."

"Long enough before you wake
Breakfast I am glad to take
In the meadow, eating up
Daisy, cowslip, buttercup;
Then about the fields I play,
Frisk and scamper all the day.
When I'm thirsty I can drink
Water at the river's brink;
When at night I go to sleep,
By my mother I must keep:
I am safe enough from cold
At her side within the fold."

"Little bee, come here and say
What you're doing all the day."

"Oh, every day, and all day long,
Among the flowers you hear my song:
I creep in every bud I see,
And all the honey is for me.
I take it to the hive with care,
And give it to my brothers there,
That when the winter-time comes on,
And all the flowers are dead and gone,
And the wild wind is cold and rough
The busy bees may have enough."

"Little fly, come here and say
What you 're doing all the day."

"Oh, I am a gay and merry fly;
I never do anything—no, not I.
I go where I like, and I stay where I please,
In the heat of the sun or the shade of the trees,
On the window-pane or the cupboard shelf,
And I care for nothing except myself.

I cannot tell, it is very true,
When the winter comes what I mean to do;
And I very much fear, when I'm getting old,
I shall starve with hunger or die with cold."

TO THE LADY BIRD.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The field-mouse has gone to her nest,
The daisies have shut up their sleepy eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest,

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
Good luck if you reach it last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
Sharp set from a Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
The fairy bells tinkle afar!
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home.
To your house in the old willow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the ant
And a few cosy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
And if not gobbled up on the way,
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,
You're in luck!—and that's all I've to say.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

Quoth the boy: "I'll climb that tree,
And bring down a nest I know."
Quoth the girl: "I will not see
Little birds defrauded so!
Cowardly their nests to take,
And their little hearts to break,
And their little nests to steal.
Leave them happy for my sake;
Surely little birds can feel!"

Quoth the boy: "My senses whirl;
Until now I never heard
Of the wisdom of a girl
Or the feelings of a bird!
Pretty Mrs. Solomon,
Tell me what you reckon on
When you prate in such a strain;
If I wring their necks anon,
Certainly they *might* feel—pain."

Quoth the girl: "I watch them talk,
Making love and making fun,
In the pretty ash tree walk,
When my daily task is done;
In their little eyes I find
They are very fond and kind.
Every change of song or voice
Plainly proveth to my mind
They can suffer and rejoice."

And the little Robin-bird
(Nice brown back and crimson breast,)
All the conversation heard,
Sitting trembling in his nest.

"What a world," he cried, "of bliss—
Full of birds and girls—were this!
Blithe we'd answer to their call;
But a great mistake it is
Boys were ever made at all."

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow, wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow, wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow!"

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word too;
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
"Baa! baa!" said the sheep; "oh no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo! coo, coo! coo, coo!
Let me speak a word too;
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to–day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
That would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together;
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'for shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."
"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellow-breast:
And he felt so full of shame
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;

My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.
He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By and by, when spring-time comes,
I'll build myself a nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown;
Soft it must be for my birdies,
And so I will line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world we are found—
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
But I know that the Father loves me.
Have you less faith than we?

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

Nay, only look what I have found!
A sparrow's nest upon the ground—
A sparrow's nest, as you may see,
Blown out of yonder old elm tree.

And what a medley thing it is!
I never saw a thing like this—
Not neatly wove with tender care
Of silvery moss and shining hair;

But put together—odds and ends
Picked up from enemies and friends;
See! bits of thread and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag!

Here is a scrap of red and brown,
Like the old washer-woman's gown,
And here is muslin pink and green,
And bits of calico between.

Oh, never thinks the lady fair,
As she goes by with dainty air,
How the pert sparrow overhead
Has robbed her gown to make its bed!

See! hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rovings of a worsted mat,
And shreds of silk, and many a feather,
Compacted cunningly together!

Well, here has hoarding been, and hiving,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like these!

Think, had these odds and ends been brought
To some wise man renowned for thought—
Some man, of men a very gem—
Pray, what could he have done with them?

If we had said, "Here, sir, we bring
You many a worthless little thing,
Just bits and scraps, so very small
That they have scarcely size at all;

"And out of these you must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five,

Neat, warm, and snug, with comfort stored,
Where five small things may lodge and board;"

How would the man of learning vast
Have been astonished and aghast!
And vowed that such a thing had been ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen!

Ah! man of learning, you are wrong!
Instinct is more than wisdom strong;
And He who made the sparrow taught
This skill beyond your reach of thought.

And here, in this uncostly nest,
Five little creatures have been blest;
Nor have kings known, in palaces,
Half their contentedness in this,
Poor, simple dwelling as it is!

MARY HOWITT.

BIRDS' NESTS.

The skylark's nest among the grass
And waving corn is found;
The robin's on a shady bank,
With oak-leaves strewed around.

The wren builds in an ivied thorn
Or old and ruined wall;
The mossy nest, so covered in,
You scarce can see at all.

The martins build their nests of clay
In rows beneath the eaves;
The silvery lichens, moss and hair
The chaffinch interweaves.

The cuckoo makes no nest at all,
But through the wood she strays
Until she finds one snug and warm,
And there her eggs she lays.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,
With feathers warmly lined;
The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
On lofty trees we find.

Rooks build together in a wood,
And often disagree;
The owl will build inside a barn
Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest of grass and mud
In bush and bank is found;
The lapwing's darkly-spotted eggs
Are laid upon the ground.

The magpie's nest is made with thorns
In leafless tree or hedge;

The wild-duck and the water-hen
Build by the water's edge.

Birds build their nests from year to year
According to their kind—
Some very neat and beautiful;
Some simpler ones we find.

The habits of each little bird,
And all its patient skill,
Are surely taught by God Himself,
And ordered by His will.

THE CROW'S CHILDREN.

A huntsman, bearing his gun afield,
Went whistling merrily,
When he heard the blackest of black crows
Call out from a withered tree:

"You are going to kill the thievish birds,
And I would if I were you;
But you mustn't touch my family,
Whatever else you do."

"I'm only going to kill the birds
That are eating up my crop;
And if your young ones do such things,
Be sure they'll have to stop."

"Oh," said the crow, "my children
Are the best ones ever born;
There isn't one among them all
Would steal a grain of corn."

"But how shall I know which ones they are?
Do they resemble you?"
"Oh no," said the crow; "they're the prettiest birds,
And the whitest that ever flew!"

So off went the sportsman whistling,
And off, too, went his gun;
And its startling echoes never ceased
Again till the day was done.

And the old crow sat untroubled,
Cawing away in her nook,
For she said, "He'll never kill my birds,
Since I told him how they look.

"Now there's the hawk, my neighbor;
She'll see what she will see soon;
And that saucy whistling blackbird
May have to change his tune!"

When, lo! she saw the hunter
Taking his homeward track,
With a string of crows as long as his gun
Hanging down his back.

"Alack! alack!" said the mother,
"What in the world have you done?
You promised to spare my pretty birds,
And you've killed them every one!"

"Your birds!" said the puzzled hunter;
"Why, I found them in my corn;
And besides, they are black and ugly
As any that ever were born!"

"Get out of my sight, you stupid!"
Said the angriest of crows;
"How good and fair her children are
There's none but a parent knows!"

"Ah! I see, I see," said the hunter,
"But not as you do, quite;
It takes a mother to be so blind
She can't tell black from white!"

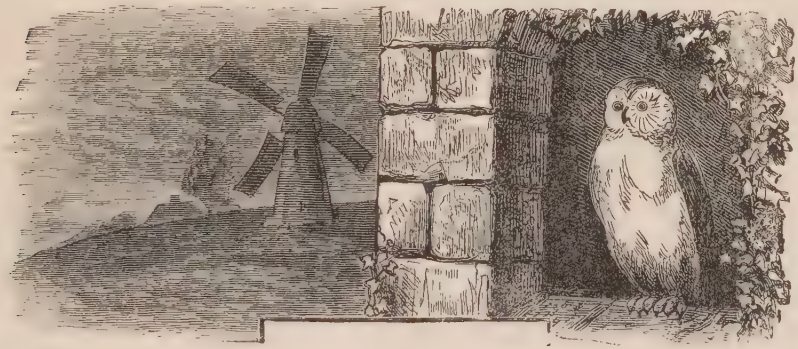
PHŒBE CARY.

THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

The brown owl sits in the ivy-bush,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray
From sunrise till sunset;
And the dim gray light it was all too bright
For the owl to see in yet.

"Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet," said a merry little bird,



"They say you're wondrous wise;
But I don't think you see, though you're looking at me
With your large, round shining eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale white moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
And the great brown owl flew away in her cowl,
With her large, round, shining eyes.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White on his shoulders, and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine!
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature! you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about!
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song:
"Oh, sister, look out of the window!" said she,
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee;
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee!
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee!"

"There is One, my dear child, though
I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm
enough too;
Good morning!—Oh, who are so
happy as we?"
And away he went, singing his chick-
a-dee-dee;
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And away he went, singing his chick-
a-dee-dee.

F. C. WOODWORTH.

THE CLOCKING HEN.

"Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."
'Oh, thank you!" said the clocking
hen,
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs—
I cannot walk with you."

"Clock, clock, clock, clock!"
Said the clocking hen;
"My little chicks will soon be hatched;
I'll think about it then."
The clocking hen sat on her nest—
She made it in the hay—
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.

Crack, crack, went all the eggs—
Out dropt the chickens small.
"Clock!" said the clocking hen;
"Now I have you all.
Come along, my little chicks!
I'll take a walk with *you*."
"Hollo!" said the barn-door cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE DOVES.

Pretty doves, so blithely ranging
Up and down the street;
Glossy throats all bright hues changing
Little scarlet feet!

Pretty doves! among the daisies
They should coo and flit!
All these toilsome, noisy places
Seem for them unfit.

Yet amidst our human plodding,
They must love to be;
With their little heads a-nodding,
Busier than we.

Close to hoof and wheel they hover,
Glancing right and left,
Sure some treasure to discover;
Rapid, shy, and deft.

Friendliest of feathered creatures,
In their timid guise;
Wisdom's little silent teachers,
Praying *us* be wise.

Fluttering at footsteps careless,
Danger swift to flee,
Lowly, trusting, faithful, fearless,—
Oh, that such were we!

In the world and yet not of it,
Ready to take wing,—
By this lesson could we profit
It were everything!

THE CHICKENS.

See! the chickens round the gate
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Let us open wide the door;
Throw out crumbs and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed.
Call them; now how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly, every one!
Eager, busy hen and chick,
Every little morsel pick;

See the hen, with callow brood,
To her young how kind and good!
With what care their steps she leads!
Them, and not herself, she feeds,
Picking here and picking there,
Where the morsels nicest are.

As she calls they flock around,
Bustling all along the ground;
When their daily labors cease,
And at night they rest in peace,
All the little things

Nestle close beneath her wings;
There she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear and free from harm.

Now, my little child, attend:
Your almighty Father, Friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Watches o'er you from on high;
As the hen her chickens leads,
Shelters, cherishes, and feeds,
So by Him your feet are led,
Over you His wings are spread.

THE MOTHERLESS TURKEYS.

The white turkey was dead! the white turkey was dead!
How the news through the barnyard went flying!
Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,
And their case for assistance was crying.

E'en the peacock respectfully folded his tail
As a suitable symbol of sorrow,
And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,
Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?

And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,
Who above them will watchfully hover?"
"Two each night I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the duck,
"Though I've eight of my own I must cover."

"I have *so much* to do! For the bugs and the worms
In the garden 'tis tiresome pickin';
I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care,"
Said the hen with one chicken.

"How I wish," said the goose, "I could be of some use,
For my heart is with love over-brimming!
The next morning that's fine they shall go with my nine
Little yellow-backed goslings out swimming."

"I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,
"And for help they may call upon me too,
Though I've ten of my own that are only half grown,
And a great deal of trouble to see to.

But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,
And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"
"Very hard it may be, but oh don't come to me!"
Said the hen with one chicken.

"Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows—
I'm the most overburdened of mothers!
They must learn, little elves, how to scratch for themselves,
And not seek to depend upon others."

She went by with a cluck, and the goose to the duck
Exclaimed, in surprise, "Well, I never!"
Said the duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,
You will find, are complaining forever!

And when all things appear to look
threatening and drear,
And when troubles your pathway are
thick in,
For aid in your woe, oh beware how
you go
To a hen with one chicken!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

REMINDING THE HEN.

"It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
"For what do you think, mamma,
happened?
You never will guess it, I know.
The little brown hen was there cluck-
ing;
'Cut-cut!' she'd say, quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and
think.

"And then she would say it all over—
She *did* look so mad and so vext;
For, mamma, do you know, she'd for-
gotten
The word she ought to cluck next.
So *I* said 'Ca-*daw*-cut,' 'Ca-*daw*-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could.
And she looked 'round at me very
thankful
I tell you, it made her feel good.

"Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-
cut—ca-*daw*-cut!'
She remembered just how it went,
then,
But it's well I ran into the garden,—
She might never have clucked right
again!"

BUTTERFLIES.

Two golden butterflies, hither, thither
flying,
Zig-zag and round about, every blos-
som trying;
Flitting now together, now awhile they
sever;
Pretty golden butterflies, will you play
forever?

My little Goldenhair, almost like a
fairy,
Rivals the butterflies in their flittings
airy;

All their flying follows, through the nodding daisies,
Still cannot catch them in their pretty mazes.

Dear Golden-butterfly, through the meadow dancing,
With your flying tangled curls in the sunshine glancing,
Keep time with the butterflies, gold-winged, moving ever,—
Play on, all three dearies! Your now is forever.

Little know the butterflies of what comes to-morrow,
Little knows my Butterfly of a thought of sorrow.
God sees that each childhood has its time of daisies
And of golden butterflies in their pretty mazes.

THE FLY.

Baby bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls!
Yet he never falls.
I believe, with six such legs,
You and I could walk on eggs!
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling baby's nose!

Spots of red
Dot his head,
Rainbows on his back are spread!
That small speck
Is his neck:
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes—
Three small pairs
Made of hairs;
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down.
It is laced
Round his waist:
I admire his taste.
Yet, though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets a sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun:
What if he gets into one?
When it rains,
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat:
There's a mouth between his feet!
On his back
Is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb;
Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No!
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so.
But, no doubt,
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk.
Fie! oh fie!
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Then they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats, you know,
Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb;
So they fly bareheaded home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat;
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we;
So, how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by!
For a secret I can tell:
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then away!
Do not stay;
Little fly, good-day!

THEODORE TILTON.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee;
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax;
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms
He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;

He never gets lazy:
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first gray light,
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do!

—MARIAN DOUGLAS.

A COBWEB MADE TO ORDER.

A hungry spider made a web
Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
The little tender line.
Round about and round about,
And round about it spun,
Straight across, and back again,
Until the web was done.

Oh, what a pretty, shining web
It was when it was done!
The little flies all came to see
It hanging in the sun.
Round about and round about,
And round about they danced,
Across the web, and back again,
They darted and they gleamed.

The hungry spider sat and watched
The happy little flies;
It saw all round about its head,
It had so many eyes.
Round about and round about,
And round about they go,
Across the web, and back again,
Now high—now low.

"I'm hungry, very hungry,"
Said the spider to a fly.
"If you were caught within the web
You very soon should die."
But round about and round about,
And round about once more,
Across the web, and back again,
They flitted as before.

For all the flies were much too wise
To venture near the spider;
They flapped their little wings and flew
In circles rather wider.
Round about and round about,
And round about went they,
Across the web, and back again,
And then they flew away.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE BEES.

Oh, mother dear, pray tell me where
The bees in winter stay?
The flowers are gone they feed upon,
So sweet in summer's day.

My child, they live within the hive,
And have enough to eat;
Amid the storm they're clean and warm,
Their food is honey sweet.
Say, mother dear, how came it there?
Did father feed them so?
I see no way in winter's day
That honey has to grow.

No, no, my child; in summer mild
The bees laid up their store
Of honey-drops in little cups,
Till they would want no more.
In cups, you said—how are they made?
Are they as large as ours?
Oh, no; they're all made nice and small,
Of wax found in the flowers.

Our summer's day, to work and play,
Is now in mercy given,
And we must strive, long as we live,
To lay up stores in heaven.

HASTINGS' NURSERY SONGS.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

A grasshopper having sung
The summer long,
When the wintry wind blew
Found her comforts few—
No house from the snow and sleet
To guard her·
Not a single bit to eat
In her larder.
Neither worm-chop nor fly-leg;
The dainty dame must starve or beg.
Hungry, she goes to her neighbor ant
With her sad tale of want:
"Pray lend me from your store,
Till the winter is o'er:
On my faith, I will pay
Round interest, besides the loan."

The ant—bad lender, I must own—
Doubting much of the pay day,
Asks of the borrowing lady,
"What did you do last summer?"

"Night and day to every comer
I sang, if you please."

"Sang!—do you say?
Then finish out your play—
Dance now at your ease."

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?

"My back shines as bright and yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all"
very true;
But if I had half as much mischief
to do,
Indeed they would love me no better
than you.

"You have a fine shape and a deli-
cate wing;
They own you are handsome ; but
then there's one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is
your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain,
as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I'm a humble and innocent
bee."

From this little story let people be-
ware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured
they are,
They will never be loved if they're
ever so fair.

LITTLE HOP-O'-MY THUMB.

Two little midgets hard at play;
Hop-a-way! skip-a-way! all the day.
Into the grass and the honey-sweet
clover,
Jumping and dancing, over and over,
Now in the sun, and now back in the
shade,
Two happy sprites—of nothing afraid.

Pussy sits watching them out in the
sun.
"Let 'em hop *now*—but I'll catch one!"
Winks she, and blinks, yet watches the
hopping to see—
Poor little Hop-o'-my-thumbs — Oh,
dear me!—
Till one little grasshopper skips off on
his toes,
And his long legs just carry him to
pussy-cat's nose!

Snap! and a swallow!—he's gone
from our view!
Jump, little brother, or she'll have
you too!
No more frisking together out in the sun,
Only solitary hops, unhappy and
alone,
Cruel old cat! I'll shut her in the
house—
But then, I suppose, she'll eat up a
mouse.

ANIMALS.

ANIMALS.

THE LION.

Lion, thou are girt with might!
King by uncontested right;
Strength and majesty and pride
Are in thee personified!
Slavish doubt or timid fear
Never come thy spirit near;
What it is to fly, or bow
To a mightier than thou,
Never has been known to thee,
Creature terrible and free!

Power the Mightiest gave the lion
Sinews like to bands of iron;
Gave him force which never failed,
Gave him heart that never quailed;
Triple-mailed coat of steel,
Plates of brass from head to heel,
Less defensive were in wearing
Than the lion's heart of daring;
Nor could towers of strength impart
Trust like that which keeps his heart.

What are things to match with him?
Serpents old, and strong, and grim,
Seas upon a desert shore,
Mountain-wildernesses hoar,
Night and storm, and earthquakes dire
Thawless frost and raging fire—
All that's strong and stern and dark,
All that doth not miss its mark,
All that makes man's nature tremble,
Doth the desert king resemble!

When he sends his roaring forth,
Silence falls upon the earth;
For the creatures, great and small,
Know his terror-breathing call
And, as if death pursued,
Leave to him a solitude.

Lion, thou art made to dwell,
In hot lands intractable,
And thyself, the sun, the sand,
Are a tyrannous triple-band.
Lion-king and desert throne,
All the region is your own.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry!

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fires of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

GRIZZLY BEAR.

Coward, of heroic size,
In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear, and yet despise;
Savage,—whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks;
Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,
Claws of steel, on baby toes,—
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
Point to hidden Indian springs.
Lost in fern and fragrant grasses
Hovered o'er by timid wings.
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,
Where the wild bee holds her sweets—
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry,
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;
Thou may'st levy tithe and dole;
  Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
From the pilgrim taking toll;
  Match thy cunning with his fear,
Eat and drink and have thy fill;
Yet remain an outlaw still!

BRET HARTE.

THE CAMEL.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Mightst be guided by a child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless;
Thou dost clothe him, thou dost feed,
Thou dost lend to him thy speed,
And through wilds of trackless sand
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws,
Where no pleasant water flows,
Where the hot air is not stirred
By the wing of singing bird,—
There thou goest, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
Bearing freight of precious things—
Silks for merchants, gold for kings,
Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,
Damascene and Indian ware—
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freighted like a costly ship!

When the red simoon comes near,
Camel, dost thou know no fear?

When the desert sands uprise,
Flaming crimson to the skies,
And, like pillared giants strong,
Stalk the dreary waste along,
Bringing Death unto his prey,
Does not thy good heart give way?
Camel, no! thou dost for man
All thy generous nature can;
Thou dost lend to him thy speed
In that awful time of need;
And when the simoon goes by
Teachest him to close his eye,
And bow down before the blast,
Till the purple death has passed!

And when week by week is gone,
And the traveler journeys on
Feebly—when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead,
Camel, thou dost turn thine eye
On him kindly, soothingly,
As if cheeringly to say,
"Journey on for this one day!
Do not let thy heart despond;
There is water yet beyond,
I can scent it in the air;
Do not let thy heart despair!"
And thou guid'st the traveler there.

Camel, thou art good and mild,
Mightst be guided by a child;
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless;
And these desert wastes must be
Untracked regions but for thee!

MARY HOWITT.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE CHILD.

The arching trees above a path
Had formed a pleasant shade,
And here to screen him while he slept,
An infant boy was laid.

His mother near him gathered fruit,
But soon with fear she cried,
For, slowly moving down the path,
An elephant she spied.

The sticks he crushed beneath his feet
Had waked the sleeping child,
Who pushed aside the waving curls,
And looked at him and smiled.

The mother could not reach the spot—
With fear she held her breath—
And there in agony she stood
To see him crushed to death.

His heavy foot the monster held
A while above the boy,
Who laughed to see it moving there,
And clapped his hands with joy.

The mother saw it reach the ground,
Beyond her infant son,
And watched till every foot was safe
Across the little one.

She caught the infant from the ground,
For there, unharmed, he lay,
And could have thanked the noble beast,
Who slowly stalked away.

THE DYING STAG.

Low in a grassy dingle he was laid,
With wild wood primroses befreckled low.
Over his head the wanton shadows play'd
Of a young olive, that her boughs so spread,
As with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head.
And here he came, pierced by a fatal blow,
As in a wood he walk'd, securely feeding;
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,
His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding,
Bade farewell to the woods that round him wave,
While tears from drooping flowers bedew his turfy grave.

GILES FLETCHER.

THE LITTLE HARE.

Beyond the palings of the park
A hare had made her form,
Beneath a drooping fern, that gave
A shelter snug and warm.

She slept until the daylight came,
And all things were awake,
And then the hare, with noiseless step,
Crept softly from the brake.

She stroked her whiskers with her paws,
Looked timidly around
With open eyes, and ears erect
That caught the smallest sound.

The field-mouse rustled in the grass,
The squirrel in the trees,
But Puss was not at all afraid
Of common sounds like these.

She frisked and gambolled with delight,
And cropped a leaf or two
Of clover, and of tender grass,
That glistened in the dew.

What was it, then, that made her start,
And run away so fast?
She heard the distant sound of hounds,
She heard the huntman's blast.

Hoy!—tally-ho!—hoy!—tally-ho!
The hounds are in full cry;
Ehew! ehew!—in scarlet coats
The men are sweeping by.

So off she set with a spring and a bound,
Over the meadows and open ground,
Faster than hunter and faster than hound,
And on and on, till she lost the sound,
And away went the little hare.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THE SQUIRREL.

Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth,
To frisk a while and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play;
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighboring beech, there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig!"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere,
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not as large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry;
I'll not deny you make

A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! My beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed;
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care!
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were wont to be;

Evening shall darken on the earth,
and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step,
shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free
breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home,—from all of these
my exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less
proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck
thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark
eye, glancing bright;—
Only in sleep shall hear again that
step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm
to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel,—
thou'rt *sold*, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me,
some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested
waves, along thy panting side:
And the rich blood that's in thee
swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee,
may count each started vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought
—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so
gentle, yet so free:
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone,
my lonely heart should yearn—
Can the hand which casts thee from
it now command thee to return?

Return! Alas! my Arab steed! what
shall thy master do
When thou, who wast his all of joy,
hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye,
and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like
the false mirage appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam,
with weary footsteps alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous
bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And, sitting down by that green well,
I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck
when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink! Away!
the fevered dream is o'er—
I could not live a day and *know* that
we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for
hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but
I have loved too long.
Who said I had given thee up?
Who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false! my Arab steed,
I fling them back their gold!
Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back
and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall
claim thee for his pains!

CAROLINE NORTNO.

THE SQUIRREL.

Little brown squirrel, pray what do you eat?
What had you for dinner to-day?
"Nuts, beautiful nuts, so nice and so sweet,
I gather them off the tall trees in the wood,
And eat all the kernels I find that are good,
And then throw the hard shells away."

"Little brown squirrel, but what do you do
When the season for nuts is o'er?"
"I gather ripe nuts all the long summer through,
And hide them so deep in a hole in the ground;
Then when the dark winter again has come round
I have plenty still laid up in store."

Dear little reader, I wonder if you
Are laying in food for your mind?
You should seek what is good and instructive and true,
You should gain all the knowledge that ought to be known,
That when the bright days of your childhood are flown
You may be of some use to mankind.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look—how round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins,—
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

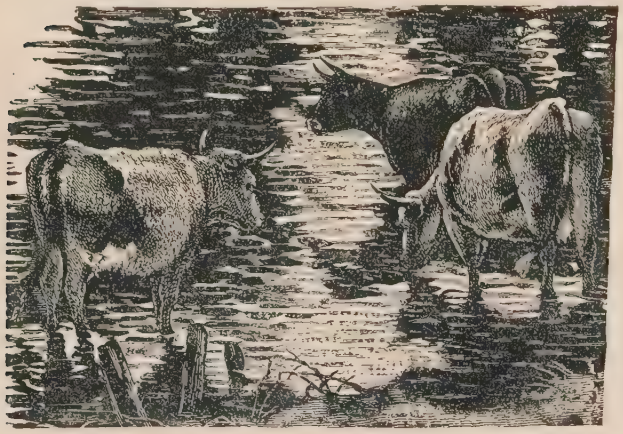
He, who hath no peer, was born
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab-bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun
By some lone fountain fringed with green;

With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE BONNIE MILK COW.

"Moo! moo! pretty lady!"
Bairnies want their supper now,



Lowing in the twilight hour,
Comes my bonnie cow.
Buttercups and clover green,
All day long her feast has been;
She comes laden home at e'en—
She is coming now.

Bairnies for their porridge fret—
"Proo, Hawkie! proo!"
And milk must have their mouths to wet
Sweet and warm from you.

Other cows go dry, they tell;
Hawkie ne'er was known to fail,
But aye she fills the foaming pail—
"Proo! Hawkie! proo!"

Best of butter, best of cheese,
"Proo! Hawkie! proo!"
That well the daintiest may please,
Yields my gentle cow;
When the good wife stirs the tea,
Sweeter cream there cannot be—
Such curds and whey you'll seldom see;
"Proo! Hawkie! proo!"

ALEXANDER SMART.

THANK YOU, PRETTY COW.

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and sweet and fresh and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat;
They will make it very sweet.

Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE COW-BOY'S SONG.

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, home from the wood,
They sent me to fetch you as fast as I could.
The sun has gone down: it is time to go home;
Mooly cow, mooly cow, why don't you come?
Your udders are full, and the milk-maid is there,
And the children all waiting their supper to share.
I have let the long bars down; why don't you pass through?"
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, have you not been
Regaling all day where the pastures are green?
No doubt it was pleasant, dear mooly, to see
The clear-running brook and the wide-spreading tree,
The clover to crop and the streamlet to wade,
To drink the cool water and lie in the shade;
But now it is night: they are waiting for you."
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow, where do you go
When all the green pastures are covered with snow?
You go to the barn, and we feed you with hay,
And the maid goes to milk you there every day;
She pats you, she loves you, she strokes your sleek hide,
She speaks to you kindly and sits by your side;
Then come along home, pretty mooly cow, do!"
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

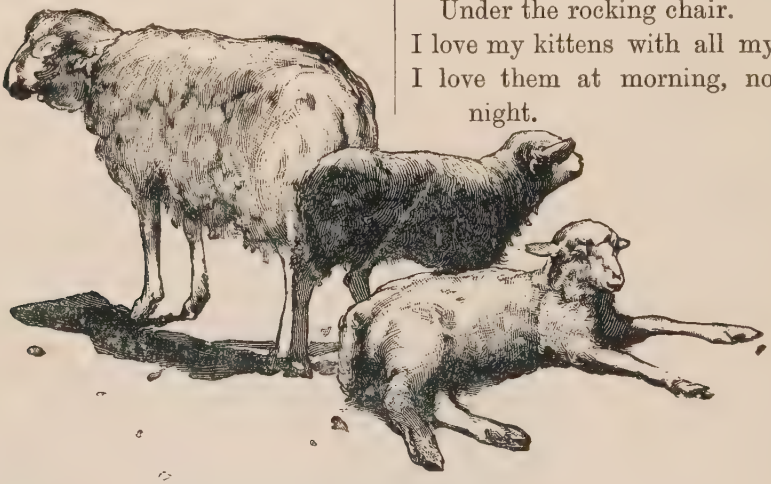
"Mooly cow, mooly cow, whisking your tail,
The milkmaid is waiting, I say, with her pail;
She tucks up her petticoats, tidy and neat,
And places the three-legged stool for her seat.
What can you be staring at, mooly? You know
That we ought to have gone home an hour ago.
How dark it is growing! Oh, what shall I do?"
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

ANNA M. WELLS.

NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened, and heard a mother sheep say,

"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight!"



And the mother sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft; said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon and night.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;

She clucked and she scratched and
she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the
hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did
shine
On anything like to these chickens of
mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the
stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such
chickens as these.
My dear, downy darlings, my sweet
little things,
Come, nestle now cosily under my
wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice
feather bed.
And there let them sleep, in their
feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my
arm.

MRS. CARTER.

PRETTY SHEEP.

"Pretty sheep, now tell me why
In the sunny field you lie,
Doing nothing all the day?—
Make yourself of use, I pray."

"Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be
If you had no wool from me.

"Soon the merry spring is past,
And the farmer comes at last;
Cuts my woolly fleece away

For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant field I lie."

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE SHEEP.

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning till the night:
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold, you'd be
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring,
But what chilly nights I pass

On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare!

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

ANN TAYLOR.

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls himself a lamb.
He is meek and He is mild;
He became a little child:
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and made thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight,—
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

THE TWO FRIENDS.

My dog and I are faithful friends;
We read and play together;
We tramp across the hills and fields,
When it is pleasant weather.

And when from school with eager haste
I come along the street,
He hurries on with bounding step,
My glad return to greet.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

Then how he frisks along the road,
And jumps up in my face!
And if I let him steal a kiss,
I'm sure it's no disgrace.

Oh, had he but the gift of speech
But for a single day,
How dearly should I love to hear
The funny things he'd say!

And if I live when you have gone,
I'll write your history too.

SUSAN JEWETT.

THIS DOG OF MINE.

This dog of mine is kind and true,
His honest eyes with friendship shine;

Yet, though he cannot say a word
As human beings can,
He knows and thinks as much as I,
Or any other man.

And what he knows, and thinks, and feels
Is written in his eye;
My faithful dog cannot deceive,
And never told a lie.

Come here, good fellow, while I read
What other dogs can do;

A better dog you never knew,
Believe me, than this dog of mine.
My will to him is more than law—
He is my subject, I his king;
At my command he'll shake a paw,
Fetch, carry, beg, do anything.

OLD WATCH TO THE MOON.

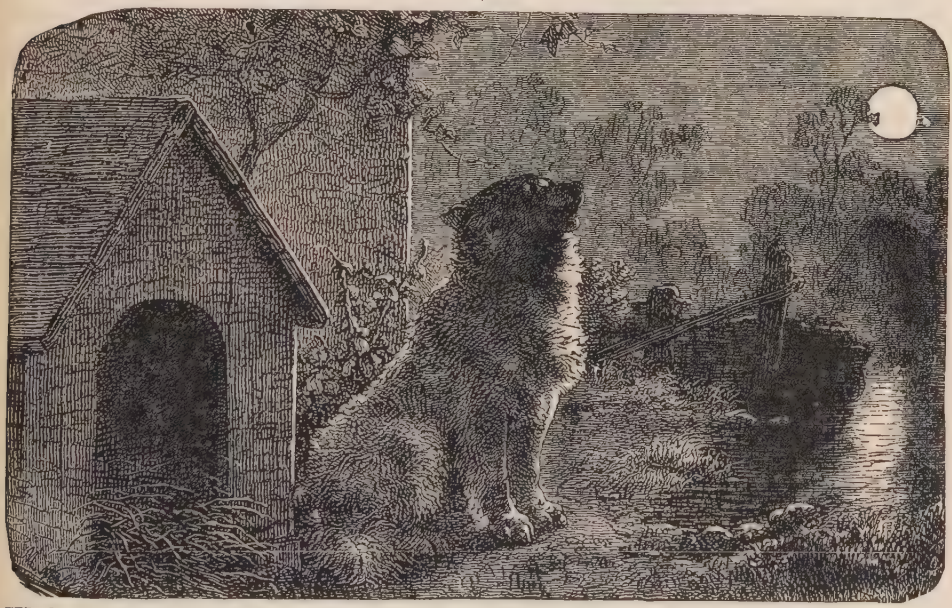
Bow, wow, wow!
Out to their posts the stars come now,
And we must begin—the Moon and I—

Our still night watch; she in the silver sky,
While down low in the dewy grass I lie.

Bow, wow, wow!
Within the dark house the dear ones sleep now—
And close I sit all through the silent night

But, tell me, Moon, are faith and love in vain?
Will there not come a time when all is plain?

Bow, wow, wow!
I hear the dear ones talking soft and low
Of some fair land where they journey soon,



With my heart as full as the Moon's of light—
They trust old Watch and sleep, and they do right.

Bow, wow, wow!
O, Moon so near to heaven, O, you
Must know!—I have no words to speak my pain—

Where all shall gain some longed-for boon—
And shall I not be with them there, O, Moon?

Bow, wow, wow!
I shall *tell* them there that I loved them so!
What if I did wrong in the Old-Time Land,

Where they used to blame me with
word and hand?
It was only—*I could not under-*
stand.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.

One stormy night, upon the Alps,
A traveler weak and old,
Walked sadly on through
ice and snow,
And shivered with the
cold.

His eyes were dim with
weariness,
His steps were short and
slow;
At length he laid him down
to sleep
Upon a bed of snow.

Before he closed his aching
eyes,
He heard a cheerful bark;
A faithful dog was by his
side
To guide him through the
dark.

And soon beside the fire he
stood,
And earnestly he prayed
For those who trained that noble
dog
And sent him to his aid.

CHOOSING A KITTEN.

There were five, and they found them
in the hay—
Five little kittens, stowed away
So snug and warm
And far from harm
That, had it not been for the chil-
dren's play,
They'd have lived in secret to this day.

Jack put the yellow one in his hat;
The black one nimble, the white one
fat,
He claimed beside.

Then Teddy cried:
"I speak for this!" and "I speak for that!"
(None left, you see, for the poor old cat!)
Old Pussy had thought herself so wise,
But what can you hide from the children's eyes?

"So beautiful!" said
The breathless Ted,
"They're all asleep, and all of a size!"
And they bore to the house the wondrous prize.

Did mamma smile? Ah, no! she frowned;
And the rest of the children gathered round;
And Teddy heard
The dreadful word:
"'Tis very fortunate they were found—
Keep one; but the others must be drowned!"

Then each would choose! So down they sat
'Twas this one first, and then 'twas that;
Each making choice
With an eager voice,
Of the white or the gray, the slim or the fat—
Just which he chanced to be looking at.

Ted said, at last: "We can't spare none!"
(His grammar was poor, but his tactics won.)
"We'll hide them away
Again in the hay!
Put two in your hat and run, Jack, run!
We'll save them all!" And it was done.

PUSSY'S CLASS.

"Now, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,

And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are."
At this all the kittens sniffed the air
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens meowed!

"Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or a bit of bone;
Now what do you say when children are good?"—
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad—
When they tease and pull?" Each kitty looked sad.
"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rough.

"And where are your claws? no, no my dear"
(As she took up a paw). See! they're hidden here;"
Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they should never need
To use such weapons—oh, no indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "Phsaw!"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now, 'Sptiss!' as hard as you can," she said;
But every kitten hung down its head;
"'Sptiss!' I say," cried the mother cat,
But they said "Oh, mammy, we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah well! I was once the same, I suppose."
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

MAPES DODGE.

THE NAUGHTY CAT.

LITTLE JACK.

'Tis such a naughty, naughty cat!
Old Tab, that's owned by aunty Gray;
She growls, and spits, and shows her claws,

As sharp as needles in her paws;
And, if I try with her to play,
She always seems so full of spite,
She's sure to scratch me or to bite.

Now, when I see her, "Scat, scat, scat!"
I mean to say, "you naughty cat!"

LITTLE JANE.

What, call my poor old Tabby cross!

My hands,—they were a frightful sight
When I came home last Saturday.
I'm sure that she would be no loss,
If she were killed, she is so cross;

I'm sure she's very good with *me;*
For, when *I* go to aunty Gray's,
She always close beside me stays.
If I sit down, she climbs my knee,

And rubs her head against my cheek,
And acts as though she'd like to
speak,
And say she wants my friend to be.
I'd rather have her for my own
Than all the cats I've ever known;
Black, yellow, Maltese, large and
small
Old Tab's the nicest of them all.

JAMES.

Yes, Tabby *is* a knowing cat.
When you have been at aunty Gray's,
She's proved you both, and learned
your ways;
She finds that Jack would never fail
To try and swing her by the tail,
While Jane will softly stroke her fur;
So she will answer by a purr,
To show Jane's gentle touch she likes,
But Jack, with her sharp claws, she
strikes.
My mother says we ought to treat
With love each living thing we meet,
And even pussy-cats can tell
Who are the ones that use them well.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

PUSS PUNISHED.

Oh, naughty puss! you must not play
And romp with Susie thus, I say;
And spoil her clothes and ruffles too,
And make her quite a fright—you do.

Shame! puss, to treat Susie so!
The simple thing that cannot sew,
And mend her clothes when they
are torn,
Or run away when thus forlorn.

My mother tells me 'tis unkind
To treat the helpless thus; so mind
If you repeat your tricks, old cat,
Your ears shall pay for it—that's
flat.

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY.

I like little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Pussy don't like
To be worried or teased.

JANE TAYLOR.

PUSS PUNISHED.

MY PUSSY.

Oh, here is Miss Pussy;
She's drinking her milk;
Her coat is as soft
And as glossy as silk.

She sips it all up
With her little lap-lap;
Then, wiping her whiskers,
Lies down for a nap.

My kittie is gentle,
She loves me right well;
And how funny her play is
I'm sure I can't tell.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Three little kittens lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens!"
"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!
"No, you shall have no pie."
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

The three little kittens found their mittens;
And they began to cry,
"O mother dear,
See here, see here!
See, we have found our mittens!"
"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!
"Oh, let us have the pie!"
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.
"O mother dear,
We greatly fear

That we have soiled our mittens!"
"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

The three litttle kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry.
"O mother dear,
Do you not hear
That we have washed our mittens?"
"Washed your mittens!

Oh, you're good kittens!
But I smell a rat close by."
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!
We smell a rat close by.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

MRS. FOLLEN.

THE QUARRELSOME KITTENS.

Two little kittens,
One stormy night,
Began to quarrel,
And then to fight.

One had a mouse,
And the other had none;
And that's the way
The quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse,"
Said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse?
We'll see about that!"

"I will have that mouse,"
Said the tortoise-shell;
And, spitting and scratching,
On her sister she fell.

The old lady took
The sweeping broom,
And swept them both
Right out of the room.

The ground was covered
Thick with snow;
They had lost the mouse,
And had nowhere to go.

So they lay and shivered
Beside the door,
Till the old lady finished
Sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in
As quiet as mice,
All wet with snow,
And cold as ice;

And found it much better,
That stormy night,
To lie by the fire,
Than quarrel and fight.

TWENTY FROGS AT SCHOOL.

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master bull-frog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also, how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bull-frogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

TREES AND FLOWERS.

TREES AND FLOWERS.

THE WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass on your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I say my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

LILLIPUT LECTURES.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips, that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE TREE.

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
"Shall I take them away?" says the Frost sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown."
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them: all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;

L L

Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart strings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad, green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale, green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,

To gather the dew of May.
And on that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains;
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid,
But the tree it still remains.
Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Then here's, &c.

H. F. CHORLEY.

THE OLD APPLE TREE

I'm fond of the good apple tree;
A very good-natured friend is he,
For, knock at his door when e'er you may,
He's always something to give away.

Shake him in winter: on all below
He'll send down a shower of feathery snow;
And when the spring sun is shining bright,
He'll fling down blossoms pink and white.

And when the summer comes so warm,
He shelters the little birds safe from harm;
And shake him in autumn, he will not fail
To send you down apples thick as hail.

Therefore, it cannot a wonder be
That we sing hurrah for the apple tree!

IN THE ORCHARD.

Apples red and apples green,
Apples rich and ripe are seen
In the orchard near the road,—
Apples, apples, by the load!

In the spring the trees were white,
Apple-blossoms, such a sight!
Little apples filled the trees,
Fanned all summer by the breeze.

Little apples grew and grew,
Living on the rain and dew;
Now the fruit in great, rich stores
Harvest in the orchard pours.

Glad the farmer's swelling heart!
Glad the little children start
For the orchard, where they play
"Picking apples" all the day.

CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Little Cherry Blossom
Lived up in a tree,
And a very happy
Little thing was she.

Clad all through the winter
In a dress of brown,
Warm she was though living
In a northern town.

But one sunny morning,
Thinking it was May,
"I'll not wear," said Blossom,
"This old dress to-day."

Mr. Breeze, this hearing,
Very kindly said,
"*Do* be careful, Blossom:
Winter has not fled."

Blossom would not listen;
For the sky was bright,
And she wished to glisten
In her robe of white.

So she let the brown one
Drop and blow away,
Leaving her the white one,
All so fine and gay!

By and by the sunshine
Faded from her view:
How poor Blossom shivered
As it colder grew!

Oh for that warm wrapper
Lying on the ground!
Ah! Jack Frost will nip her:
He is prowling round.

Yes, he folds poor Blossom
In his arms of ice,
And her white robe crumples,—
Robe so fine and nice!

Ah! poor Cherry Blossom!
She, in foolish pride,
Changed her wonted clothing,
Took a cold, and died.

All ye little blossoms,
Hear me, and take care:
Go not clad too thinly,
And of pride beware.

S. M. DAY.

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
Oh give the baby one;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But baby shall have none;
Babies are too young to choose,
Cherries are too sour to use.
But by and by,
Made in a pie,
No one will then refuse.

Up in the tree
Robin I see,
Picking one by one;
Shaking his bill,
Getting his fill,

Down his throat they run:
Robins want no cherry pie;
Quick they eat, and off they fly;
My little child,
Patient and mild,
Surely will not cry.

Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But we will let them fall;
Cherries are ripe,
Cherries are ripe,
But bad for babies small;
Gladly follow mother's will,
Be obedient, kind, and still;
Waiting a while,
Delighted you'll smile,
And joyful eat your fill.

HASTINGS' NURSERY SONGS.

HOW SPRING MADE HER FLOWERS.

Little Spring sat out on the hills one day
When Winter was sweeping his snows away;
Mother Nature came by and whispered low,
"My daughter, I'm sorry you idle so!
If you lazily pass the fleeting hours,
When, you naughty Spring, will you make your flowers?"

Spring looked not up nor a word replied,
But her sweet lips quivered, and soon she cried,
"It is hard to work, and I am too small,
And too young to do anything at all!"

Down her hot tears fell on a bank of snow,
Which winter forgot, it was hidden so.
See, it melts a little at each warm tear,
And where it had lain the green leaves appear.
Spring played in the snow with her fingers pink—
The color came off a little, I think.

Rounded bits she placed on each stem so brown,
And, pleased with the sight, she stooped softly down,
And kissed into life the pure waxen leaves,
While each from her breath a perfume receives.
Made of tears and kisses and warmth and snow,
What wonder we love the May-Flower so!

Then, laughing and singing, she wandered down
To the fields which lay just beyond the town.
'Twixt her finger and thumb the sunbeams pass,
And they fall in rings on the freshened grass.

"Dandelions!" the children shout at play,
When they run from school at close of the day;
But Spring and you and I know very well,
They were bits of sunshine caught as they fell.

As she dances on, Spring suddenly sees
How forlornly bare are the orchard trees.
Already the sun is going to rest;
He paints as he goes, the clouds in the west;
And Spring flies up to the white and the pink,
And, quicker than anyone else could think,
She carries them down to the orchards bare,
And, with many a deft touch here and there,
Round each little twig she fastens them tight,
To her own, the trees' and the world's delight,
"Fine prospect for fruit!" says the owner proud;
And how should he know 'tis a sunset cloud?

The light has died out of the twilight sky;
Night smiles upon Spring as she passes by—
She is going to pierce the curtain blue,
To let the light of heavens shine through.
Spring gathers the fragments of deep-blue sky,
And soon all over the meadows they lie.

It must have been so, else how should there be
Violets as many as stars that you see?
"Does Spring always make her flowers this way?"
The wreathed and garlanded children say.
I can only tell what she did that day.

A LITTLE CHILD'S FANCIES.

I think that the world was finished at night,
Or the stars would not have been made;
For they wouldn't have thought of having the light,
If they hadn't first seen the shade.

And then, again, I alter my mind,
And think perhaps it was day,
And the starry night was only designed
For a little child tired of play.

And I think that an angel, when nobody knew,
With a window pushed up very high,
Let some of the seeds of the flowers fall through
From the gardens they have in the sky.

For they couldn't think *here* of lilies so white,
And such beautiful roses I know;
But I wonder when falling from such a height,
The dear little seeds should grow!
And then, when the face of the angel has turned,
I think that the birds flew by,
Right close to the door where the children go,
And are singing to us the songs they learned
On the opposite side of the sky.

And a rainbow must be the shining below
Of a place in Heaven's floor that is thin,
When the dear Lord lets them in.

And I think that the clouds that float in the skies

Are the curtains that *they* drop down,
For fear when we look we should dazzle our eyes,
As they each of them put on their crown.

I do not know *why* the water was sent,
Unless, perhaps, it might be

God wanted us all to know what it meant
When we read of the "Jasper Sea."

Oh! the world where we live is a lovely place,
But it oftentimes makes me sigh,
For I'm always trying *causes* to trace,
And keep thinking "Wherefore?" and "Why?"

Ah! dear little child, the longing you feel
Is the stir of immortal wings,
But infinite Love one day will reveal
The most hidden and puzzling things.

You have only your duty to try and do,
To be happy, and rest content;
For by being good and by being true
You will find out *all that is meant!*

MRS. L. C. WHITON.

FLOWERS.

With what a lavish hand
God beautifies the earth,
When everywhere, all o'er the land,
Sweet flowers are peeping forth!

Down by the babbling brook,
Up in the silent hills,
The glen, the bower, the shady nook,
Their breath with fragrance fills.
They creep along the hedge,
They climb the rugged height,
And, leaning o'er the water's edge,
Blush in their own sweet light.

They seem to breathe and talk,
They pour into my ear,
Where'er I look, where'er I walk,
A music soft and clear.

They have no pride of birth,
No choice of regal bower;
The humblest, lowliest spot on earth
May claim the fairest flower.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?

To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope
  Whene'er his faith is dim,
For Who so careth for the flowers
  Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT.

PRETTY POLLY PANSY.

Pretty Polly Pansy
  Came in the spring;
The gay garden posies
  Were all blossoming.

Nobody noticed her,
  Small, shy and sweet,
She hid in the grasses
  Close under their feet.

And so, all unnoticed,
  The long summer thro',
She sipped of the sunshine,
  She drank of the dew.

Till the frail, snowy lilies
  Were wind-torn and tossed,
The pink-petaled roses
  All nipped by the frost.

When the gay flowers
  Were every one dead,
Pretty Polly Pansy
  Lifted her head.

"The garden is empty—
  Plenty of room,"
She laughed, nodded gaily,
  "Time I should bloom.

They'll still miss the lilies
  And mourn for the rose;
I can't take the place of
  The least flower that grows.

"But I'll brighten my corner!"
  I think I would do,
If I were a pansy,
  The same, wouldn't you?

NEW DRESSES.

New dresses? Ay, this is the season!
For *opening day* is close by:
Already I know the "Spring fashions"—
Can tell you, I think, if I try.

Of colors, the first thing to mention,
There's a great variety seen;
But that which obtains the most favor
Is surely a very bright green.

True, the elderly portion are plainer,
And choose, both in country and town,
To appear in the shades which are sombre,
And keep on the garments of brown.

Miss *Snow-drop*, the first of the season,
Comes out in such very good taste—
Pure white, with her pretty green trimmings;
How charming she is! and how chaste!

Miss *Crocus*, too, shows very early
Her greetings of love for the sun,
And comes in her white, blue, or yellow;
All dresses of hers are home-spun.

And who is this handsome young master,
A friend to Miss Crocus so true?
He comes dressed in purple or yellow,
And sometimes in pink, white and blue.

In form he is tall and majestic;
Ah! the Spring has just whispered his name:
"Hyacinthus," the beau of the season,
And sweet and widespread is his fame.

Madame *Tulip*, a dashing gay lady,
Appears in a splendid brocade;
She courts the bright sunbeams, which give her
All colors, of every shade.

She came to us o'er the wide ocean,
Away from her own native air,
But if she can dress as she chooses,
She can be quite at home anywhere.

Narcissus, a very vain fellow,
Has a place in the Spring fashions too—
Appears in his green, white, and yellow;
In his style, though, there's nothing that's new.

Miss *Daisy* wears white, with fine fluting;
A sweet little creature is she,
But she loves the broad fields and green meadows,
And cares not town fashions to see.

Another style, pretty and tasteful—
Green, dotted with purple or blue—
Is worn by Miss *Myrtle*, whose beauty
In shade and retirement grew.

I've borrowed these styles from Dame
Nature,
Whose children are always well
dressed:
In contrast and blending of colors
She always knows what is the best.

Already her hand is arranging
More elaborate trimmings for May;
In silence unseen it is working,
Accomplishing much every day.

Her "full dress" and festive occasion
Will take place quite early in June,
Ushered in by low notes of sweet
music,
Which her song-birds alone can at-
tune.

S. H. BAKER.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Buttercups and Daisies—
Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and Daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups,
Welcome, Daisies white!

Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BLUEBELL.

There is a story I have heard,—
A poet learned it of a bird,
And kept its music every word,—

A story of a dim ravine
O'er which the towering tree-tops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between;

And there two thousand years ago,
A little flower as white as snow
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day, with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky,
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came,— but not too near,

For softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness, like the light
Of skies upon a summer night;

And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was formed to hold
A tiny star, that gleamed like gold.

Now, little people sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you,
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue:

The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high,
Shall take their image by and by.

LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above:
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where, in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering;
Violets delay;
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel-breeze
Call from the cloud!
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay!
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

THE VIOLET.

Down in the green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there it spread its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the village go
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.

Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."

Little white Lily,
Drest like a bride,
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.

Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again—
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain!

Now I am stronger;
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.

"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

GEORGE MCDONALD.

THE FLOWER

Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,

Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable;
He that runs may read;
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly, I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from loves shining circle
The gems drop away;
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

NATURE'S VOICE.

NATURE'S VOICE.

NATURE'S VOICE.

Whatever mine ears can hear,
Whatever mine eyes can see,
In Nature so bright
With beauty and light,
Has a message of love for me.

Glorious clouds! as ye sail
Over the clear, blue sky,
Ye tell of the hour
When the Lord of power
In clouds shall descend from on high!

Ye sheep that on pastures green
Beside the still waters feed,
Ye bring to my mind
The Shepherd so kind
Who supplies all His people's need.

The birds as they soar aloft,
The flowers as they bloom below,
His praises declare
Who made all so fair,—
His wisdom and love they show.

Lord, give me a tongue to praise;
Oh, give me a heart to love!
Till at last I come
To a brighter home,
A still fairer world above!

A. L. O. E.

RURAL NATURE.

Where art thou loviest, O Nature, tell!
Oh, where may be thy Paradise?
Where grow
Thy happiest groves? And down what woody dell
Do thy most fancy-winning waters flow?
Tell where thy softest breezes longest blow?
And where thy ever blissful mountains swell
Upon whose sides the cloudless sun may throw
Eternal summer, while the air may quell
His fury. Is it 'neath his morning car,
Where jeweled palaces, and golden thrones,
Have awed the Eastern nations through all time?
Or o'er the Western seas, or where afar
Our winter sun warms up the southern zones
With summer? Where can be the happy climes?

William Barnes.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers!—with lips of bloom,
Out-vying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,—
Ye teach me faith and duty!

"Walk life's dark ways," ye seem to say,
"With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees sweet flowers growing."

Albert Laighton.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the church-yard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MORNING.

FROM "THE MINSTREL."

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide,
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

JAMES BRATTIE.

NOONTIDE.

Beneath a shivering canopy reclined,
Of aspen-leaves that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir;
Or wander mid the dark-green fields of broom,
When peers in scattered tufts the yellow bloom;
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'errun,
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,
And pittering grasshoppers, confus'd-ly shrill,
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill:
Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie
Serenely in the green-ribbed clover's eye,
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,
Unseen thy form, and undisturbed thy rest,
Oft have I listened, mused the sultry day,
And wondered what thy chirping song might say,
When naught was heard along the blossomed lea,
To join thy music, save the listless bee.

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

SUNSET.

We stood upon the ragged rocks,
When the long day was nearly done;
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,
And o'er the bay in streaming locks,
Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the west the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew;
Above our heads the faint, few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
And the fair city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

O sunset sky! O purple tide!
O friends to friends that closer pressed!
Those glories have in darkness died,
And ye have left my longing breast.
I could not keep you by my side
Nor fix that radiance in the west.

W. B. GLAZIER.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,

Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Those graves of Memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch:
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,

Night is the time for toil:
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
That brings into the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care:
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight; and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Savior oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his follower do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death;
When all around is peace.
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss and give the sign
To parting friends;—such death be mine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SEASON'S CHARMS.

The Spring has many charms for me,
And many pleasant hours
To ramble, unrestrained and free,
Among her blooming flowers.

And Summer, when she visits earth,
In leafy garb arrayed,
I bless her for her cooling showers,
Her sunshine and her shade.

And Autumn, laden with the fruits
Of diligence and toil,
Is welcome as the sky that glows
Above the sunny soil.

The Winter, too, has many joys
The cheerful only know,
For love and hope and happiness
May bloom amid the snow.

I love the seasons as they pass,
God's blessings as they fall,
The joys that sparkle in life's glass—
I love, I love them all.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

SPRING.

Spring day! happy day!
God hath made the earth so gay!
Every little flower He waketh,
Every herb to grow He maketh.
When the pretty lambs are springing,
When the little birds are singing,
Child, forget not God to praise,
Who hath sent such happy days.

SUMMER.

Summer day! sultry day!
Hotly burns the noontide ray;
Gentle drops of summer showers
Fall on thirsty trees and flowers;
On the cornfield rain doth pour,

Ripening grain for winter store.
Child, to God thy thanks should be,
Who in summer thinks of thee.

AUTUMN.

Autumn day! fruitful day!
See what God hath given away!
Orchard trees with fruit are bending,
Harvest wains are homeward wending,
And the Lord all o'er the land
Opens wide His bounteous hand.
Children, gathering fruits that fall,
Think of God, who gives them all.

WINTER.

Winter day! frosty day!
God a cloak on all doth lay;
On the earth the snow He sheddeth,
O'er the lamb a fleece He spreadeth,
Gives the bird a coat of feather
To protect it from the weather,
Gives the children home and food—
Let us praise Him—God is good!

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good-night!" said the plough to the weary old horse;
And Dobbin responded, "Good-night!"
Then, with Tom on his back, to the farm-house he turned,
With a feeling of quiet delight.

"Good-night!" said the ox, with a comical bow,
As he turned from the heavy old cart,
Which laughed till it shook a round wheel from its side,
Then creaked out, "Good-night, from my heart!"

"Good-night!" said the hen, when her supper was done,
To Fanny, who stood in the door;
"Good-night!" answered Fanny; "come back in the morn,
And you and your chicks shall have more."

"Quack, quack!" said the duck; "I wish you all well,
Though I cannot tell what is polite."
"The will for the deed," answered Benny the brave;
"Good-night, Madam Ducky, good-night!"

CHILD'S SONG IN SPRING.

Yes, little girl,
Out in the wheat,
Daisies are springing
White as your feet;
Growing for you
Out in the wheat,
Only because
You are so sweet.
Yes, little girl,
Down in the wood,
Violets are blowing
Blue as your hood;
Blooming for you,
Down in the wood,
Only because

You are so good.
Yes, little girl,
Under the mere,
Lilies laugh up

Where the water is clear;
Smile up at you
From under the mere,
Only because
You are so dear.

SPRING AND THE FLOWERS.

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerily:
"Darlings, are you here?"
Till they answer, "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say.
Then she answers, "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you,
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you—
Set you free at last.

SUMMER.

The seeds we sowed in spring-time
Have blossomed into flowers;
The budding boughs of spring-time
Are thick-wove summer bowers;

The water-lily lies at rest
Upon the quiet pool;
The happy year is idle now,
Like children out of school.

SUMMER'S NIGH.

How do I know?
Why, this very day
A robin sat

On a tilting spray,
And merrily sang
A song of May.
Jack Frost has fled

From the rippling brook,
And a trout peeped out
From his shady nook.
A butterfly too
Flew lazily by,
And the willow catkins
Shook from on high
Their yellow dust
As I passed by.
And so I know
That Summer is nigh.

SPRING VOICES.

"Caw! caw!" says the Crow,
"Spring has come again I know;
For, as sure as I am born,
There's a farmer planting corn;
I shall breakfast there, I trow,
Long before his corn can grow."

"Quack, quack!" says the Duck,
"Was there ever such good luck!
Spring has cleared the pond of ice,
And the day is warm and nice,
Just as I and Goodman Drake
Thought we'd like a swim to take."

"Croak, croak!" says the Frog,
As he leaps out from the bog;
"Spring is near, I do declare,
For the earth is warm and fair:
Croak! croak! croak! I love the spring,
When the little birdies sing."

SPRING.

River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way.
All in their new apparel vie,
For Time hath laid his mantle by.

A SUMMER CALL.

Girls and boys, come out to play,
Trees are green and fields are gay,
While little birds carol on every spray—
Girls and boys, come out to play.

Leave your slates, and close your books,
Come explore my pleasant nooks,
And see your shadows in mirroring brooks—
Girls and boys, come out to play.

Tread the springy sward again,
Gather hawthorn down the lane,
And link the delicate daisy chain—
Girls and boys, come out to play.

Come in quest of violets rare,
Twine the primrose in your hair,
And seek the hyacinth fresh and fair—
Girls and boys, come out to play.

SUMMER MOODS.

I love at eventide to walk alone,
Down narrow glens, o'erhung with dewy thorn,
Where, from the long grass underneath, the snail,
Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid horn.
I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,
Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air;
Where bees search round, with sad and weary drone,
In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly there;
While in the juicy corn the hidden quail
Cries, "Wet my foot;" and, hid as thoughts unborn,
The fairy-like and seldom-seen landrail
Utters "Craik, craik," like voices under ground,
Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil,
And see the light fade into gloom around.

THE CHILD'S MAY SONG

A merry little maiden,
In the merry month of May,
Came tripping o'er the meadow,
As she sang this merry lay:—

"I'm a merry little maiden,
My heart is light and gay;
And I love the sunny weather
In the merry month of May.

"I love the pretty lambkins
That gayly sport and play,
And make such frolic gambols
In the merry month of May.

"I love the little birdies
That sit upon the spray,
And sing me such a blithe song
In the merry month of May.

"I love the blooming flowers
That grow on bank and brae,
And with them weave my garlands
In the merry month of May.

"I love my little sisters
And my brothers every day,
And I seem to love them better
In the merry month of May."

WHAT SO SWEET?

What so sweet as summer,
When the sky is blue,
And the sunbeams' arrows
Pierce the green earth through?

HARVEST HYMN.

Now Autumn strews on every plain
His mellow fruits and fertile grain;
And laughing Plenty crowned with sheaves,
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
In rich profusion pours around,
Her flowing treasures on the ground.
Oh! mark the great, the liberal hand,
That scatters blessings o'er the land;
And to the God of Nature raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn in vernal hours,
He nurtured with his gentle showers,
And bade the summer clouds diffuse
Their balmy store of genial dews.
He marked the tender stem arise
Till ripened by the glowing skies;
And now, matured, his work behold,
The cheering harvest waves in gold.
To Nature's God with joy we raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The valleys echo to the strains
Of blooming maids and village swains;
To Him they tune the lay sincere,
Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
The sounds from every woodland borne,
The sighing winds that bend the corn,
The yellow fields around proclaim
His mighty, everlasting name.
To Nature's God united raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

A SONG FOR MERRY HARVEST.

Bring forth the harp, and let us sweep
its fullest, loudest string;

The bee below, the bird above, are teaching us to sing
A song for merry harvest; and the one who will not bear
His grateful part, partakes a boon he ill deserves to share.

The grasshopper is pouring forth his
quick and trembling notes;
The laughter of the gleaner's child,
the heart's own music, floats.
Up! up! I say, a roundelay from every
voice that lives
Should welcome merry Harvest, and
bless the hand that gives.

The buoyant soul that loves the bowl
may see the dark grapes shine;
And gems of melting ruby deck the
ringlets of the vine;
Who prizes more the foaming ale,
may gaze upon the plain;
And feast his eye with yellow hops
and sheets of bearded grain.

The kindly one whose bosom aches to
see a dog unfed,
May bend the knees in thanks to see
the ample promised bread:
Awake, then, all! 'tis Nature's call;
and every voice that lives
Shall welcome merry Harvest, and
bless the hand that gives.

INDIAN SUMMER.

From gold to gray
Our mild, sweet day
Of Indian summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's
moon.

In its pale fire,
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

NO!

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dust—no proper time of
day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side
the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents
go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gen-
tility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no
healthful ease,

No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

THOMAS HOOD.

WINTER SONG.

Summer joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more,
Wintry winds are sweeping;
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the wood with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Merry snow-birds twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee,—
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

Ludwig Holty (German). Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

AUTUMN.

The autumn is old;
The sear leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying;
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sowed
Have no riches for reaping:—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;
The red sun is sinking;
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enow for sad thinking!

THOMAS HOOD.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming; alack, alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He's wrapped to his heels in a snowy-white sack,
The trees he has laden till ready to crack;
He whistles his trills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree.

A funny old fellow is Winter, I trow,
A merry old fellow for glee;
He paints all the noses a beautiful hue,

He counts all our fingers, and pinches
them too;
Our toes he gets hold of through stock-
ing and shoe,
For a funny old fellow is he.

Old Winter is blowing his gusts
along
And merrily shaking the tree;
From morning till night he will sing
us his song,
Now moaning and short, now boldly
and long;
His voice it is loud, for his lungs are
so strong,
And a merry old fellow is he.

Old winter's a rough old chap to
some
As rough as ever you'll see.
"I wither the flowers whenever I come,
I quiet the brook that went laughing
along,
I drive all the birds off to find a new
home;
I'm as rough as rough can be."

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they
say—
A cunning old fellow is he;
He peeps in the crevices day by day
To see how we're passing our time
away,
And mark all our doings from sober
to gay;
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

OLD WINTER COME AGAIN.

I love old blustering winter,
Though loud its winds may blow;
I love to chat around the fire,
Or frolic in the snow.

Upon the ice, for pastime,
Early I slide and late;
And when the ponds are frozen,
How merrily I skate!

I think cold weather is so nice,
It brings such games upon the ice—
Skating, sliding, frolic, fun;
Winter time, make haste and come!

THE RAIN, WIND AND SNOW.

Rain! rain! April rain!
Bring the flowers back again;
Yellow cowslip and violet blue,
Buttercups and daisies too.
Rain! rain! April rain!
Bring the flowers back again.

Wind! wind! autumn wind!
He the leafless trees has thinned;

Loudly doth he roar and shout;
Bar the door and keep him out.
Wind! wind! autumn wind!
He the leafless trees has thinned.

Snow! snow! pure, white snow!
O'er the fields thy covering strow;
Cover up the seed so warm,
Through the winter safe from harm.
Snow! snow! pure, white snow!
O'er the fields thy covering strow.

Rain! wind! snow! all three,
Each in turn shall welcome be;
Each and all in turn are sent
On the earth with good intent.
Rain, wind, snow, all three,
Each in turn shall welcome be.

RHYME AND REASON.

NATURE'S DIAMONDS.

A million little diamonds
Twinkle on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE RAINBOW.

The rainbow, how glorious it is in the sky!
And yet its bright colors are soft to the eye;
There the violet, and blue, and bright yellow are seen,
And orange, and red, and such beautiful green.

Oh, I wonder what paints the bright bow in the sky!
See it spreads out so wide, and it arches so high;
But now at one end 'tis beginning to fade,
And now nothing is seen but a cloud's misty shade.

'Tis God who thus paints the fair heavenly bow,
And sets it on high, His great mercy to show;
He bids men look on it, and call then to mind
His promise once graciously made to mankind.

The sea it may swell and the clouds roll on high,
But God rules the sea and the wild, stormy sky;
And ever again shall the sea its bounds know,
Nor o'er the dry land in a wide deluge flow.

Then, when in the sky is the wide spanning bow,
It shall teach me God's goodness and mercy to know;
And that glorious God it shall teach me to love
Who his mercy thus paints in such colors above.

CLAYTON.

THE FROST.

The frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

THE SNOWFALL.

Old Winter comes forth in his robe of white,
He sends the sweet flowers far out of sight,
He robs the trees of their green leaves quite,
And freezes the pond and the river;

He has spoiled the butterfly's pretty vest,
And ordered the birds not to build their nest,
And banished the frog to a four month's rest,
And makes all the children shiver.

Yet he does some good with his icy tread,
For he keeps the corn-seeds warm in their bed;

He dries up the damp which the rain has spread,
And renders the air more healthy;

He taught the boys to slide, and he flung
Rich Christmas gifts o'er the old and young,
And when cries for food from the poor were wrung,
He opened the purse of the wealthy.
We like the Spring with its fine, fresh air;
We like the Summer with flowers so fair
We like the fruits we in Autumn share,
And we like, too, old Winter's greeting;

His touch is cold, but his heart is warm;
So, though he brings to us snow and storm,
We look with a smile on his well-known form,
And ours is a gladsome meeting.

THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shrivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,

Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible! even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers,—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane,—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

THE SEA.

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity!

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

BERNARD BARTON.

STOP, STOP, PRETTY WATER.

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away;

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Roll on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar;
Why do you run all back again
When you have reached the shore?
Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.
"We must not dare," the waves reply:
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land;

"And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule—
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.
Thus freely on the sandy beach
We dash and roll away;
While you, when study-time is o'er,
May come with us and play."

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

IS THE MOON MADE OF GREEN CHEESE?

"Say, papa, I want you to listen
So lay down your newspaper please;
Sister Mary has just been a-saying
That the moon is made out of green cheese.

"I told her 'twould get awful mouldy;
And she said there's a man with a hoe
Who lives there, and scrapes all the mould off;
But I do not believe it is so."

Papa laughed a little at Jennie
As he stroked down the curls on her head;

"And why now, my dear little daughter,
Don't you trust what your sister has said?"

"Because—why, of course she knows nothing
Of the moon, for it's off very far;
There's not any green cheese about it;
Why, of course not—now is there, papa?"

"You must not ask me such hard questions."
Then papa gave Jennie a kiss:
"Now go and find out yourself Jennie,
Then come and tell me how it is."

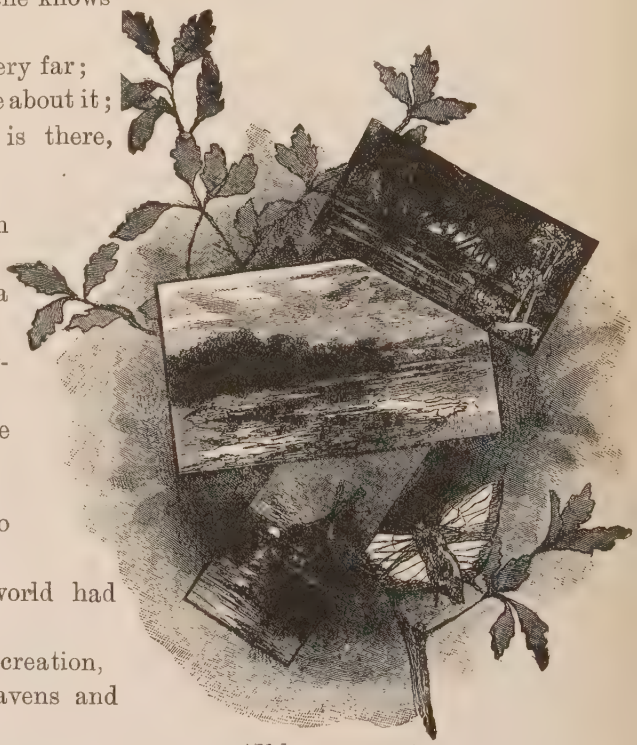
Then Jennie went right to her Bible,
Where it tells how the world had its birth,
And she read all about the creation,
How God made the heavens and earth.

And soon she ran laughing to papa,
And her laughter ran all through the house—
"Oh, papa, there's no green cheese in it,
For the moon was made before cows."

NICHOLAS NICHOLS.

NOW THE SUN IS SINKING.

Now the sun is sinking
In the golden west;
Birds and bees and children



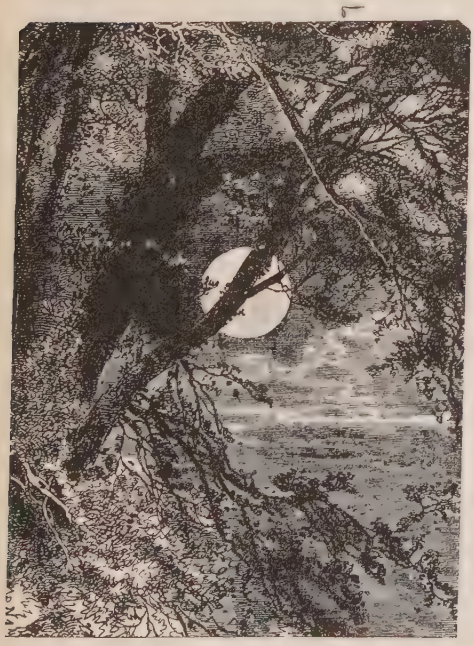
All have gone to rest;
And the merry streamlet,
As it runs along,
With a voice of sweetness
Sings its evening song.

Cowslip, daisy, violet,
In their little beds,
All among the grasses,

Hide their heavy heads;
There they'll all, sweet darlings, !
Lie in happy dreams
Till the rosy morning
Wakes them with its beams.

OH, LOOK AT THE MOON!

Oh, look at the moon!
She is shining up there;
Oh, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air!



Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow;
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor!

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place;
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you, and may be
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

ELIZA FOLLEN.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BROOK.

A little brook went surging
O'er golden sands along,
And as I listened to it
It whispered in its song.

"Beneath the steady mountain,"
I thought I heard it say,

THE BROOK.

"My crystal waters started
Upon their winding way.

"I fondly hoped that flowers
Would bloom upon each side,
And sunshine always cheer me
Wherever I might glide.

"Through grassy meadows flowing,
And birds on every tree,
I hoped that each hour passing
Would pleasure bring to me.

"But hopes once bright have perished;
But rarely have I seen
The lovely birds and flowers,
The meadows soft and green.

"Through barren heaths and lonely
My way has often led,
Where golden sunshine never
Has cheered my gloomy bed.

"O'er rocks I've had to travel,
O'er precipices steep
I onward have been driven,
And madly made to leap.

"The winds have sighed around me,
The clouds in darkness hung,
And sadness has been mingled
With music I have sung.

"But still, wherever running,
My life has not been vain;
I've helped to grow the forests
That wave across the plain.

"The forests build the cities,
And ships that sail the sea,
And the mighty forests gather
Their nourishment from me.

"So onward! onward ever!
With singing I will go,
However dark and dreary
The scenes through which I flow."

A higher law than pleasure
Should guide me in my way;
Thus 'mid the rocks and forests
Comes music every day.

CHARLEY AND HIS FATHER.

The birds are flown away,
The flowers are dead and gone,
The clouds look cold and gray
Around the setting sun.

The trees with solemn sighs
Their naked branches swing;
The winter winds arise,
And mournfully they sing.

Upon his father's knee
Was Charley's happy place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face;

And these his simple words:
"Father, how cold it blows!
What 'comes of all the birds
Amidst the storms and snows?"

"They fly far, far away
From storms, and snows, and rain;
But, Charley dear, next May
They'll all come back again."

"And will my flowers come too?"
The little fellow said,
"And all be bright and new
That now looks cold and dead?"

"Oh yes, dear; in the spring
The flowers will all revive,
The birds return and sing,
And all be made alive."

"Who shows the birds the way,
Father, that they must go,
And brings them back in May,
When there is no more snow?

"Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May?"
Tears were in Charley's eye:
"Will they, dear father, say?"

"No, they will never come;
We go to them, my boy,
There in our heavenly home
To meet in endless joy."

Upon his father's knee
Still Charley kept his place,
And very thoughtfully
He looked up in his face.

"And when no flower is seen
Upon the hill and plain,
Who'll make it all so green,
And bring the flowers again?"

"My son, there is a Power
That none of us can see,
Takes care of every flower,
Gives life to every tree.

"He, through the pathless air,
Shows little birds their way;
And we, too, are His care—
He guards us day by day."

THE RIVER.

O grandly flowing River!
O silver-gliding River!
Thy springing willows shiver
In the sunset as of old;
They shiver in the silence
Of the willow-whitened islands,
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
Fill air and wave with gold.

O gray, oblivious River!
O sunset-kindled River!

Do you remember ever
The eyes and skies so blue
On a summer day that shone here,
When we were all alone here,
And the blue eyes were too wise
To speak the love they knew?

O stern, impassive River!
O still unanswering River!
The shivering willows quiver
As the night-winds moan and rave.
From the past a voice is calling,
From Heaven a star is falling,
And dew swells in the bluebells
Above the hillside grave.

JOHN HAY.

BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel-bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea;
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

RELIGION

AND

ANNIVERSARIES.

RELIGION AND ANNIVERSARIES.

WHAT GOD SEES.

When the winter snow-flakes fall,
God in heaven can count them all;
When the stars are shining bright,
Out upon a frosty night,
God can tell them all the same,
God can give each star its name.

God in heaven can also see
Children in their play agree,
Never rude, or cross, or wild,
Always kind, forbearing, mild.
Angels from their homes of light
Gladly look on such a sight.

THE EYES OF THE ANGELS.

A little girl was disappointed when her mother told her what the stars were. She said, "I thought they were the eyes of the angels."

"Mother, what are those little things
That twinkle from the skies?"
"The stars, my child."—I thought, mother,
They were the angels' eyes.

"They look down on me so like yours,
As beautiful and mild,
When by my crib you used to sit,
And watch your feverish child.

"And, always, when I shut my eyes,
And said my little prayers,

I felt so safe, because I knew
That they had opened theirs."

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

JESUS SEES YOU.

Little child, when you're at play
Do you know that Jesus sees you?
He it is who made the day,
Sunshine, birds, and flowers, to please you.
Oh then thank Him much, and pray
To be grateful every day.

Little child, when you're afraid,
Do you know that Christ is by you?
Seek His care then! He has said,
"Ask, and I will not deny you."
And He never fails to hear;
He will keep you—do not fear.

Little child, when you are bad,
Do you think that Jesus knows it?
Yes! and oh, it makes him glad
When you're sorry and disclose it.
Oh, then, tell Him quick, and pray
To grow better every day.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch o'er me.

NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

Never, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day.
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep,
If startling fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss,
And then my child, perchance thou'lt see
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child forget to pray.

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

Tune—"Home Sweet Home."

Our Father in Heaven
We hallow thy name!
May thy Kingdom holy
On earth be the same.

Oh! give to us daily,
Our portion of bread,
It is from Thy bounty
That all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe;

Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And Thine be the glory,
Forever—Amen.

SARAH J. HALE.

EVENING PRAYER FOR A YOUNG CHILD.

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I beg for Jesus' sake.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips

Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep;" "To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord" I gently added;
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still, "My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast sleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The following simple and beautiful lines were composed by the great poet named below for the use of his little girl.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say.
O God, preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And oh! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due—
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy.

And oh! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father and our mother.

And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day! Amen.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

GOOD NIGHT.

"Good-night, dear mamma," a little girl said,
"I'm going to sleep in my trundle-bed;
"Good-night, little darling," her fond mother said;
"But remember, before you lie down in your bed,
With a heart full of love, and a tone soft and mild,
To breathe a short prayer to Heaven, dear child."
"Oh yes, dear mother!" said the child, with a nod,
"I love, oh, I love to say good-night to God!"

Kneeling down, "My father in heaven," she said,
"I thank Thee for giving me this nice little bed;
For though mamma told me she bought it for me,
She says that everything good comes from Thee;
I thank Thee for keeping me safe through the day;
I thank Thee for teaching me, too, how to pray;"
Then bending her sweet little head with a nod,
Good-night, dear papa, little brother and sis!"
And to each one the innocent gave a sweet kiss.
"Good-night, my dear Father, my Maker, and God;
Should I never again on earth open mine eyes,

"I pray Thee to give me a home in the skies!"

'Twas an exquisitive sight as she meekly knelt there,
With her eyes raised to heaven, her hands clasped in prayer;
And I thought of the time when the Saviour, in love,
Said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven above;"
And I inwardly prayed that my own heart the while
Might be cleansed of its bitterness, freed from its guile.
Then she crept into bed that beautiful child,
And was soon lost in slumber, so calm and so mild
That we listened in vain for the sound of her breath
As she lay in the arms of the emblem of death.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXOD. CHAP. XX.

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me;
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean,
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's, do not covet.

SOME BIBLE "B'S."

"B strong in the Lord."

"B gentle unto all men."

"B quiet and do your own business."

"B glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things."

"B kind one to another."

"B merciful, even as your Father also is merciful."

"B contented with such things as you have."

"B wise; B instructed."

"B sure your sin will find you out."

"B sober." "B diligent." "B ready."

"B perfect." "B steadfast."

"B faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

They say that God lives very high;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face,
Like secrets kept for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place;

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

NEW YEAR'S COMING.

Tune—"*Webb.*"

O boys! the New Year's coming,
The time when folks begin
To make a cleaner record
By leaving off each sin.
We'd better all get ready,
And make a brand-new start
To drive out every error
And blemish from each heart.

Let's save our spending-money
For books and useful things,
Not waste it in such foolish trash
As balls, and toys, and rings.
Economy is learned in youth;
The thoughts we have to-day
Take root and strengthen with our strength,
And follow all the way.

No one of us, I'm very sure,
Would touch a drop of drink,
Not one would touch a cigarette—
We're all right there, I think.

But we will strengthen others,
And lead them in the right;
And now clasp hands, my boys, upon
Resolves we've made to-night.

ELLA WHEELER.

ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.
Another year in leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness,
In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier works above.
Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Shine, gentle stars, to-night,
With pure and tender light!
And wintry winds, lie low:
Let softer breezes blow!
And moonbeams trembling on the air,
Glitter with sheen most wondrous fair,
For this is Christmas eve.

Blaze, faggots, on the hearth;
And children, shout with mirth;
And let the song go round
With merry, joyful sound;
While gentle hands the gifts display,
Which wait the dawn of Christmas day,
For this is Christmas eve.

Ring, ring, ye silver bells,
Till all the deepest wells
Of melody break forth
And roll from South to North;
Ring till each grand cathedral aisle
Resounds with sweetest chimes the while,
For this is Christmas eve.

Bow down, our hearts in love
To Him who from above
Found to our world His way,
And in a manger lay;
While angels sang of peace on earth,
To crown with joy His hours of birth.
Aye! this is Christmas eve.

Forget ye not the poor,
Who stand outside your door,
Or shiver at the gate
Where no warm welcomes wait;
But, like the Saviour, fly with speed
To scatter gifts where there is need,
Aye! this is Christmas eve.

EMILY PUTNAM WILLIAMS.

BENNY.

I had told him Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive, listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, Moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid,
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
With a dainty drink brimmed over,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store,
He had busily been pouring

In his tiny pinafore.
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mein indignant
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You sall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the centre of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key, he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus, come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambolled 'neath the live-oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me,
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured—, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears, Oh Undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

HANGING THE STOCKINGS.

Three little worsted stockings hanging all in a row,
And I have patched two scarlet heels, and darned a crimson toe.
Over the eyes of azure, over the eyes of brown,
Seemed as though the eyelids could never be coaxed down.

I sang for a good long hour before they were shut quite tight;
For to-morrow will be Christmas, and St. Nick comes to-night;
We laughed as we dropped the candies into heel and toe,
For not one little stocking was missing from the row.

And when our work was ended, we stood a little apart,
Silently praying the Father to soothe that mother's heart
Who looks on her unworn stockings amid her falling tears,
Whose darling is keeping Christmas in Christ's eternal years.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, 1622.

"And now," said the governor, gazing abroad o'er neatly piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings, and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praise because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for his sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford, (by the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people) governor of Plymouth, say—
Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from doing us wrong;
And unto our feast the sachem shall be bidden, that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvest grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is hunting of all degrees;
And, fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy!

"We fail of the fruits and dainties so close to our hand in Devon;
Ah! they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of Heaven!
But see in our open clearing, how golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin pie!"

So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown homebrew served for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed,
the snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house
belfry rang merrily out for all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth,
who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford;
men, matrons and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and his soldiers, with
corslet and sword were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness
had each in its turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving day.

And when Massasoit, the sachem, sat
down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of garden
and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—
with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good, Great Spirit
loves his white children best!"

And then, as the feast was ended,
with gravely official air,
The governor drew his broad sword
from out of its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him,
he cried in a heroic way,
"Hail, Pie of the pumpkin! I dub
thee Prince of Thanksgiving day!"

CLUSTER OF EASTER LILIES.

"I'll carry lilies," sweet Elsie said,
Tossing the curls of her flaxen head,
Lifting her eyes of winsomest blue,
"I'll carry lilies, mamma, for you."

The Easter-tide was children's day,
And about the altar they held sway,
With their pearly clusters of Easter
bloom
To herald the victory over the tomb.

Sweet Elsie had heard the story old
Of the angels bright and the stone
that rolled
Away at their bidding; of the Christ
who came
And called the little ones all by name.

And close she sat by her mother's feet,
Holding her cluster of lilies sweet,
While the minister prayed for the
children dear,
Calling each name, so soft and clear.

As Elsie looked at the face so mild,
With the innocent love of a little
child,
A sunbeam strayed to his snow-white
hair,
And left a golden radiance there.

Pure was the brow, and light was the
eye,
As the summer cloudlets floating by;
And the voice with gathering sweetness fell,
Like the far away tones of a silvery bell.

By Permission. A CLUSTER OF EASTER LILIES. 531

A heavenly thought to Elsie came,
As he called the children all by name:
"Mamma, it is Jesus!" and the lilies fair
Shadowed the gold of her sunny hair.

Oh, cluster of lilies, divinely sweet!
So fit at the altar place to meet!
The saint whose life was a prayer to God,
The lilies that sprang from the dark-some sod.

The child whose soul was a mirror bright,
Where the angels wrote in lines of light,
The dearest words to mortals given:
"Of such, of such, is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

ESTHER T. HOUSH.

DECORATION DAY.

Down in the evergreen valley of Peace,
Waiting the hour when earth's warfare shall cease,
Waiting in silence, nor weary, nor worn,
Rest the brave heroes our loyal hearts mourn.

Come with bright garlands sweet-scented and rare,
Cover these mounds while you whisper a prayer
For the dear friends who know not where they lie
Resting to-day 'neath the clear vaulted sky;
Over these hearts once so fervent and true,
Scatter sweet roses, and violets blue;
Never a flower for their graves was too fair,
Twining them lovingly—drape them with care.

When the first battle-call thrilled through the land,
When every heart by the shock was unmanned;
All else forgotten, their country to save,
Firmly they marched to the brink of the grave;
Heedless of danger, of shot and of shell;
Now they are sleeping where bravely they fell;
Sweet rest, sweet rest crowneth each martyred brow.

Birds of the woodland, your joyous notes raise,
Singing your beautiful songs to their praise.
Flag of the Nation they died to uphold,
Wave in their honor your every bright fold!
Stars of the firmament, shining on high,

Bend to these heroes whose deeds
cannot die!

Many the loved ones who mourn them
to-day,
Poor, childless mothers grown wrinkled and gray,
Hearts that still listen their voices to
hear,
Eyes that have watched for them year
after year.

When we all meet at the judgment of
souls,
When the great scroll of God's record
unrolls,
Their's shall be written in letters of
gold
High with the names of the heroes of
old.

Come with bright blossoms that grew
in the wild-wood,
Wreathe for them roses, sweet roses,
and lilies,
Fair lilies they loved in their childhood;
Deck them with roses, with violets
blue,
Sure their reward, for Jehovah is true.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.

CHILDREN'S EASTER.

Breaks the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet, and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone;
Death shall be no longer.

Far away good angels drive
Night and sin and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Rousing them from dreary hours
Under snowdrifts chilly,
In His hand He brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
Every little buried bud
Into life He raises;
Every wild flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy buds of spring,
For the sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison.
Little children, dear, look up!
Towards His brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing!

LUCY LARCOM.

EASTER MORNING.

Let joy bells be ringing!
All nature upspringing,
Feels new life through every
vein;
For Christ has arisen,
Has broken death's prison,
On earth He will evermore reign!

Come, children, bring showers
Of loveliest flowers!

No offering for Easter more sweet;
With grateful adoring,
And humble imploring,
Oh! cast them at Jesus' dear feet!

FANNY E. NEWBERRY.

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY.

One little year with its changeful hours,
Blossoming meadows and wintry showers,
Shadow and sun.

Shadow and sun, and rain and snow;
Morning splendor and evening glow;
The flying minutes,—how fast they go!—
And the little year is done.
What has it brought to the baby, pray—
The princess who holds our hearts in sway?
A queenlier air,

A merrier laugh from lips and eyes,
A deeper frown of grave surprise,
A hundred ways that prove her wise,
And sweet as she is fair.

Kiss her once for the year that is done,
And once for the year that is just begun,
And softly sing,—
"The years that are coming so fast—so fast—
Each brighter and happier be than the last;
And every hour that goes hurrying past,
New gifts to our baby bring!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.

Milton Bradley Co's

Kindergarten Materials.

A FULL LINE COMPRISING, IN PART,

Fræbel's First, Second, Third Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Gifts; Seventh Gift Parquetry and Tablets; Sticks for Stick Laying, Assorted Lengths and Colors; New Dotted Drawing Paper and Dotted Drawing Books; Embroidery Design Cards; Assorted Colored Papers for Folding, Cutting, Weaving and Interlacing; and a large list of articles that are used for "Busy Work" in Primary Schools. Also, Kindergarten Tables, Chairs and Blackboards. Address,

THOMAS CHARLES,
Western Agent,
75 AND 77 WABASH AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL.

MILTON BRADLEY CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

KINDERGARTEN BOOKS.

Paradise of Childhood. By Edward Wiebe. Illustrated. Paper, $1.50. Cloth...$2.00
A Complete Guide to the Kindergarten Work.

Songs, Games and Rhymes. By Mrs. W. N. Hailman. Paper..... 1.25
" " " " " " Cloth..... 1.75

Songs for Little Children. By Eleanor Smith. Paper..... .90
" " " " " " Cloth..... 1.30

A Kindergartener's Manual of Drawing. By N. Moore. Paper..... .50

The Kindergarten and the School. By Four Active Workers..... 1.00

Memoir of Frœbel..... 1.25

Reminiscences of Frœbel..... 1.50

Kindergarten Culture in the Family and Kindergarten. By W. N. Hailman..... .75

Primary Methods and Kindergarten Instruction. By W. N. Hailman..... .75

Frœbel's Education of Man. Translated by W. N. Hailman..... 1.50

The Kindergarten Guide. By Maria Kraus Boelte and John Kraus. Paper..... 2.00
" " " " " " " " Cloth..... 2.75

Mother Play and Nursery Songs..... 2.00

Merry Songs and Games. By Clara Beeson Hubbard..... 2.00

Kindergarten Chimes. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boards..... 1.00
Cloth..... 1.50

National Kindergarten Songs and Plays. By Louisa Pollock..... .50

Conscious Motherhood. By Emma Marwedel..... 1.65

The Child. By H. Kriege. Cloth..... 1.00

Kindergarten and Child Culture. By Dr. Henry Barnard. Cloth..... 3.50

Rhymes and Tales for the Kindergarten and Nursery. Collected by Alma L. Kriege. Cloth..... 1.00

Songs for Little Folks in the Home and in the School. By Crafts and Merrill..... .35

Little Pilgrims Songs. By Crafts and Merrill..... .35

135 Kindergarten Songs and Games. By Berry and Michaelis. Cloth..... .75

Plays for the Kindergarten. By Henrietta Noa. Paper..... .30

The Little Diadem, or Little Songs for Little Singers. By Wm. Tillinghast. Flexible Covers..... .25

Calisthenic Songs. By Flora L. Parsons..... .35

Cheerful Echoes. A New Collection. By Louise Pollock..... .50

THOMAS CHARLES,
Western Agent,
75 AND 77 WABASH AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL.

MILTON BRADLEY CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.